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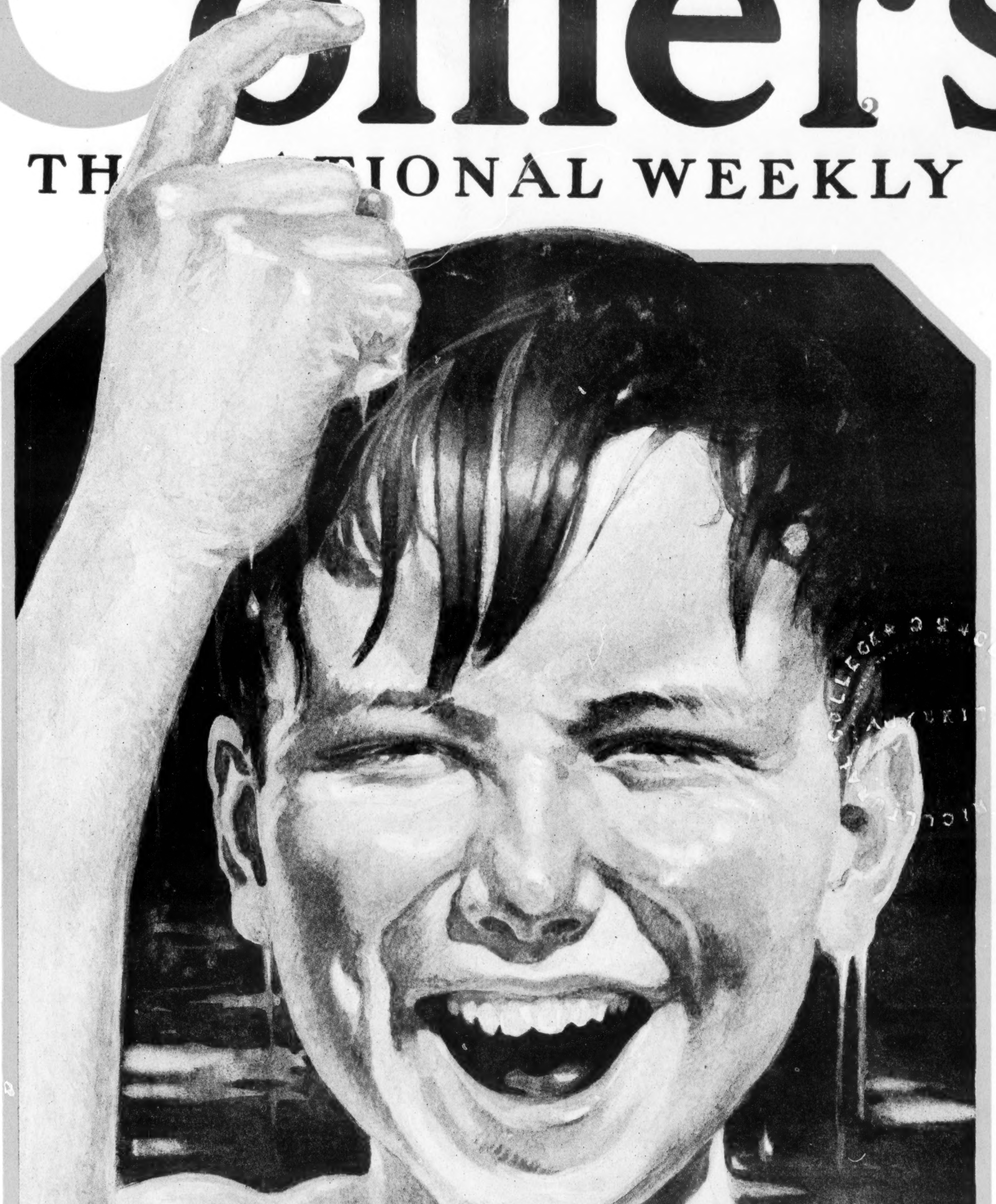
July 4, 1925

Collier's

TH ATIONAL WEEKLY



In this issue

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULA

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MAYBE you won't believe what we're going to tell you right now. If you don't, we invite you to make this test for yourself:

Rub a bit of fresh onion on your hand. Then douse on some Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

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Also, it is non-irritating and will not stain garments.

We pass this along to you as another important use for Listerine we thought you'd like to know about. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

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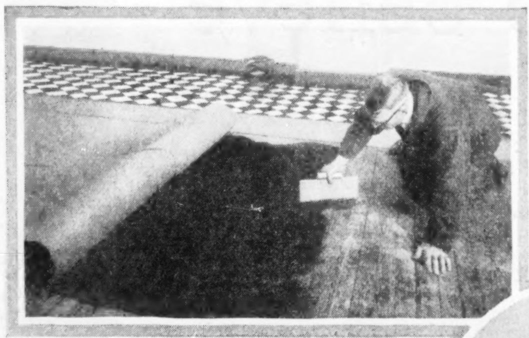
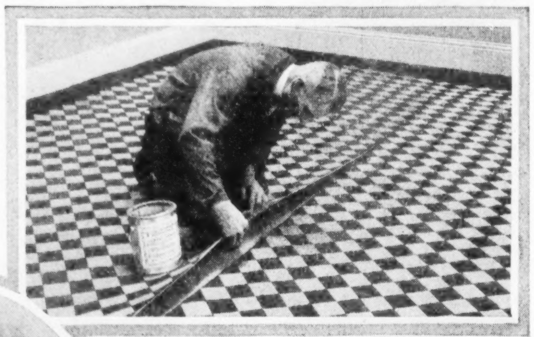
123083

He's laid 18 miles of fine linoleum floors without hammer, brads, or tacks

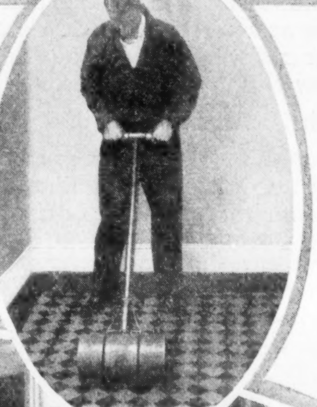
J. C. Hartman has proved that there is one best way to lay a linoleum floor that will not buckle, crack, or show ugly seams.



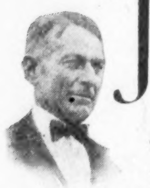
Spreading paste on the old underfloor is no job at all. A few minutes are needed just before each strip of builders' deadening felt is put down. The layer should take care to spread the paste evenly.



After the linoleum has been cemented in place, the edges are pulled back for about four inches, and all seams sealed with waterproof cement.



A good linoleum layer will always roll the finished job, paying particular attention to seams and edges. In this way a perfect bond between deadening felt, floor, and linoleum is established.



"J. C." is on our pay roll—but he's really working for you in the interest of better floors. Some folks call him "Professor Hartman" because today his job is to instruct men in the art of cementing fine inlaid and plain linoleum down over felt, so that the completed floor *will never need refinishing!* There are, no doubt, good stores right in your town that have skilled layers trained in the "J. C." method. But let "J. C." tell his own story in his own way:

"Even in the days when linoleum was made mostly in the geometric patterns it was a shame to tack it down. But as the Armstrong patterns grew more modern, people began to use linoleum floors in the dining-room, living-room, and bedrooms. Right then I saw that there must be some neater, more permanent way to lay this newer, finer linoleum. I was sent out to study the better ways of laying linoleum. One method was developed that proved superior beyond any comparison — cementing over a layer of builders' deadening felt.

Shown below is the sun porch of Charles S. Purves, of Germantown, Pa. The marble tile inlaid pattern floor of Armstrong's Linoleum (No. 71) makes the room bright and cheerful.

"This is how I work

"I suppose that I've laid over eighteen miles of fine linoleum floors by this method, and I know of none that have bulged or cracked.

"Without disturbing the lady's curtains or hangings, I first clean the old underfloor, nailing down any 'sprung' boards. Then, with the aid of a helper, a layer of builders' deadening felt is pasted down. Finally, the linoleum is cemented in place, with seams and edges carefully sealed with waterproof cement.

"Is this modern method easier than tacking? Why, I'd like to wager that I can finish the average room in your home in considerably under a day! The floor is really one single, smooth surface that won't absorb water or spilled things. Best of all, there are no gaping seams to 'pocket' the dirt.

"Women often ask me, 'Why not eliminate the deadening felt and save even that slight expense?' There's a reason for that felt. You see, when summer's dampness is in the air, your floor boards expand and fit snugly; but when the furnace heat of winter dries the boards out, they contract and open up marked gaps between the boards. Now the builders' deadening felt takes up that play—*but none of the movement is communicated to the linoleum.* And then the felt makes your floor much warmer than a draughty wood floor."

J. C. Hartman

"J. C." didn't tell you that your furniture can be replaced directly after the workmen have left. Nor did he mention how much better both furniture and fine fabric rugs look on a pattern floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. Finally, he didn't say that an occasional waxing and polishing will make your linoleum floor gleam with a rich, mellow lustre; that a waxed linoleum floor needs only a daily dry mopping to make it look new. A book on the laying and care of linoleum floors has been written around the now popular "J. C." method. It's FREE.

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will gladly send you suggestions for your walls, draperies, and floors. Communicate with Mrs. Hazel Dell Brown. In the meantime write for the new book on home decorating, by Agnes Foster Wright. It is called "Floors, Furniture, and Color" and will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents (60 cents in Canada). Address Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division,* 2513 West Walnut St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

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Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

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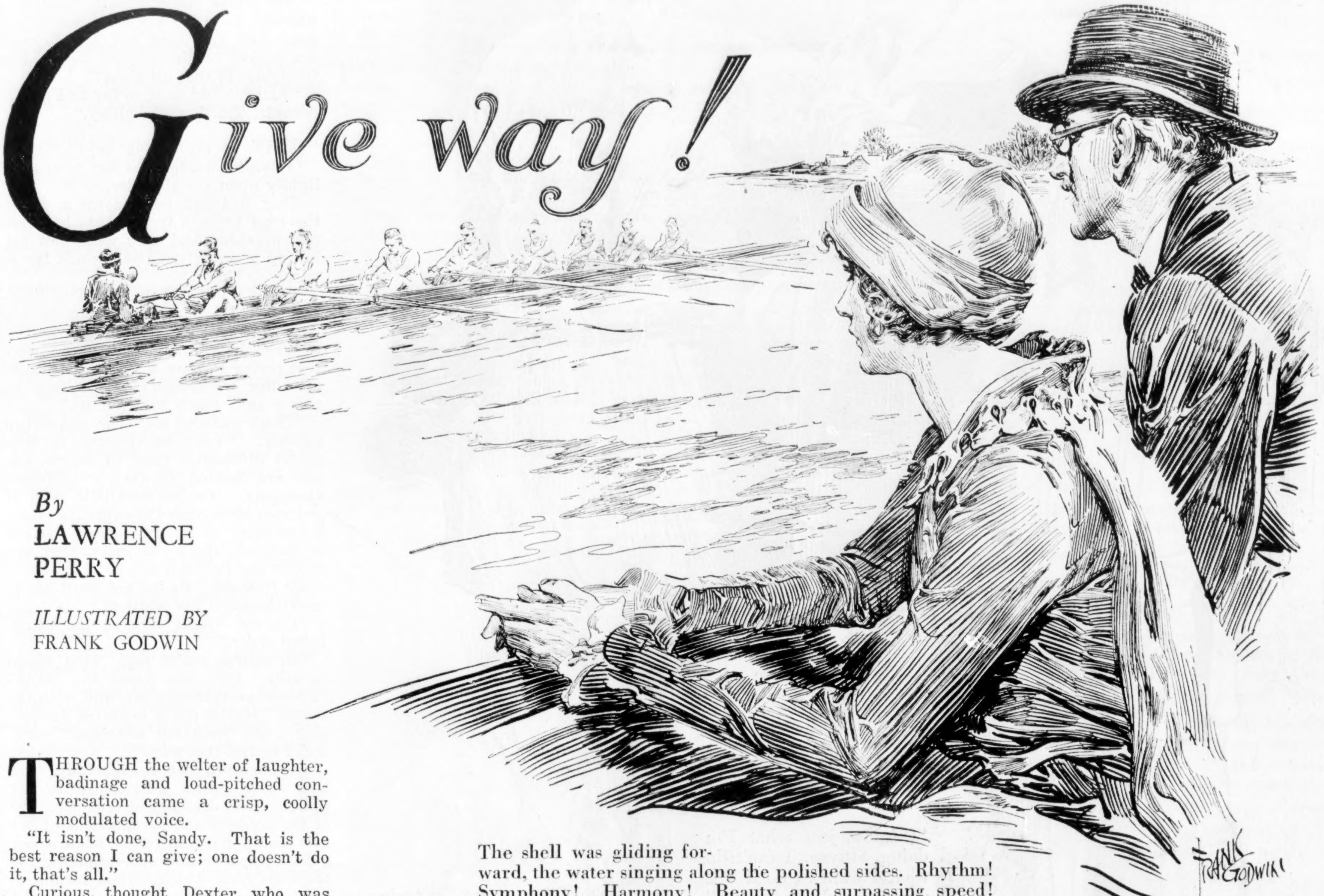
Give way!



The shell was gliding forward, the water singing along the polished sides. Rhythm! Symphony! Harmony! Beauty and surpassing speed!

By
LAWRENCE PERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

THROUGH the welter of laughter, badinage and loud-pitched conversation came a crisp, coolly modulated voice.

"It isn't done, Sandy. That is the best reason I can give; one doesn't do it, that's all."

Curious, thought Dexter, who was stroke of the varsity crew, about the quality of that voice: how it could carry through the uproar and every word be intact, unblurred.

Or was it simply that his own ears were sharply sensitized to it, that its wave lengths, for various reasons—or, rather, for one very important reason—were perfectly attuned to his mental antennæ?

Slowly, covertly, John Dexter raised his eyes from his plate and glanced down the long table toward Stuyvesant, who sat erect, poised as always in that manner of tacit assurance which was so difficult to define, yet so easy to recognize.

Somehow he had always been a challenge to Dexter, this alert, deft young scion of wealth with his fresh coloring, his brown, crisply waving hair, his blazing hazel eyes. Why this should be so Dexter did not know unless, perhaps, it was that in his very personality, in his accomplishments, Stuyvesant stood always as the exception to deductions otherwise without flaw, to conclusions otherwise complete.

And now what was it that was not done, that one did not do? Dexter frowned. Something picayune, or at least generally inconsequential, no doubt. It was usually the minor observances of life, the damnable exterior lights and shades, that counted so importantly with the Stuyvesants of this world.

Stuyvesant smiled as he caught Dexter's eyes before they could be withdrawn, a frank, boyish smile with a characteristic little upward jerk of the chin.

Dexter grimaced unmirthfully, which was his habit of smiling; then looked away. He was brawny in physical mold and in nature rugged: a big, lithe, rangy man whose roughly hewn features seemed to proclaim the heritage of the soil, while his splendidly shaped head, notably the high, broad forehead and its crowning mass of unruly hair, bespoke his mental force and capacity.

Turning his gaze out of the window, where the lawn lay dreaming in the shade of the old, gnarled fruit trees and thence to the river below, Dexter half rose from his chair as a steam yacht moved sedately into the alluring picture framed by the window casing.

He slouched back into his chair, resuming his meal, while addressing the table generally, "The Trident is in."

The veiled chorus that arose was half jovial, half serious. Two or three got up from the table and went to the window. There could be no doubting the interest which the advent of the yacht had aroused.

Bronson, the coach, who had just come into the room, turned abruptly and hurried out of the building, making his way down the steps of the bluff to the landing stage.

Dexter marked the subdued excitement with faint inward amusement. The owner of that yacht was Horace Whitehorn, president of the great banking firm of Whitehorn & Co., but more especially chairman of the rowing committee of the university, around whom, as it seemed, the entire scheme of aquatics revolved. Stuyvesant, who was captain of the crew, grimaced.

"I wonder what Whitehorn will have to say to the coach. The rowing critics who've been up here haven't seemed too keen about us."

RAYMOND, the tall, wiry bow oar, nodded gloomily.

"Being a coach is one fine job, isn't it?"

"It is tough," agreed Stuyvesant, picking up a spoon and toying with it. "The devil of it is that after last year's showing he's simply got to put it over this year or he'll lose his job."

"It's the price," observed Dexter, rising from the table, "of spending your life trying to make other fellows do things for you when you ought to be out doing for yourself." He laughed mirthlessly. "But I know how he feels, because I feel the same way. You fellows are not snapping in on the stroke I'm sending up."

"Why, I think we're together, John." The little coxswain's voice was troubled.

"That's because you're judging from outward appearances, Sandy," said Stuyvesant, with a touch of sharpness. "As a matter of fact, we're not together. Now, listen all—the coach is going to pull a time trial this afternoon, and for the love of Mike dig in to-day and see if we can't shove the boat along. Let's get out of here."

Dexter went to the steps; in fact, he descended one step and then stood hesitating, gazing toward the yacht, which had dropped her anchor and was swinging to the tide. Stuyvesant joined him.

"I suppose Shirley Whitehorn came up with her father."

"Yes—" Dexter paused. "I had a letter from her last night saying she was—" He stopped abruptly, inwardly vexed at the motive—it was pride—which had prompted this information.

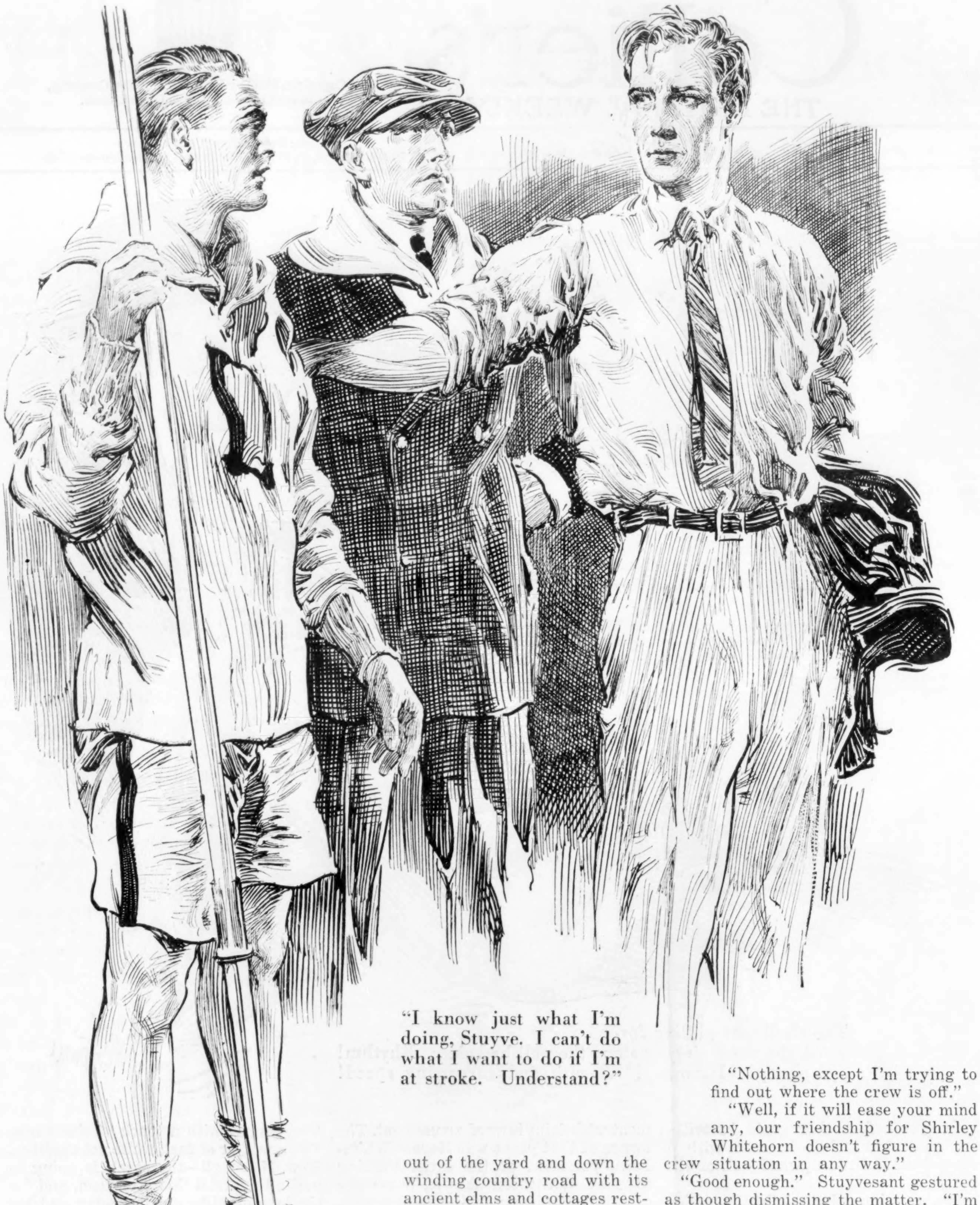
Both men were friends of this financier's daughter, and for Dexter the greatest symbol of what he had done with his life thus far was the depth of the terms upon which he stood with this girl.

He glanced sharply at his captain, but Stuyvesant evidently had taken the implication of correspondence between the two as unimportant or, at least, not surprising.

"I think I'll run out to the yacht. Want to come along?"

Dexter shook his head. "No, thanks."

Stuyvesant stared at him, a curious smile playing about the corners of his brilliant eyes.



"I know just what I'm doing, Stuyve. I can't do what I want to do if I'm at stroke. Understand?"

"Would you go out if I didn't go, John?"

"No"—Dexter laughed amusedly—"I shouldn't go whatever you did."

"Oh, I see. That's fine." Stuyvesant threw his arm about the other's shoulders. "You see, I've changed my mind about going to the yacht. I'd rather have a little chin-chin with you if you don't mind. Let's stroll out there along the road a bit."

"Sure."

So the two men, one with his heavy, swinging stride, the other so erect, so alert, his head so proudly poised, walked out of the yard and down the winding country road with its ancient elms and cottages resting snugly behind quaint dooryards.

"John," said the captain, "what's wrong with the crew?"

Dexter glanced at the man.

"Just what do you think is wrong?"

"I wish I knew!" Stuyvesant regarded his companion with troubled eyes. "I know we aren't a unit yet. We may appear to be, but we're not. The answer is deep inside of us somewhere."

"There is nothing psychological about it," returned Dexter. "The crew is not making the most of the stroke they're getting. And if we're going to win, they've got to, that's all."

Stuyvesant shook his head doubtfully.

"I wonder if it is all?" He hesitated a moment. "John, look here; to come to the point of what's in my mind, do you suppose the fact that you like Shirley Whitehorn a lot, and I like her a lot, is affecting our coördination? If so, I am free to say to you that—"

Dexter interrupted him, laughing.

"Stuyve, for Heaven's sake, what's eating you, anyway?"

"Nothing, except I'm trying to find out where the crew is off."

"Well, if it will ease your mind any, our friendship for Shirley Whitehorn doesn't figure in the crew situation in any way."

"Good enough." Stuyvesant gestured as though dismissing the matter. "I'm particularly glad just at the moment, since it will prevent an encounter which otherwise might be socially embarrassing."

HE JERKED his head sidewise toward a bend in the road, where a girl in light summer tweeds, a silk waist open at the throat and caught by a vivid blue scarf, and a straw sport hat, was hurrying toward them.

"Hello, there, Stuyve. Hello, John." She stood before the two, her mobile, delicately colored lips parted in a smile, displaying flawless teeth which were neither big nor small. Her eyes were gray and level, her hair the tone of raw flax.

Slightly above medium height, there was more than a suggestion of resiliency in her poise.

"Father," she said, simulating great solemnity, "took Mr. Bronson into the library and shut the door. Can you imagine, when I was dying to know how things are going! The papers have been so beastly! So I ran ashore to look you both up."

Stuyvesant turned to go.

"John will give you the dope. I've got two or three letters that've got to go to-day."

The girl frowned.

"You mean you don't want to talk about the crew?"

"Nonsense, Shirley. I really have to go." He started along the road, glancing back over his shoulder with the remark that he would see her at the quarters.

"Of course you will. Oh, Stuyve"—Shirley raised her voice—"I nearly forgot. You and John and Mr. Bronson are booked to dine aboard the Trident to-night. Is that all right?"

"Rather! At least so far as I'm concerned. Thank you, Shirley."

"WHY so silent, big boy?" Shirley Whitehorn touched her companion lightly upon the shoulder.

They had sauntered down a dip in the road beneath trees whose branches met overhead and they were now following it along the river which lay so silent, so blue.

"I was thinking how little Tom Stuyvesant and I have in common in any way—in fact, how little I and any of the crew have. Stuyvesant and I were just trying to have a talk as you came up. But we couldn't. There are no points that touch between us."

"There wouldn't be." The girl smiled gravely. "Your background is altogether different. Then, of course, you two are looking forward in different directions. You're socialistic, and if any men have reason to favor the established order of things without thought or question, don't you know, they are Stuyve and Pete Raymond and the rest."

He frowned. He did not want her to misunderstand his position.

"I'm not totally against the established order."

"Of course you're not. That would be silly. Oh"—she tossed her head—"I know everything's not well with the world. Maybe it's a distorted impression I get from my settlement work. But I do feel that way."

He surveyed her thoughtfully. He had never grown accustomed to her philosophical detachment from so many of the precepts and predilections of her own class, nor ceased to admire her quick sympathy and understanding for the class from which he had sprung.

"I suppose I'm awfully stupid," she went on, "but how can things be changed really? Or, should they be changed? There is no rhyme or reason, of course, in overthrowing capital and setting new capital up in its place, is there? There will always be capital in the world."

"Yes," he rejoined, "but not handled or controlled as it is now."

"How, then?" She gestured as though not wishing to press the question and went on: "John, answer me this in words of one syllable: Exactly what are you going to do when you go west after commencement?"

"Why, I've told you often. I'm going to read law with Senator Hardwick—looking to politics." Dexter's eyes lightened. "Senator Hardwick is one of the biggest men in the country, leader of a very strong following in the West. That minority is going to be the nucleus of a third party. And it will be a real party, Shirley, don't make any mistake."

"Yes, I know," she interrupted. "You've told me about Senator Hardwick and the third party. But just what are you going to *do?*"

"We're going to make the people think for themselves about the balance of power they actually hold. Think for themselves; that's it in a nutshell. We're going to tell them what to think; show them how to think. When they do this it will be a different country here."

She smiled. "Possibly it will be. I imagine the sort of difference will hardly appeal to Father or to Tom Stuyvesant's father."

He glanced at her quickly.

"That will depend," he said, "upon whether your father or Stuyve's father want all the power and all the opportunities."

"I think they do." She shrugged. "Not that they haven't enough, or that they really want more for the sake of having it. It's just a game to get it—and they love to play the game."

Dexter made a swift gesture.

"That's all right. I'm not blaming them. But they've got to coöperate. They'll enjoy the game more if it is not quite so easy—or so exclusive. That is, they will if they're sportsmen. In other words, what we're going to fight for is a fairer game." He glanced toward the river. "I must be getting back. We have a time trial this afternoon."

"John," she said after they had retraced their steps and walked along for a few minutes in thoughtful silence, "I keep thinking about you and what you're going to do all the time. I don't suppose it is loyal, but when we talk I can't help thinking you're setting out on a wonderful mission."

He caught the expression upon her face and stopped short.

"Shirley," he said in a hurried, tense voice, "I've never known a girl like you. Never known one so big, so broad or so intelligent. Do you know the power you could have in the world?"

She laughed, but she was flushing vividly. "You're flattering me now."

"No, I'm not, and you know I'm not. Fifth Avenue, the round of Europe, Newport, Tuxedo, and mild dips into settlement and general charity work—bunk! You're wasting yourself."

She studied him curiously.

"What shall I do, then? I mean, how not waste myself?"

He regarded her steadily. He had not the slightest feeling of embarrassment, such as he might originally have felt, as of unwarrantable presumption. He had outgrown, developed beyond mere class feeling. Then he spoke rapidly, as though rushing into speech.

"Will you wait for me two years and then come out and get into the fight with me, giving me the things I can get only from you and you doing the things only you can do? Shirley, we'll go into the White House together. We'll go somewhere, somewhere high."

HER lips were parted. She was breathing heavily. As he advanced to her she raised her hand, stepping backward.

"John, please! You mean—you want to marry me?"

"Yes, I mean that—if you'll wait for me."

"Oh!" She was staring at him, her eyes veiled with emotion. "John! I—I—ought not to be surprised, ought I? No, I shouldn't. But then one always is—I mean generally. I—what rot I'm talking! But—but we're going to talk about this later. Not now. No. You see"—she was fighting desperately to regain poise; she laughed with a note of hysteria—"you see, there is a boat race to win—before anything else."

"A boat race!" He was staring at her.

"Why, yes, a boat race. Don't tell me you had forgotten it."

"Why, no; of course not. But—" He paused, evidently at a loss.

She moved irresolutely, still under the spell of emotion. "John, we never understand why some things in life are big to some and small to others, do we? You know how I love the crew. I suppose it is partly inheritance from Father, an old varsity oar. All his life it has been his one enthusiasm aside from business; it has been our great bond. Maybe that's the reason."

"Possibly." He spoke as though she had hurt him. Shirley caught it, but she desperately maintained the lighter vein.

"Now tell me, John; do you think we're going to come together and win? You're the stroke and ought to know."

"I'm afraid," he said quietly, "you'll have to ask the coach. Do you mind if we walk a little fast, Shirley? I want to lie down a while before we start out in the shell."

THERE was a note of sharp exasperation in Bronson's voice as he ordered the crew to cease rowing.

"The time was not too good, fellows. Not too satisfactory."

A light glanced across Dexter's eyes as he saw the form of Shirley Whitehorn's father half rise from the seat in the stern, then settle back. Capital, the thought occurred, was displeased now—as capital always is when conditions arise that money and power cannot resolve.

Somehow he was failing to share the concern of the coach, of Whitehorn, of all the other members of the eight. He felt the eyes of the coach upon him. Unaccountably he blushed.

"John, I haven't the slightest fault to find with you. You were perfect, as usual; the best natural oar I ever saw."

Bronson turned to the other members of the crew: the usual footless questions as to mechanical changes in rig that had been made against this trial; the usual run of criticism as to rushing slides and washing out—minor criticisms delivered in most cases without warrant and because the coach was groping at mystery.

"All right." Bronson slipped the watch into his pocket and nodded. "The regatta comes next Saturday. We'll work along and have another shot at the watch on Thursday. That's all."

Crew matters were not discussed at the dinner aboard the Trident. When coffee had been served the girl rose with a manner of decision.

"I think, Father, if you don't mind, I'll walk the deck while you smoke. You know you're never very entertaining until you're half through your cigar." As the man nodded she turned to Stuyvesant. "Come along, Stuyvie; I want company."

Dexter, who had half risen, settled back in his chair, gazing down upon the table with smoldering eyes. Presently a steward appeared in the doorway, looking at him.

"Miss Whitehorn wants to know if you're not busy can you come aft, sir?"

Dexter rose with a word of excuse to his host and made his way out upon the deck. Shirley Whitehorn stood alone, awaiting him.

"Tom has gone into the library," she said quietly. "Now I want to talk to you."

"Yes." He was at loss to understand her manner, which was strange to him.

"John, I've had an amazing little talk with Stuyve, and now I want to get your views about the crew. Suppose we lose?" She held up her hand as he made to speak. "Oh, I know what you think—that excitement over winning or losing is futile and silly. But there are eight chaps in that boat besides you who don't take it so philosophically. And thousands upon thousands of alumni."

He regarded her calmly. "When there are two crews in a race one has to lose, you know."

"This is not a debate, John." She moved impatiently. "Don't you really care awfully whether we win or lose?"

"Yes. I want to win, of course. But I'm not putting a false value on victory or the wrong emphasis on defeat."

"Then why on earth are you on the crew, John?"

"Because I like to row, because I enjoy the exercise and am interested in working out my theories of rowing."

"Ah!" Her voice was vibrant. "Your theories! Then Tom Stuyvesant was right."

He stared at her.

"What do you mean, he was right?"

"He's been studying what was wrong with the crew for more than a week, and to-day he found out what the trouble is."

"What is the trouble?" Dexter was smiling patiently.

"It's you, John Dexter."

"Eh!" He straightened rigidly. "Did Stuyvesant say that?"

"He told me what he thought. What you said a moment ago confirmed it."

"What did I confirm? I mean, what did I say?"

"You said you were interested in working out your theories of rowing. Your theories! Now, listen, John; you're a perfect oar. You know it; everyone admits it. Your own interest lies in your perfection, doesn't it?"

"I am greatly interested in that; yes."

"Yes, you are," she cried excitedly. "Have you ever for a moment thought of rowing a stroke the crew could meet?"

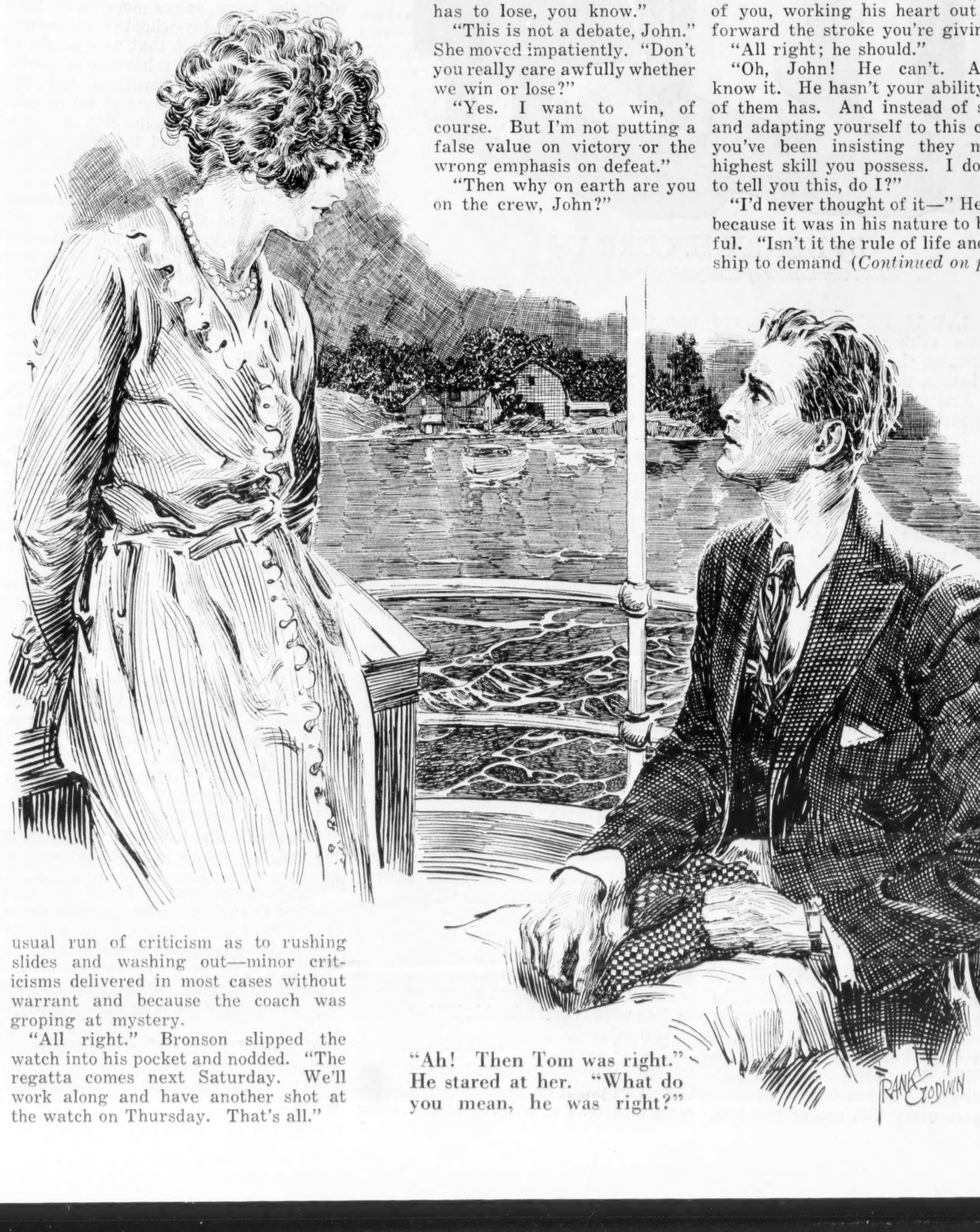
"AREN'T you getting technical, Shirley?" He spoke with a shade of annoyance.

"I'm not getting beyond your depth, at all events. Tom Stuyvesant has felt it for weeks. He's been sitting in front of you, working his heart out to send forward the stroke you're giving him."

"All right; he should."

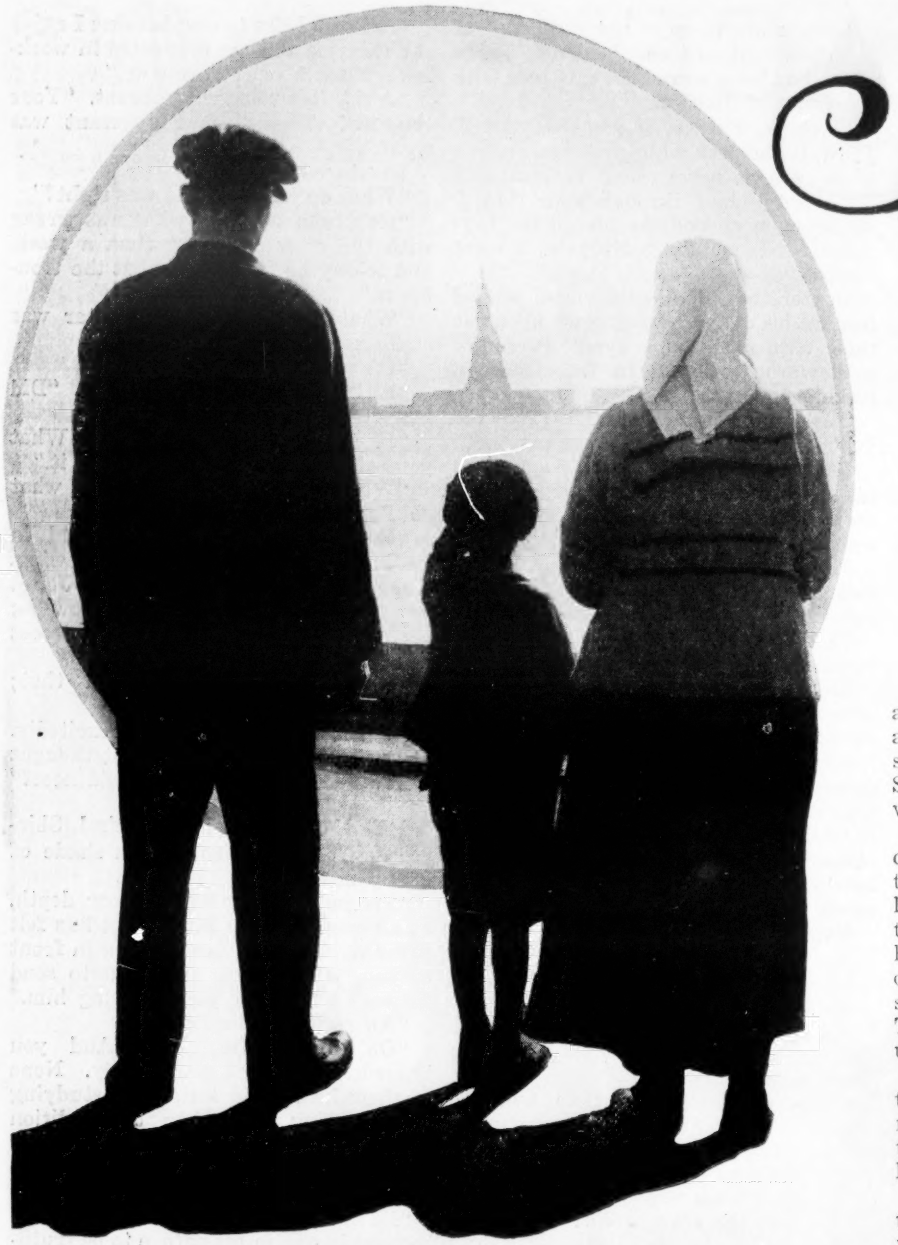
"Oh, John! He can't. And you know it. He hasn't your ability. None of them has. And instead of studying and adapting yourself to this condition you've been insisting they meet the highest skill you possess. I don't have to tell you this, do I?"

"I'd never thought of it—" He paused, because it was in his nature to be truthful. "Isn't it the rule of life and leadership to demand (Continued on page 40)



"Ah! Then Tom was right." He stared at her. "What do you mean, he was right?"

Have we an



AFTER all, every one of us is an alien—one or more generations removed. If you happen to be a closed-door enthusiast you might bear that fact in mind when you read this article. No man knows more about the newcomers who are reaching our shores to-day than Mr. Curran, keeper of the gate at Ellis Island. He says: "The immigrants of to-day are of a better kind than have come here for twenty years back. They are better by reason of our new immigration law. And they will make better Americans twenty-five years hence than ever a mass like their predecessors could become in double the time."

By HENRY H. CURRAN

U. S. Commissioner of Immigration, Ellis Island, N. Y.

WHAT kind of immigrants are we taking into our United States these days? Are they better, under the new law, or worse? And what sort of Americans will they make twenty-five years from now?

These are questions that come to me every day, as part of my task of running Ellis Island. They come from good men and women who have at heart the future of our country and who are American to the backbone. They are thoughtful questions, put by thoughtful people, and to answer them is a duty.

The answer may, to a certain extent, be favorable. The immigrants of to-day are of a better kind than have come here for twenty years back. They are better by reason of our new immigration law; the cause and effect are direct. And they will make better Americans twenty-five years hence than ever a mass like their predecessors could become in double the time.

Yet there are limits to any such good account of the affair. The change from worse to better is of such recent accomplishment, and has come as such a sudden and grateful relief to all concerned, that we may well rein in our optimism and take a look at the thing as it now stands. Rome was not built in a day, nor was this new immigration law. Nor have we yet traveled to its end the road of right control of immigration of foreigners into the United States. There is a good bit more to be done, and at Ellis Island we know particularly well that it is worth the doing.

I suppose every last one of you has, one way or another, heard of Ellis Island. Once it was unknown save as Oyster Island—a patch of green sedge grass, peering timidly above the waters of New York Harbor, and famous among the Dutch burghers of that day for its excellent large oysters. Those were peaceful years for the little island. A century later the English hanged a man in the sedge grass and called it Gibbet Island.

After another hundred years, Major Ellis of the American Army bought the tiny islet, gave it his name, and spent his sporting days taking oysters from the mudbanks, shooting ducks from the rushes and, with many a good bag to grace his table, giving at his home over on the Battery dinners that were a toast through all New York. In time the navy took over the place, sank magazine vaults in the grass, and stored them full of shot and shell.

A Door That is Hard to Enter

THEN, in 1890, Ellis Island became the immigrants' gate, in place of old Castle Garden. And from that moment the world took note of Ellis Island. Doorstep to America, turnstile of the trekking millions from every far corner of the world, tide rip of the troubles of those who may not pass—in all the seven seas there is not a more seething breakwater of transient humanity, face to face with fate, than this little comma to a continent.

To-day there are twenty acres of island where there were but two, and the green patch on blue waters has become a plateau of built-up land holding a hotel, hospital, steamboat station, and all manner of human machinery for sorting and steering into our United States the immigration traffic of the world.

To see the new type of immigrant coming through here day after day is to know at once that his average age is less by many years than has often been the case hitherto. Our big inspection hall, that used to look at times like an old folks' home, seems more like a high school or a Sunday-school picnic to-day. The human harvest that now comes to us out of Europe is a harvest of youth.

The steamship manifests tell the tale, in figures of tens and twenties—row after row of them—but a better telling is the life and laughter of the lads and lasses themselves as they pass.

In other days the immigrant came through weary and worried, burdened with two and three score years and more, and ever with a look backward toward Europe. There could be no real Americanization of such folks. Their hearts and lives were behind them, in the old country forever. But in the twenties? They are looking ahead, into America, and they will be better Americans for it.

The other day a self-sufficient Scotch lass, her pretty cheeks pink with the mists of the moors, went a bit farther in the American direction than we expected. She had been admitted, and was chatting with the matron as I came by. Over her heart was pinned a wee American flag—canny lassie! That bit of bunting did her no harm with the inspector.

"Here's a good wife for some American boy!" said the matron as she laughingly turned the exhibit toward me. There was a mite of a burr in her own accent.

"Oh, yes," I said, glancing at the future happiness of some American boy. The future happiness became cautious.

"Are you glad to be in America?" I ventured.

"Maybe," she answered after a careful look of appraisal.

"Sorry to leave Scotland?"

"Maybe." She looked me straight in the eye, but not an inch did the soul of her give way. This was hard going.

"Well—let me see—" I was floundering, but anxious to make a good impression before the matron. All I could think of was Sentimental Tommy's "dagon't" hard by a window in Thrums. So I tried again. "Are you sorry to leave—Barrie?" I stammered desperately.

"Barrie?" She looked at me more suspiciously than ever.

"Yes—you know—the man who wrote—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, coldly and unheedingly. "Barrie the ginger man—keeps the store in Glasgow—and why should I be sorry to leave him?" The tiny American flag pinned on her plaid seemed about to wave. Poor Scotland—and poor Barrie!

To the American boy who lands this lassie I say, "Be careful with the Scotch!"

All of these young people, wherever their journeys began, come from a background of childhood and—war. That is what Europe, what life, has meant to them until the day they set foot on Ellis Island. Their only mature conception of Europe is that of a continent torn with war and still suffering in the slow convalescence that follows a tardy peace.

Americans Before They Arrive

A DULL background, streaked with sadness and still destitute of decent livelihood! The old Europe, before the war, they have never known save as little children. So they come to us, first for a job, but more than that, for joy of life.

It is the war that sends them here—a war that their elders made and waged, but which hands down its aftermath of suffering even unto the third and fourth generation of youth that had nothing to do with it. So they are Americans, in hope and spirit, well before they arrive.

And yet the factor of youth may be a passing phase. The average age of the immigrant may some day suddenly increase. Economic conditions will have their say in that. If jobs become more plentiful in Europe and less plentiful in America, then the youth of Europe may stay at home. Even war-melancholy sometimes melts away under the sunshine of a good job. We shall see what we shall see and no one may read the future.

For the present, however, we have other boons, born of our new law of last July, rather than of war, that are far-reaching in their benefits. Not yet do we know the limit of the good they may do. At Ellis Island we have fair sight of it, because of our daily contact with immigrants.

But beyond the gate and ashore there is no sight of it at all. You cannot get a line on a yearly few hundred thousands of immigrants when they scatter among a hundred million Americans in forty-eight states covering the half of a huge continent. As well try to keep track of a lump of sugar dissolving in Lake Erie!

The first boon—and this is given by law alone—is the picking and choosing

“ALIEN MENACE”?

among prospective immigrants that is now done by our consuls abroad before the migratory journey may even start. Until July of last year the visés that our consuls stamped on immigrant passports meant no more than they said; that is, that a consul had “seen” the passport. In fact, the consul had no choice in the matter. With only one or two exceptions he had to stamp the passport whether or not he liked the looks of the immigrant who presented it.

They Used to Hate Ellis Island

ROGUES, paupers and convicts there might be in the foreign throngs at the doors of our consulates, yet all an American consul could do was to certify that he had “seen” the passport. If he had discovered and “seen” in the bearer of the passport the worst villain unhanged, he still had to visé the villain's passport.

And, after that, there was only the steamship company's fear of failure to land him that stood in the way of a knave's coming over the seas to Ellis Island, for, when we stopped him here, his friends and relatives ashore would raise a hue and cry in official quarters to compel us to let him in.

Oh, the “sob stories” that rent the air when the relatives and their political sponsors got under way! The “cruelties” of Ellis Island and our American laws!

But now, and forevermore, unless the law be changed, an American consul may refuse to give the necessary visé to an intending immigrant if the consul “knows or has reason to believe that the immigrant is inadmissible to the United States under the immigration laws.”

There is broad power in that, and there is no appeal from the consul's decision.

The consul acts on facts. Birth, marriage, medical and character certificates, prison records, “dossiers” and other papers are presented to aid his inquiry. If he refuses a visé, the immigrant cannot come. If he grants it, there is still a measure of steamship responsibility, and, more than that, there is still the thorough inspection here at Ellis Island when the immigrant arrives.

For the first time in our history we now have supervision at the beginning as well as at the end of the migration.

Thousands of unfit immigrants have been deterred by consuls from pulling up stakes at home and entering upon the great journey to a new world only to have their hopes dashed at the very doorstep.

To-day only one out of every hundred immigrants coming into port here is sent back to Europe—only one in a hundred!

And, more than all, this consular first line of examination does its part in sending to our shores a new race of picked immigrants who are fitter than their forerunners by a margin that is a continuing satisfaction to all concerned.

Of course we must remember here too that as long as more immigrants want to come than the quotas have places for, our consuls may the more helpfully pick and choose among them. But if the demand should lessen or cease can consuls then be as careful as they would wish? That day may come.

While war starts the younger men and women toward our shores, and the consuls decide who among them may come, the law itself decides which nations they may come from, and allots a definite number to every nationality that is controlled by a quota.

This control affects Europe particularly. Where only one out of every six immigrants used to come from northwestern Europe and the British Isles, as against five from southern and eastern Europe, the ratio to-day is five from the northwest to one from the south and east. And the benefit to our country is already apparent.

The immigration from Russia, Poland, the Balkans and the Mediterranean—which deluged us for twenty-five years—was comparatively indigestible.

Good-by, “Foreign Colonies”

NEITHER do the British, Germans and Scandinavians from the northwest mix at once. Nobody does. But most of these latter speak English, to begin with. Especially they are more trained to self-government. And their origin, traditions and manner of life are much more nearly the same as ours.

So our problem is simplified. We become more nearly homogeneous, more surely a nation than a collection of foreign colonies.

In a word, the law lets Europeans come here now in the same proportion, nationality by nationality, as we find our present composite American blood to be made of, nationality by nationality, all the way back to Columbus. For the first time since we became a nation we have established a scientific basis for our immigration, and the keynote of it is an America that is unified and homogeneous.

The fourth and last outstanding cause of the great improvement in the quality of our immigration is the decreased amount of it. Before the war the yearly number admitted had amounted to a million, more or less. During the fiscal year of 1924, the number, under a loose quota law, was still 700,000. For the future the yearly intake bids fair to be less than 300,000.

At Ellis Island this means more careful inspection than ever was possible in the old days. But the benefit of the decreased numbers is best seen ashore. Now we can take decent care of our newcomers.

A few weeks ago I met an old political adversary whom I had not seen in many years.

“Look here,” he expostulated, “do you know that this smaller immigration is nearly ruining me?”

“How so?” I inquired.

“My tenement holdings—my real estate—don't you see?” He was nearly breathless.

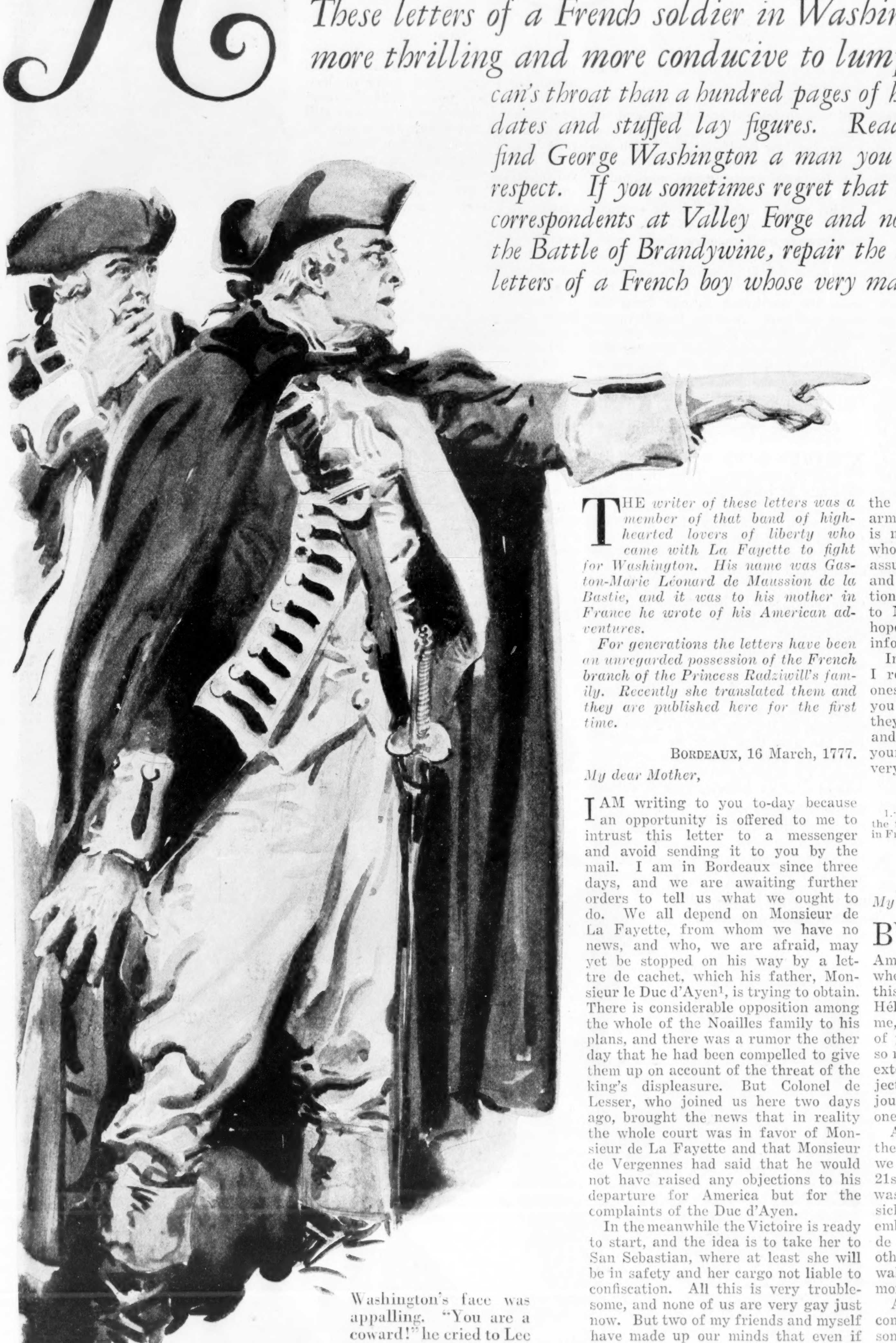
“Your new kind of immigrant won't live in tenements like mine.”

This was too good. I know the kind of tenements that man owns. For thirty years I've known them. They are not fit for hogs. They breed anarchists, not Americans. The sooner they go the better.

In the future we will admit less than 300,000 newcomers each year but they will be the kind we are glad to welcome

He knew WASHINGTON

These letters of a French soldier in Washington's army are more thrilling and more conducive to lumps in an American's throat than a hundred pages of history crammed with dates and stuffed lay figures. Reading them, you will find George Washington a man you can love as well as respect. If you sometimes regret that there were no trained correspondents at Valley Forge and no telegraph stories of the Battle of Brandywine, repair the lack with these vivid letters of a French boy whose very marrow was American.



Washington's face was appalling. "You are a coward!" he cried to Lee in a thundering voice

THE *writer of these letters was a member of that band of high-hearted lovers of liberty who came with La Fayette to fight for Washington. His name was Gaston-Marie Léonard de Maussion de la Bastie, and it was to his mother in France he wrote of his American adventures.*

For generations the letters have been an unregarded possession of the French branch of the Princess Radziwill's family. Recently she translated them and they are published here for the first time.

BORDEAUX, 16 March, 1777.

My dear Mother,

I AM writing to you to-day because an opportunity is offered to me to intrust this letter to a messenger and avoid sending it to you by the mail. I am in Bordeaux since three days, and we are awaiting further orders to tell us what we ought to do. We all depend on Monsieur de La Fayette, from whom we have no news, and who, we are afraid, may yet be stopped on his way by a lettre de cachet, which his father, Monsieur le Duc d'Ayen[1], is trying to obtain. There is considerable opposition among the whole of the Noailles family to his plans, and there was a rumor the other day that he had been compelled to give them up on account of the threat of the king's displeasure. But Colonel de Lesser, who joined us here two days ago, brought the news that in reality the whole court was in favor of Monsieur de La Fayette and that Monsieur de Vergennes had said that he would not have raised any objections to his departure for America but for the complaints of the Duc d'Ayen.

In the meanwhile the Victoire is ready to start, and the idea is to take her to San Sebastian, where at least she will be in safety and her cargo not liable to confiscation. All this is very troublesome, and none of us are very gay just now. But two of my friends and myself have made up our minds that even if Monsieur de La Fayette does not succeed in reaching us, we shall, all the same, embark on some other boat than the Victoire, and join the American armies. But we think that all we hear is nothing but rumors, because those who know Monsieur de Vergennes well assure us that at heart he is with us, and that secretly he has given his sanction to the Comte de Broglie as well as to Monsieur de La Fayette. Let us hope that it is the latter who are well informed.

In the meanwhile, my dear Mother, I recommend my wife and the little ones to your tender care. I know that you will watch over them, and that they are safe under your protection, and I implore you not to forget me in your prayers, and subscribe myself your very dutiful son,

GASTON DE MAUSSION.

CHARLESTOWN, 20th June, 1777.

My dear Mother,

BY THIS time you will have been wondering whether we had reached America or gone down into the sea, and when I think that it will be weeks until this can be in your hands, and how Hélène and you must be trembling for me, I begin to feel guilty toward both of you. But I know your good heart, so rely on your indulgence, and, without extending myself further on this subject, I will try to describe to you our journey, which was indeed an eventful one.

As you will have gathered from the news that must have reached you, we sailed from Los Pasajes on April 21st [20th] and although the weather was quite good most of us on board were sick and many wished they had never embarked on this expedition. Monsieur de La Fayette was just as ill as the others, but tried not to show it and walked regularly on deck, which was more than could be said of his friends.

At last this interminable journey come to an end, but not without some unpleasant incidents, which hindered our landing, such as meeting two British frigates which chased us for a long while, but which at last we managed to escape. And we ran into a small harbor on June 13th after having been nearly sixty days on the sea. It was early in the afternoon, and although none among us knew where we really were, except that it must be close to a bay called Winyah or Winnia, as they pronounce it here, Monsieur de La Fayette with Monsieur de Kalb started in a small boat to try to find a landing place.

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[1] The Duke d'Ayen was not the father but the father-in-law of La Fayette. In those days in France a father-in-law was often called father.

I had asked for the permission to accompany them together with three other of our volunteers. We wandered along until the night came, and it was such a dark one that we could not see two steps before us, when suddenly a strong detachment of Negroes came down upon us, and we all thought that we were in for a fight. But Monsieur de Kalb, who speaks more English than any other of our fine gentlemen, succeeded in making himself understood by these blackies and they took us to the house of an American officer called Major Huger, who, after he had ascertained who we really were, gave us the warmest of welcomes.

We spent the night in his beautiful house, and there was no attention that he did not pour down upon us. And the next morning we all breakfasted together.

Well, my dear Mother, to cut this letter short, I will tell you that Monsieur Huger helped us out of all our difficulties.

And now I will bid you good-by, dear Mother, recommending myself to your affection, and begging you to believe that I will always remain

Your dutiful and affectionate son,
De Maussion.

Philadelphia, 14th August, 1777.
My dear Mother,

FORGIVE me for having waited such a long time before writing to you and describing our journey to this town. I have not been feeling well, and besides had nothing cheerful to relate. Indeed, several of us felt, like myself, so discouraged that we were thinking of returning to France without making any further efforts to get ourselves enrolled in the American Army. I would really have done it had it not been that I was curious to see General Washington and find out whether he would not out of his own authority allow me to join his volunteers. He seemed, according to all the accounts we heard, to be such a remarkable and just personage that I could not believe he would allow himself to be influenced by the anti-French feeling which exists in this country to the extent of refusing to acknowledge the honesty of a Frenchman inspired by no other feeling than love for liberty and hatred of injustice, and refusing to avail himself of his services.

The fact, my dear Mother, is that when, after a terrible journey which I shall presently describe to you, we reached this city, we found that instead of the warm welcome we had expected, we were looked upon with suspicion by the Congress, which is the highest authority of this land. The reason for it was that so many low adventurers who had imposed on the good faith of Monsieur Deane had preceded us in Philadelphia, and by their conduct given such a deplorable impression of Frenchmen in general, that no one wanted to have anything to do with us, and we were made to feel, and indeed were told, that the best thing we could do would be to return home. All the so-called French volunteers whom we found already installed here were more or less adventurers—pirates I should say—whom the love for plunder alone had brought to these shores. They had no idea what honor meant, with perhaps one or two exceptions, and conducted themselves in the most disgraceful manner you can imagine, and could only give the worst opinion of our countrymen to those who at first had received them with true enthusiasm.

The result of the disappointment the Philadelphians experienced was the frigid reception which we got when we reached that town, and indeed Monsieur de La Fayette and his companions would have been ordered out of it had it not been for General Washington's interference. It seems that the latter was the only man who could differentiate between the true gentlemen that we are and the *flibustiers* who called themselves such. He said at once that he would not permit any injustice to be done, and also that he would like to reap for his country whatever advantage might accrue to it from such real soldiers as we were who together with Monsieur de La Fayette had arrived on the Victoire.

The latter was perhaps the one among us who bore with the greatest dignity all our disappointments, one of which was that he had to wait weeks before meeting General Washington. When at last they came together it seems that they mutually had an excellent impression of each other, and Monsieur de La Fayette told Monsieur de Voigny afterward that he had never met in his whole life anyone who had produced such a deep impression upon him as General Washington. There was, he said, such grave sincerity in all he spoke that when one listened to him one felt a feeling of reverent awe grow into one's soul, and one could not doubt for one moment that one was in the presence of quite a superior being, endowed with rare nobility and great lines in all his character. This was told confidentially, with an injunction not to repeat it, because Monsieur de La Fayette would not wish to be taken for a flatterer. But he was moved almost to tears when relating the details of this interview, and said that he had never felt so proud as when General Washington asked him to accompany him on a visit he was going to make to see his army. This incident did away with a good deal of the depression under which we had all been laboring since we reached Philadelphia, and now we are only looking forward to the day when we shall be able to prove to the general that Frenchmen know how to fight and how to die.

Before closing this letter, my dear Mother, I must tell you something about the fatiguing journey we had to reach this place from Charlestown. It took us a whole month, and we had to travel over impassable roads, lost part of our baggage, and not only were the primitive kind of carriages, in which Monsieur de La Fayette and a few of us rode, completely broken by the hard knocks of the road but we lost most of our horses, and finally the greater number of us had to walk the whole of the time, under a scorching sun and in clouds of dust such as you can have no idea of in France. It was indeed a trying trip, during which we lost two of our men, whom we had to bury almost where they fell, in the open plain, and to leave to the mercy of fate. It required much courage to go on under such conditions, and you will not be surprised to hear that when we reached Philadelphia after thirty-seven days' journey we were more dead than alive.

Now all this is forgotten, and we are looking forward only to the happy moment when we shall be able to show to the British, as well as to the people of this country, how Frenchmen can fight.

My dear Mother, I ask your blessing and subscribe myself

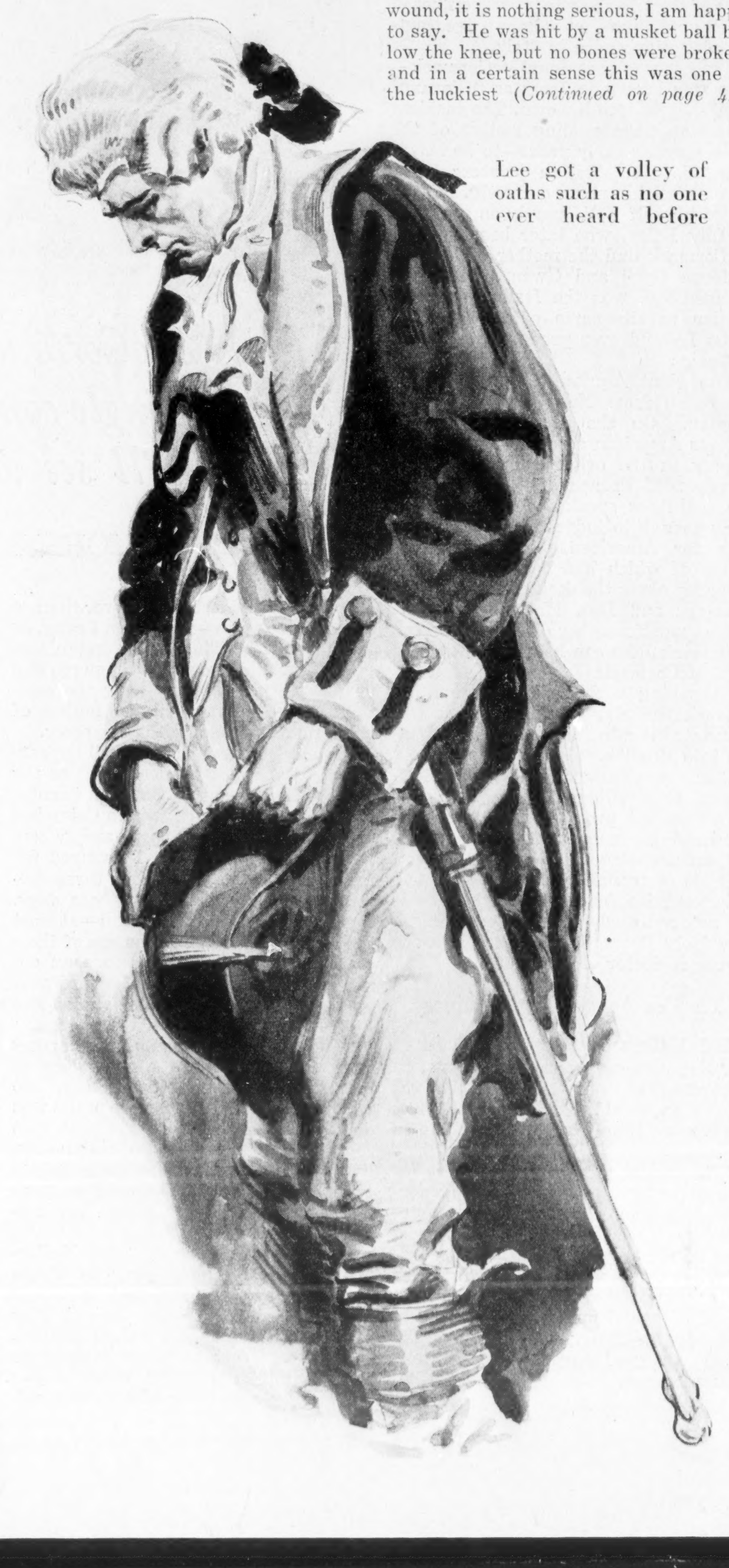
Your dutiful son,
De Maussion.

Bethlehem, 25 September, 1777.
My dear Mother,

I HAVE been in my first battle, and I only wish it had been one that was not won by the British. Unhappily I never was good at describing things, and, then, I am still so dazed by all I saw, and all the heroic actions of which I was a witness, that I really do not know where to begin so as to make you understand all that took place. The two things which stand foremost in my mind are the wound of Monsieur de La Fayette and the truly heroic conduct of General Washington during this great battle, which will be known as the fight of Brandywine. It would have ended in a stampede of the American troops had it not been for the presence of mind, courage and energy of General Washington. You should have seen him leading his men, encouraging them, and crying out to them to keep pushing along, to remember for what sacred cause they were fighting.

His marvelous genius never appeared to greater advantage than on that day, when, taken unawares through a sudden movement of the enemy, he had in the twinkling of an eye to change all his plans and to start dispatching new orders to his generals. It was all done in one moment, without any useless words being spoken, and with the greatest prudence. But it must also be said that he was admirably understood by his subordinates, and the rapid march made by one of them, General Greene, will certainly rank as an achievement such as our greatest French strategists would have felt proud of if they had accomplished it. Verily this in an extraordinary people, so full of fire and energy, and yet saying so little, and devoid of every feeling of vanity. We were beaten, but we covered ourselves with glory, and such defeats are better than many victories, because they bring out all that is heroic in the natures of those who though broken down are not discouraged and still are ready to fight.

As for Monsieur de La Fayette's wound, it is nothing serious, I am happy to say. He was hit by a musket ball below the knee, but no bones were broken, and in a certain sense this was one of the luckiest (*Continued on page 41*)



Lee got a volley of oaths such as no one ever heard before

The world's most popular IRISHMAN

Genthe

John McCormack, the great Irish tenor, with his wife and his daughter, Gwen

John McCormack made $25,000 from a single concert. Read this and you'll see why he's worth it

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

THE scene is the opera house in Savona—"Amico Fritz," the opera. A young tenor holds the stage while thousands of bronze-faced Italians sit and listen, eager, intent. The tenor concludes a glorious aria in faultless Italian and the rafters ring.

"Bravo! Foli! Bravissimo!"

And Signor Giovanni Foli takes his bow, strides to the wings where flushed faces greet him—an acknowledged artist of Italian opera in Italy.

Thus it was that John McCormack—who was known in Italy as "Giovanni Foli"—came into his own. The incident illuminates the guiding motive of the Irish singer's early years—to be better than his job. Italian printers could never spell his name correctly. So he called himself Foli—partly as a tribute to Lily Foley, who later became Mrs. McCormack and the mother of his two children Cyril and Gwen, and partly because Foli was the Italian approximation to the name of the greatest basso Ireland ever produced.

Again:

The giant Aquitania was pounding the ocean from New York to Southampton. On the promenade deck a famous American actress was studying a play in the original French. The actress read French well but confessed she could not speak the language fluently enough to judge the values of the play for American presentation—the rights of which had been offered her. Strolling along the deck came John McCormack and Mrs. McCormack. The actress mentioned her difficulty to them.

"I think John can help you out," said Mrs. McCormack.

"Anything to oblige," said John. So he took the play and, for recreation, translated it into Italian and from Italian into English.

There were those on board who, hearing of this trilingual feat, marveled. They assumed, probably, that all a well-known singer needs as an asset is his well-known voice. As a matter of fact, that bit of translation was merely one more exercise for McCormack. He is an accomplished linguist—one reason why Holy Cross College gave him the degree of doctor of literature.

They're Assets—Not Hobbies

LET McCormack himself explain it. "Early in my career," he says, "I discovered the important truth that the man who would be successful must know more than his game to shine in his game.

"The easiest thing in the world is for a stranger to sing phonetically in a foreign language. In Australia I once heard a parrot sing all the scales practiced by the lady of the house.

"When I commenced my career it was not as a concert singer but in the hard school of grand opera, in the home of grand opera—Italy. In my youth I had heard some good singers who had excellent technique, but they lacked finesse in rendering songs in a foreign language. After it had been established that I had a voice I determined that I should have something more than a well-trained voice—that when I sang, as I would have to sing, in a foreign language I should know that language and be able to put into my song the emotional force intended by the author of the lyric as well as by the composer.

"I made my first professional appearance in the opera 'Amico Fritz' at the Teatro Chiabrera at Savona, twenty-five miles from Genoa, where Columbus and Paganini were born and where Daniel O'Connell died. I received fifteen lire for the job—about three dollars as exchange stood in those days. My appearance was successful—at least the Italians accepted me as one of their own, and I was able to secure an engagement in Naples, where I sang Faust on ten successive evenings for 200 lire—about forty dollars in those days.

"Those were the days of the hardest work for me. I had a repertoire of more than a dozen Italian operas. No two or three a day vaudeville artist was driven harder than I to get that first foothold. After a period of six months, living sparingly on what plain food I could afford and in second-rate pensions, I was ready to resign my ambitions as an opera artist."

In later years one of John McCormack's concerts alone—in San Francisco—netted $25,000; and a single benefit he gave for the United War Charities in New York raised $75,000. Quite a contrast to those early days of grand opera trouping, when he was singing for something like twenty dollars a week.

After his operatic barnstorming in Italy McCormack returned to London to spend more months of his lean, ladder-climbing youth, securing odd engagements until he made his first appearance at Covent Garden in "Cavalleria Rusticana," on the fifteenth of October, 1907, at the age of twenty-three, and remained a member of that great organization to the outbreak of the war in 1914.

In 1909 Oscar Hammerstein went abroad looking for talent. At the suggestion of Cleofonte Campanini he heard McCormack and immediately engaged him for America. With his Covent Garden prestige McCormack went to New York where he joined the Manhattan Opera Company, making his first New York appearance in "Traviata" with Madame Tetrazzini and Sammarco, November 10, 1909. He was triumphant from the start and in the spring of 1911 he gave his first concert recital in New York—where he has since given 150 concerts, always to crowded audiences.

There is no sizable town in the United States or Canada where McCormack has not sung, and through records and the New Year's radio concert he gave nearly everybody in America has heard him. The Victor Talking Machine Company for which he makes records received 80,000 letters of appreciation following that one aërial concert.

"The steadfast loyalty of the public has led me to put my own limit on the length of my career," says McCormack, "because I don't want to be asking and receiving popular support when I know my powers are waning and that I shall not fully merit it. That is why I'm going to retire definitely at fifty. There'll be no farewell tours or any of the usual mechanics of exit. I'll just be through. Of course, I may return to sing now and again for some charity, but never for my own profit after I'm fifty. Jean De Reszke could sing a magnificent top C after he was seventy. I have no particular anticipation of perishing before that age. But I'll be through professionally at fifty. I'd sooner have them saying 'Why *did* he quit?' than 'Why *doesn't* he quit?'

A Golden Opportunity

"I'LL spend the next nine years giving my annual concerts and keeping my eyes and ears open for somebody who can succeed me. I'll be the first to welcome him. There's a man in Ireland that I heard when I acted as judge at the Talteann Festival last year. He has a grand voice and is a magnificent-looking young fellow. But he wouldn't listen to me when I told him he could make a fortune over here. He preferred to keep a government job that paid him about $2,000 a year.

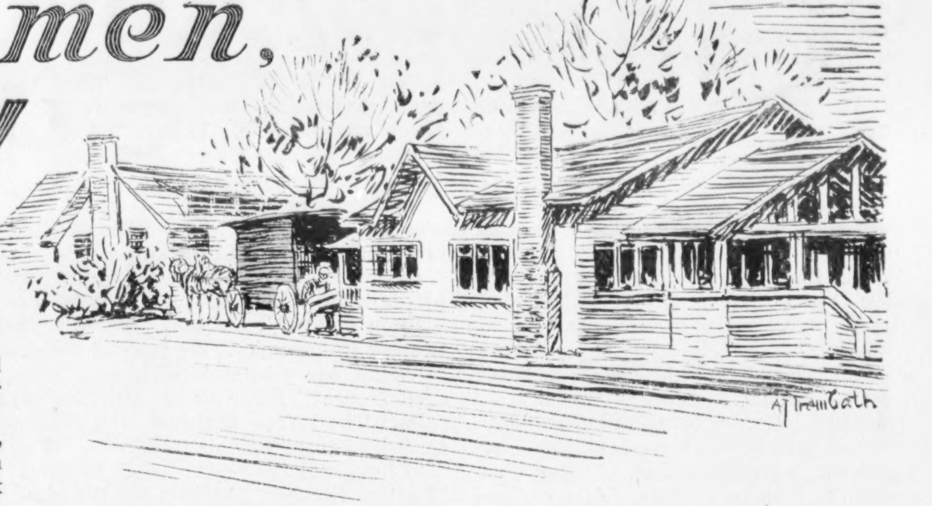
"Of one thing I'm sure now: I shall never again appear in opera, and I shall never forget the debt that I owe to my training in opera. I know my own limitations, and I've known them all along. I'm a very poor actor."

After every concert hundreds of letters go to McCormack from young persons ambitious to become professional singers. "My advice to young singers after my years here in America," he says, "would be this: Build your voice on all five vowels. I can remember my old maestro saying to me: 'Giovanni, that "o" is lovely and so is that "e" (æ), but your "i" (ee) is very squeezed. You will be a master of the technique of singing when you can sing the whole five vowels on every note from E flat to A natural.'

"There is only one way for a voice to become known, and that is to *make itself known*. In the radio to-day there is a golden opportunity for beginners—a quicker road to recognition than the reigning favorites or their predecessors ever had. If native American talent is not in too much of a hurry it will get along. Training in Europe is good, but it's by no means necessary, although, of course, the most critical musical audiences are in Europe. Berlin and Dublin, I think, are the hardest audiences to satisfy technically.

"With whatever faults it may have now, the radio is a great instrument for mass culture and mass sophistication. The coming generation will be better acquainted with music than the present generation—and this culture will spell opportunity for artists. (I've always believed that music should be as compulsory in juvenile education as any of the three 'r's'; popular taste is making it so. And I do not believe that the radio injures a singer's prospects, any more than the movies affect an actor's. Physical concerts will survive the radio just as the legitimate drama survives the movies."

Women, women, women!



By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. J. TREMBATH

A MOVING VAN backed up against the rear door of the one-story frame cottage and smashed the wooden stairs leading to a tiny back porch. The ground was muddy—a broken water pipe somewhere. Two brawny men with brick-red, sweaty necks began carrying furniture from the moving van into the house, and with it black mud that fell from their feet at every step.

Mrs. Hugh Carlton, buxom, twenty, and pretty, stood beside her husband in a shallow puddle of water in the back yard, smiling triumphantly. This would be her first home—that is to say, the first for which she had selected furniture.

"Some dame, Bill," whispered Jerry Callaghan, the larger of the two giants, as they carried in a couch.

"Poor boobs, I always feel sorry for 'em, Jerry," was his comrade's reply. Bill was a philosopher. Delivering the furniture for a new home invariably depressed him.

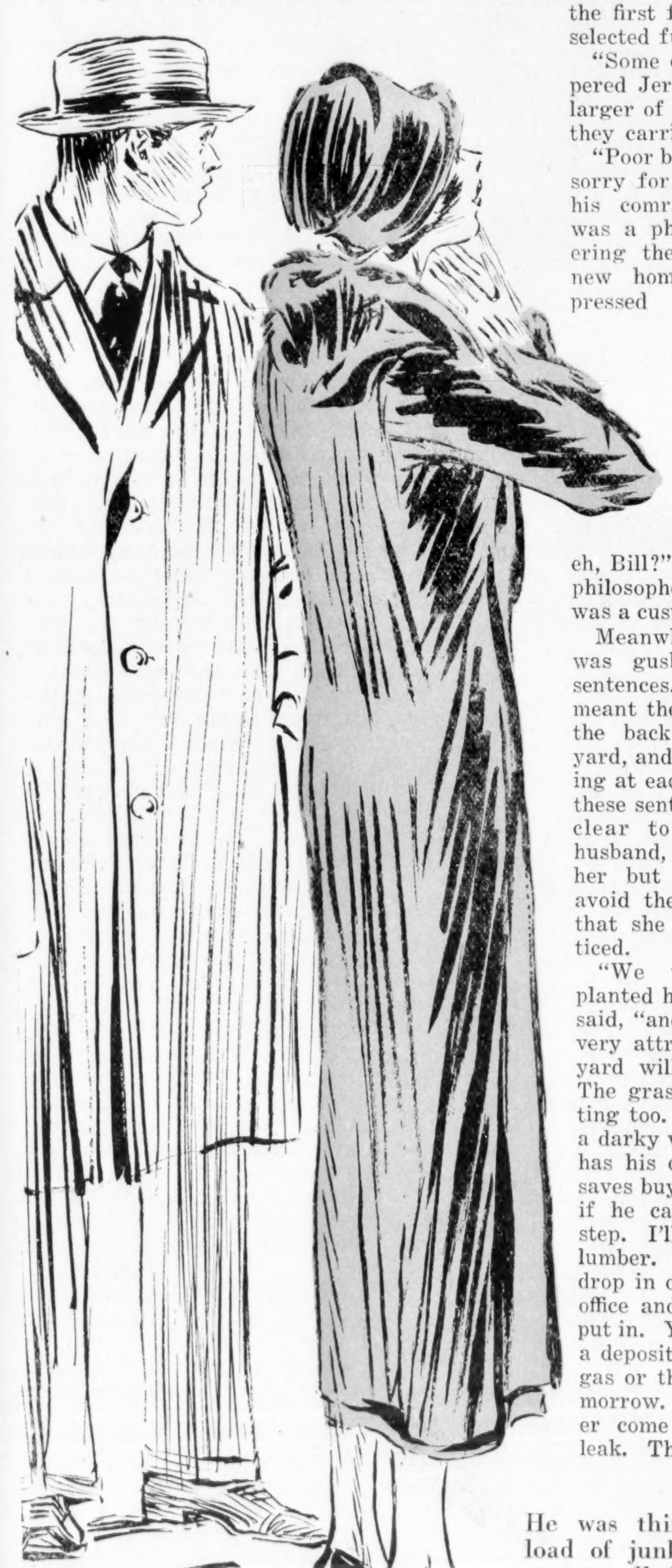
"I don't see no place for crape on that dame."

"Yes, but they got a lot to learn."

"I'll tell the world," Jerry agreed. "We moves 'em in and we moves 'em out, eh, Bill?" Jerry was also a philosopher, but life to him was a custard-pie comedy.

Meanwhile Mrs. Carlton was gushing disconnected sentences. The word "it" meant the fence, the house, the back yard, the front yard, and a tree. By pointing at each object she made these sentences more or less clear to her bewildered husband, who stood near her but had managed to avoid the puddle of water that she had not even noticed.

"We will have grass planted here," Mrs. Carlton said, "and then this will be very attractive. The front yard will furnish the sod. The grass there needs cutting too. Mrs. Peck knows a darky who cuts grass and has his own mower. That saves buying one. I wonder if he can fix that broken step. I'll have to order the lumber. By the way, dear, drop in on your way to the office and have a telephone put in. You must also make a deposit for the lights and gas or they'll be cut off tomorrow. And have a plumber come out and fix this leak. This yard is a sight."



He was thinking: "One load of junk and it represents all I receive for seventy-five days' work"

Hugh nodded as they wandered away. "Five hundred dollars," he was thinking. "One load of junk, and it represents all I receive for seventy-five days' work. The very most I can spare to pay on it is twenty dollars a month. This is a term of imprisonment. If at any time I should desire to sell this evidence of my peonage I will receive for it about eight dollars and sixty-seven cents cash. But if, on the other hand, I should store it, the cost will be about that sum monthly."

"Did you hear me, dear?" his wife asked.

"Yes, Ruth." He glanced at her covertly, observed that she was very happy, and immediately felt ashamed of his reverie. For her a cherished dream was coming true. He smiled. Indeed, it was impossible not to respond with a smile to such a joyous countenance. She came nearer, and rested her hand on his arm.

Hugh continued to stare blankly at the moving van, while there floated through his mind a fantastic picture of hawk-eyed pirates ranging sea and land in hot pursuit of youths and maidens who loved each other. The picture faded, but the moving van remained.

In a room furniture may express personality, in a show window it may be attractive, but in a moving van it is junk.

Finally the last piece was unloaded; the two individuals in woolen shirts and greasy trousers climbed aboard their wagon. Bill took the reins and spoke to the horses. They gave a start that jerked the van forward one foot, then it rolled back, inflicting additional damage upon the steps. Bill cracked his whip, and the horses were off with a splash of iron-shod hoofs on soft black mud.

MRS. CARLTON hastened into the kitchen. Even her walk expressed elation. Hugh noticed this and banished from his mind an ugly thought. He had been wondering just how it could have happened that this furniture was purchased by his express permission when he didn't want it, never had wanted it: in fact, he hated the very sight of it, and would rather live in a cave than pay for it on the installment plan. Still, here it was—and he had signed for it. Well—anyway, it made Ruth happy. Perhaps it would work out all right. At least be a good sport now that she had outgeneraled him. Well, forget it.

Hugh followed his wife into the kitchen. She fished out a new saucepan, admired it, then filled it with water, and placed it on an alcohol stove while he stood dumbly beside her depressed by the disorder, the mud on the pine floors, the straw and excelsior scattered everywhere, and the fearful ugliness of dirty windowpanes without curtains or shades.

Mrs. Carlton hummed a tune as she sliced bread, using a packing box as a table. Suddenly she dropped the knife and in an ecstasy of joy threw her arms around her husband, kissing him passionately.

The tea water boiled over before she released him. After all, if it meant so much to her perhaps it was worth while. Hugh resolved to conceal his doubts and remember only the thrill of her kiss.

THEY ate luncheon standing because the chairs were still fastened together in pairs. Ruth's expression said more plainly than words: "You are the handsomest man in the world, and I love you madly." It was the same look that had sent him in search of a diamond ring, and Hugh still loved it. But he had learned more about that look during twelve months of marriage. It was now associated in his mind with those occasions when Ruth had had her own way and was pretending that she was overwhelmed with appreciation for his unsolicited generosity. "Ruth," he would say, "you make it impossible for anyone except a wife-beater to say no."

Often he wondered if hers was a conscious maneuver, or merely the innocent heritage of Eve. There are phases of feminine psychology about which honest men feel no humiliation in admitting ignorance, since the silence of the gods at least raises a question.

"We'll be as happy as two turtle doves," Ruth was saying. Hugh enjoyed her sparkling eyes as she looked first at him, then at the gas stove, and finally at the tin sink. She poked him in the ribs playfully, tickled his chin, and then pleaded: "Honey, tell me you like it. I think it's grand. Can't you enthuse a little?"

He embraced her boyishly and kissed her eyes while she nestled against his shoulder. When he let her go there was a tear on her cheek. Ruth knew he would not willingly have embarked upon this venture but nevertheless she was confident of a happy outcome. In fact, she was always confident; that was her dominant trait.

"Well, precious, I leave you with the Lares and Penates," Hugh said. "Back to the mines for daddy. A stack of mail is waiting for me." He kissed her.

"Bless you, my children," said a hearty mezzo-soprano voice behind them. "It's Aunty Lena." They turned toward her, astonished.

Mrs. Peck always referred to herself as Aunty Lena when with the Carltons. She was an enormous woman, fairly well proportioned and thirty-five years of age. Her large, round countenance was kindly in a bovine fashion. Generosity and stupidity were so intertwined in her gestures of friendship that they caused endless embarassment to all concerned. Hugh wondered where his wife found such odd persons—and why. Surely they couldn't have anything in common, yet every one of them seemed to love her.

The young wife's ecstasy of happiness, reflected in glowing cheeks and eyes, caught Aunty Lena's attention, and her own eyes narrowed for the fraction of a second in an expression difficult to fathom. Then she exclaimed, "You darling!" and embraced Ruth, kissing her again and again on the lips. Releasing her, she seized Hugh with equal fervor, and to his utter confusion planted more of these impulsive kisses while he stood like a wooden image, his arms at his side. A moment later, on being released, he observed that Ruth's expression indicated painful embarrassment. Surely she wasn't jealous! Why, Aunty Lena always behaved in this manner. Ah, yes, now he had it—his own countenance was reflecting, as usual, keen dislike for their visitor. He had promised something on this subject—so he forced a clumsy smile. Too late. Aunty Lena had seen. Nor was this the first time. Well, hang it all, if Ruth would only let such people alone—

THE World War was six months old before the artillery fire in Flanders reverberated through Carlton's office. Then business slumped throughout the cotton states. Collections were reported slow, and week after week men lost their jobs. Finally Carlton's salary, so called, was reduced ten per cent. He wondered at the time why it was not discontinued entirely. That doubtless would come later. Thereafter he expected notice every time he entered the office.

The terror, the revolt, the hot words that he held back by clinching his teeth, began to show in his eyes. They were lighted now by a wild hatred of everything, everybody, and all the conditions of life. Eventually he ceased to talk to his wife at all. In his heart he yearned to pick up that furniture and beat her with it. When bills finally could not be paid Ruth felt that she should be his comforter and tried to draw him to her for sympathy. But Hugh wanted none. To him the situation was clear. Other parts of the country were prosperous; he should be free to go there, instead of penniless and in debt. They had walked into a trap and the less said the better.

One afternoon when he was busy at his desk Ruth telephoned. "I want to see you at once," she said. There was tragedy in her voice. He hurried home.

"What are your relations with Mildred House?" Ruth asked with forced calm. The terror vanished, and Hugh smiled, so great was his relief.

"I have met the young lady," he said. "I rather like her. At least she is interesting and not stupid. We have no relations."

"I have heard that you have given her lavish gifts, even that you are engaged to her or intend to elope with her."

"Where would I get the money?"

"I have heard that your salary is overdrawn at the office."

"Come on down and see the books," Hugh suggested, smiling.

Mrs. Peck has made inquiry for me."

"Well, then, why ask me the question? It was very nosey, I'll say, but if it got the facts, I'm satisfied."

"She says you are overdrawn."

Mrs. Carlton fell on the floor, sobbing. Hugh lifted her gently and kissed her hands. "My dear," he said, "it is not true. That's all I can say. We're having trouble enough without this. Aunty Lena has done what I have always known she would do if the chance ever came. She cannot help it. We may as well begin by forgiving and forgetting her. I've been cruel to you, and I ask your pardon. These stories start and never stop because even one's closest friends pass such lies on with additions. They can't help it."

Ruth threw her arms around her husband and sobbed while he kissed her. Fifteen minutes later he left the house happier than he had been for a month.

But on the way back to his office Hugh reviewed the interview and by the time he had gone over the scene three times the muscles of his neck twitched and he felt sharp pin pricks in his legs. His lips were moving, but he did not know whether he was talking aloud or merely forming words without uttering them. These were the words:

"Ruth has been queening it over these village hens because she has her work animal under better control than they have theirs. Then I went sour, and she fell from her perch. She struts before them and shows off her control. Every look, every gesture, everything she does is a demand that they tell each other how charming and adorable she is. Immediately everyone begins to wonder if I realize what a lucky man I am. It is all well with me so long as I go through my paces, but she handles the rôle so neatly that if I fail the mob turns on me. Every evidence of my affection has been in reality a bone tossed to ravening wolves. She is now giving me a beating. And I am taking it like a cur."

He entered the office, and proceeded to his desk without greeting anyone. This caused no comment because it had now been his habit for weeks. He unlocked a small compartment and drew out his life-insurance policy. Forty minutes later he emerged from a bank with thirty ten-dollar bills in his pocket.

"Going on a trip?" asked the teller.

"Go to hell," was the astonishing reply.

Hugh returned to his office and wrote the following note: "My dear: We end this farce to-day. I inclose my mortgaged life-insurance policy and two hundred dollars, keeping one hundred for myself. I leave at once for parts unknown. If I make any money I'll send your share. Otherwise not."

"Here, you! Take this to my wife," Carlton said to the office boy. Then he rose and went out, followed by the curious glances of five men, who wondered where he was going.

Ruth's fingers were unsteady as she opened the note, but after reading it she said aloud, to no one: "He will succeed! I'm so glad! He ought to have done this long ago. It's what I've always wanted him to do. It's our dream come true."

The telephone rang. Mrs. Smith, wife of a wood, coal and ice dealer, and prominent socially, said: "Tom just called up and said he saw your husband get on the northbound Limited. Where is he going?"

"To New York," Ruth replied. "Isn't it wonderful? He has a wonderful position. I'll tell you all about it later. We're so happy over it. Excuse me, now. I must ring off."

HUGH went to New York because of an advertisement, in display type:

The Man We Want

Must know the cotton country.
Must know the principles of banking, though he need not be a banker.
Must understand Southern transportation conditions.
Must be under thirty-five and willing to work hard.
Must be willing to travel.
Must have marked executive ability.

An hour after reaching New York he was ushered into a private office with blue velvet carpet on the floor, heavy velvet shades at the window, and two somber portraits on the wall. A bronze bust of President Theodore Roosevelt stared at a mahogany table behind which sat a man who looked very much like the late President. In his hand he held a tiny card on which was typed the information Hugh had given about himself to someone in the outer room. The interview was on! For fifty minutes questions snapped out like machine-gun fire, and Hugh presently found himself answering them in the same manner.

Finally the man behind the desk tipped his chair back and smiled.

"I think you are the man we are looking for," he said. "For the present you will receive one hundred a week. Report to me at nine to-morrow."

For two months Hugh worked and studied. Every night he carried home books, reports, trade analyses, and pamphlets. Every morning he and his stenographer were the first to reach their desks. No comments were made, but he knew that he was giving satisfaction because more and more business found its way to his private office.

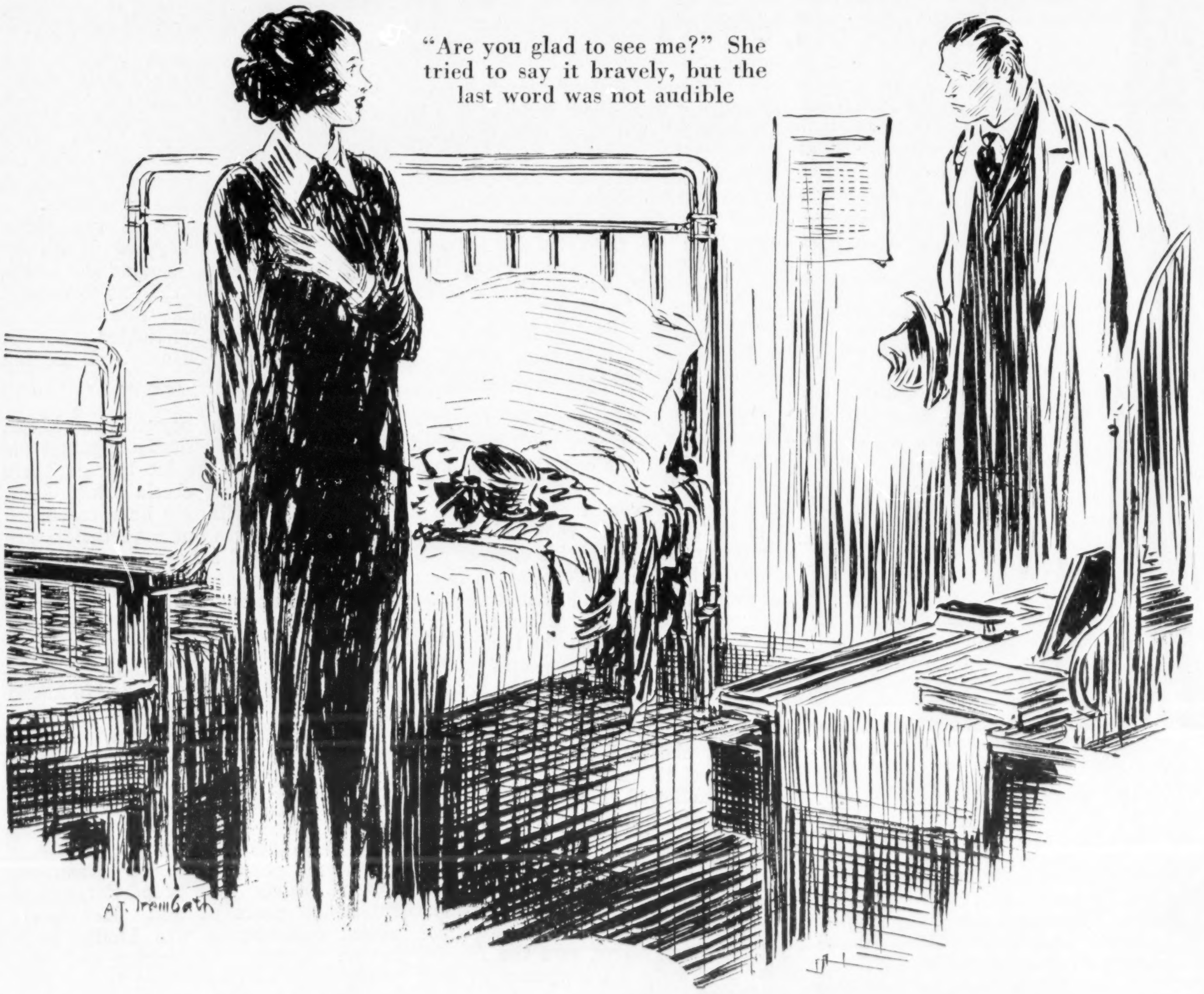
One afternoon the cashier came to his desk and presented a check. "That is back salary," he explained. "I have been instructed to place you on the pay roll at twelve thousand. "I trust it is satisfactory."

"It is," Hugh replied. "Thank you."

"And may I add that all of us are pleased with your success? You are well liked here." The cashier actually extended his hand. Hugh rose as he grasped it.

Hugh endorsed the check and tucked it into an unsealed note to his wife. He wrote to her frequently, but said nothing—more particularly nothing about the possibility of her coming to New York. Ruth wondered, but did not mention the subject. She also wrote brief, conventionally affectionate notes. If Hugh addressed her as "My dear" her reply addressed him as "My dear." If he wrote "My darling," she used "My dearest." If he wrote "My darling wife" she

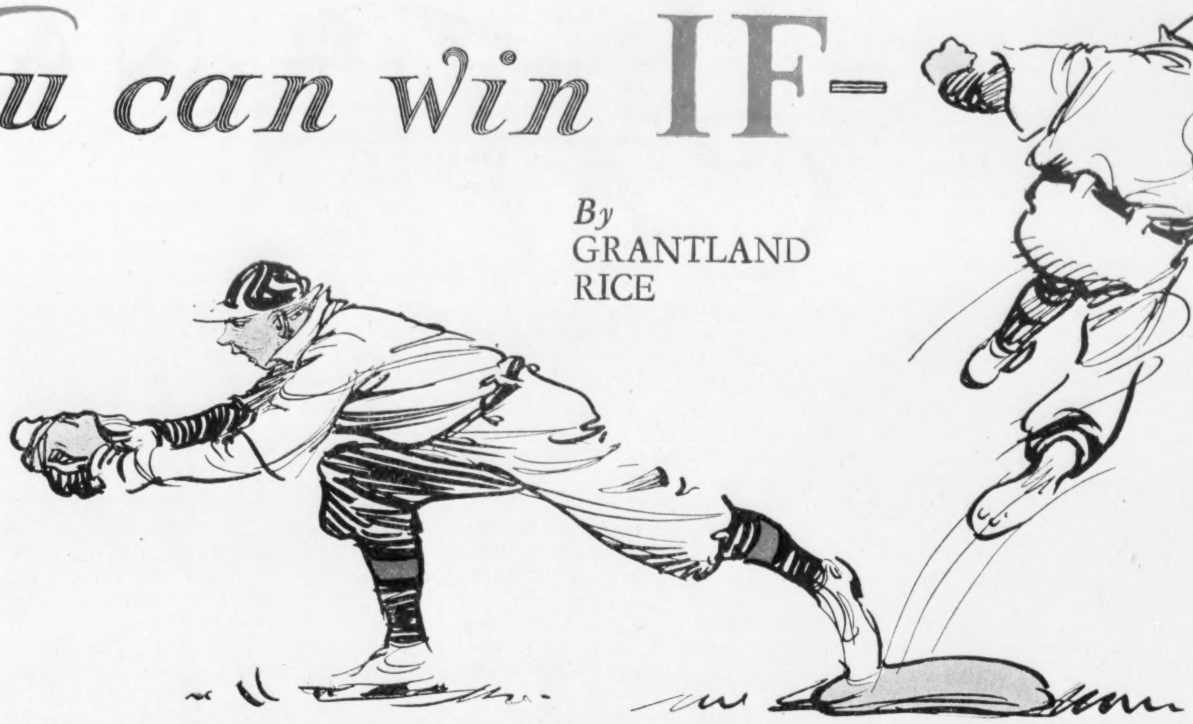
(Continued on page 35)



"Are you glad to see me?" She tried to say it bravely, but the last word was not audible

You can win IF—

By
GRANTLAND
RICE



THEY sit and think of things
to do
And let it go at that;
Then wonder when the year is through
Just why their dreams are flat;
"I thought of that sometime ago,
Before he ever knew"—
Yes, but he wasn't quite so slow,
He thought—and put it through.

It isn't so much what you are,
Or what you think of things;
For those who go around in par
Must also use their wings.
Ten million men have seen the chance
At heights they might have scaled,
The while they lingered in a trance
To wonder why they'd failed.

Fate brings to few the laurel wreath
Who will not dare the height;
The dagger sleeping in its sheath
Is small use in a fight;
The slothful dreamers stand at bay
Before the guarded hill,
But for the clan that cuts its way
The road is open still.

FOR about twenty-five years, while keeping an eye on various fields of sport, I have been noting the winning qualities which enable certain competitors to march on to fame, wealth and the applause of the multitude.

Each of these qualities, at one time or another, creates the thrill which the spectators seek, and each can bring to the competitor some of the great moments of his life. Brains, courage, speed, strength, stamina, skill are among the essential ingredients which go into the making of sport—sport which, in its various forms, has a following of at least thirty million Americans.

What quality is first in winning value on the field, or in the marts of trade, or in life at large?

Courage and brains might be listed at the top, yet there is still another quality which combines both and becomes, in many respects, the premier winning quality of the entire list.

"It is important *to be*," someone has said, "but it is more important *to do*."

And in turning to the dictionary we find this definition: *INITIATIVE*—(1) *The first move;* (2) *The power of initiating; ability for original conception and independent action.*

There you have the plot of the drama unfolded before you. Just what are brains and courage and skill and speed worth with "initiative" lacking? Just how useful is a fine touring car with the motor missing?

Brains and courage are fairly common attributes. The market isn't overstocked with either, of course; but they are not so rare as the emu and the ai—outside of cross-word puzzles.

Most of the denizens of this universe have their share of courage and a certain proportion have brains enough to get along. But initiative is a rare possession. For example, there have been ball players with as much brain, speed, strength and courage as Ty Cobb has; but in the sixty or seventy year history of the game there has never been another ball player who has had Cobb's determination to make the first move, or his "ability for original conception and independent action."

No one in the big crowd that witnessed the feat will ever forget the occasion where Cobb, drawing a base on balls, jogged to first somewhat lazily, increased his speed as he reached the bag, whirled on to second base, and reached third on the wild throw that followed to head him off. The Tyger was the first ball player in history to get three bases on a single base on balls. That act was Initiative with a capital I.

Cobb had a stronger "will to do" than any athlete I have ever seen. And after twenty-one years of big-league action he still has it. Not so long ago, leading a harried ball club deep in last place, worried and almost broken by managerial burdens, it was the same Cobb—nearly forty years old, the veteran of all baseball—who attempted to lift his club from the rut by sheer action, hitting three home runs, a double and two singles for sixteen bases in a single game! The motor power was still there. Defeat could not break or destroy it.

More Than Courage and Speed

THERE have been other base runners who were as fast as Cobb ever was, but there has never been one in his class. And the reason is that for over twenty years Cobb has thought endlessly of the next move, and the next move beyond that.

What you *are* is important enough; but what you *do* is the story that goes into the records and remains. Cobb has had the greatest amount of initiative that any sport has ever known and he has retained this quality for more than two decades. It is a quality that counts more than courage, speed and stamina. He has accomplished things on the ball field that no other player ever dreamed of trying. An entry may have brains and courage, speed and skill and strength, and still—if he lacks initiative—be just a good, average competitor, well short of greatness.

Some time ago Harvard and Penn. State were hard at it in one of the most thrilling games of the season. Penn. State was leading 21 to 14, with only a few moments left for play. Charley Buell, the slender young Harvard quarterback, had tried out all the early season plays given him, but he could make no headway at this moment against the Penn. State defense. Harvard's best plays had failed; but instead of losing heart, or merely fighting doggedly on, Buell made up a play of his own. Calling Churchill to one side he said, "On the next play you run to that spot" (indicating a green or brown patch near the sidelines). "I'll start our attack around the other end, but I'll throw you the ball. It may not work, but then again it may." It was from this suddenly devised play that Churchill ran to a touchdown which, with the goal that followed, tied the score.

Buell might have had the brains to select the best plays given him. He might have had the courage to fight it out without breaking. He might have had the skill to handle his plays perfectly. But at the critical moment he needed something else: "The ability for original conception and independent action." Nothing else could have saved Harvard from defeat—nothing else except, possibly, sheer luck.

In the way of initiative Buell has had no superiors among all the quarterbacks of football. He weighed only 140 or possibly 145 pounds. He was pink-cheeked and rather frail looking. He had no dazzling speed to carry him along. But he had a great leaning toward "the first move." It was not in his nature to wait too long for the enemy. He wanted to start something at the first chance and to strike, wherever possible, at the most unexpected spots. He was never deeply impressed with any zone system of generalship, with following standard methods of what to do and what not to do. He thought along independent lines; and thought with him meant action. And in three years of play against Yale and Princeton he was never involved in a defeat. Princeton beat Harvard his last year in college, but the turning point for Nassau never came until Buell had been carried from the field, early in the contest.

Quarterbacks with speed and at least a normal share of brains are not so hard to find. Quarterbacks with courage are plentiful. Quarterbacks with initiative are extremely rare. They are inclined to work by standard methods, by a set pattern. They are not enough imbued with the desire to strike at unexpected sectors in an unexpected way—to do and dare. And this is reasonable enough, considering the burden put upon a young fellow of nineteen or twenty before crowds of 50,000 or 70,000 looking on in critical moods.

This quality can be overdone, of course, or misapplied. Some years ago Fielding Yost of Michigan had a play he had worked out for the ten-yard line. It was an almost certain scoring play when used for the first time. But his quarterback was so keen to see how this deceptive attack would work that he used it around midfield, in place of waiting to strike. It gained twenty-five yards, but upon reaching the ten-yard line later on there was no deception left in it and it failed to gain.

It Caught Them Flat-footed

JIM THORPE, the Carlisle Indian star, had this quality of "original conception and independent action" to a remarkable degree. Once, when Carlisle was playing the Army team at West Point, the Indians had been forced back to their four-yard line. The signal was given for Thorpe to kick. He dropped back of the line, expecting to carry out the signal. As he did so he noticed the alignment of the Army defense. "Both teams think I'm going to kick," he said to the referee standing by him, "but I'm not." Thorpe faked the kick, tucked the ball under his arm and ran nearly 90 yards to the Army's ten-yard line before he was nailed. He was taking no great risk, for there was still a down left for another kick signal.

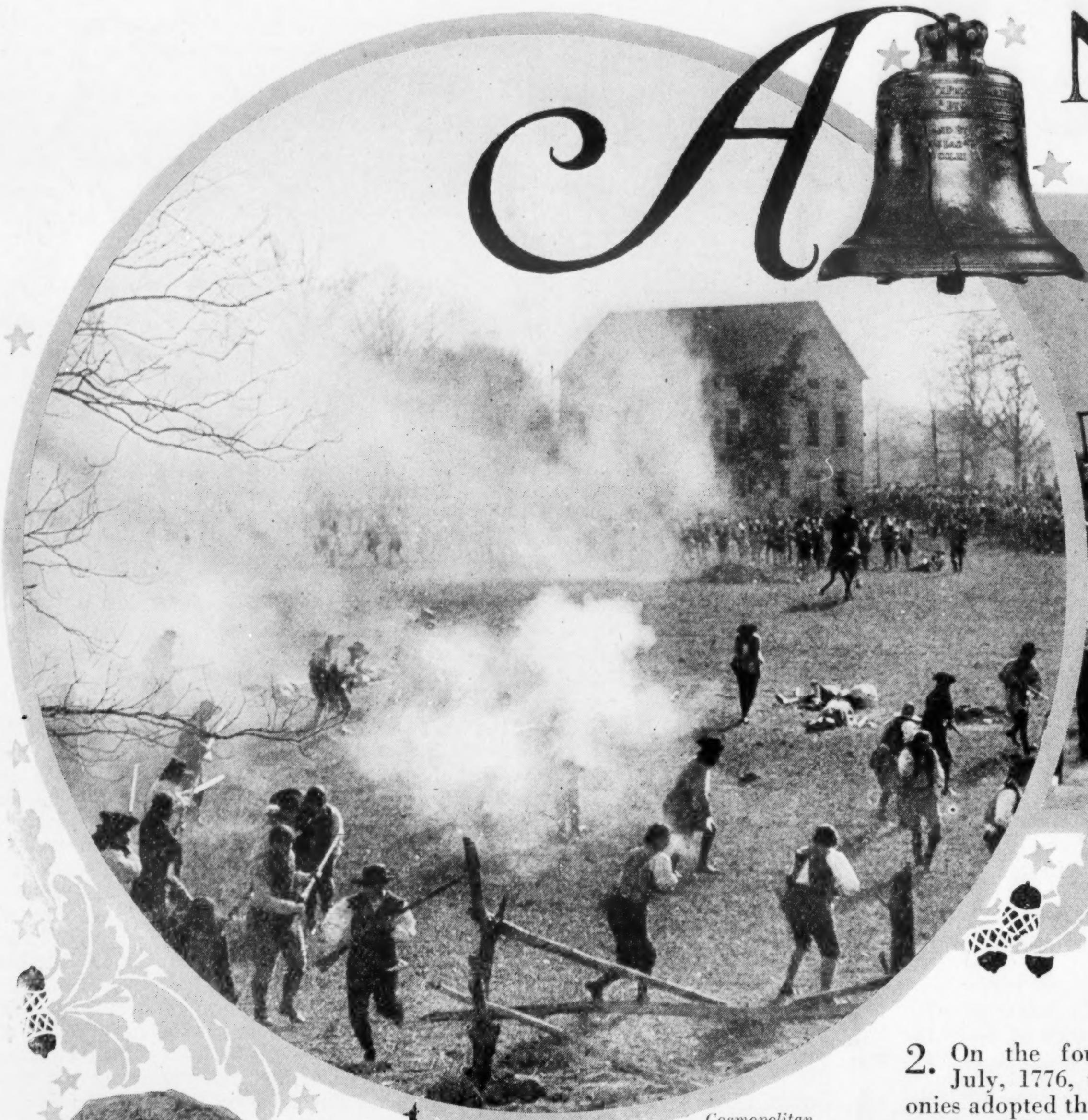
Few coaches would encourage any such independent action, as in the long run it would upset all team play. But Thorpe saw his chance at this one crisis and he had the motor power in his soul to give it a try.

Any initiative that is worth while must be backed up, of course, by skill and training. It is almost impossible to carry out a daring plan when one hasn't the stuff to work with.

One of the most striking examples of late years came in the last Princeton-Harvard game. Princeton had the ball on the first play on her own twenty-yard line. The standard move here is to kick or rush. But on this first play Princeton threw a forward pass. It caught Harvard flat-footed. The pass was muffed, but its value remained. From that first daring stroke the Harvard defense, not knowing what unexpected move might come, disintegrated.

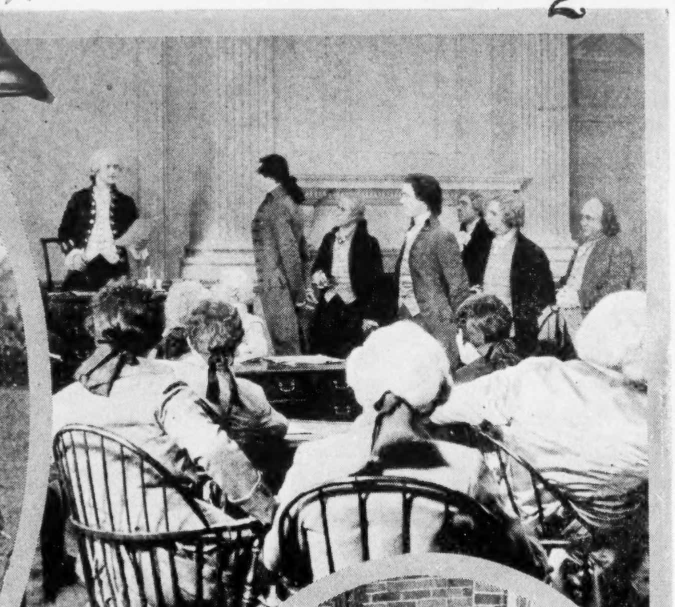
What you have and what you think may mean a lot. But *what you do* means a lot more. It is four fifths of the story.

A NATION



1

Cosmopolitan



Pathé

2

3

United Artists

1. "Don't fire unless fired upon." Capt. John Parker warned the Minute Men at Lexington, "but if they mean to have war, let it begin here." So here it began—April 19, 1775

2. On the fourth of July, 1776, the colonies adopted the Declaration of Independence

3. Nine years of war and five of post-war chaos: then Gen. George Washington was sworn in as the nation's first President

6

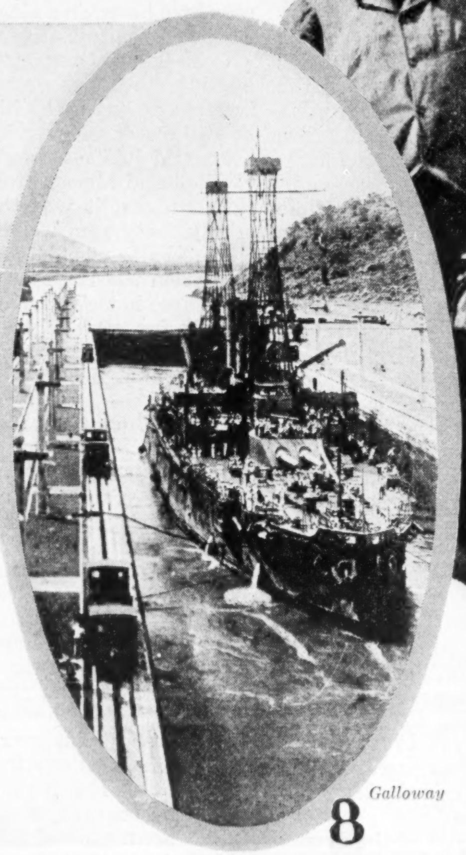
First National

7

William Fox

7. Another great epic was celebrated four years after the Civil War—when East and Far West were linked with a railroad

6. Four years of the scourge of a civil war were near an end. "Let us strive on," Abraham Lincoln pleaded, "to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds—"



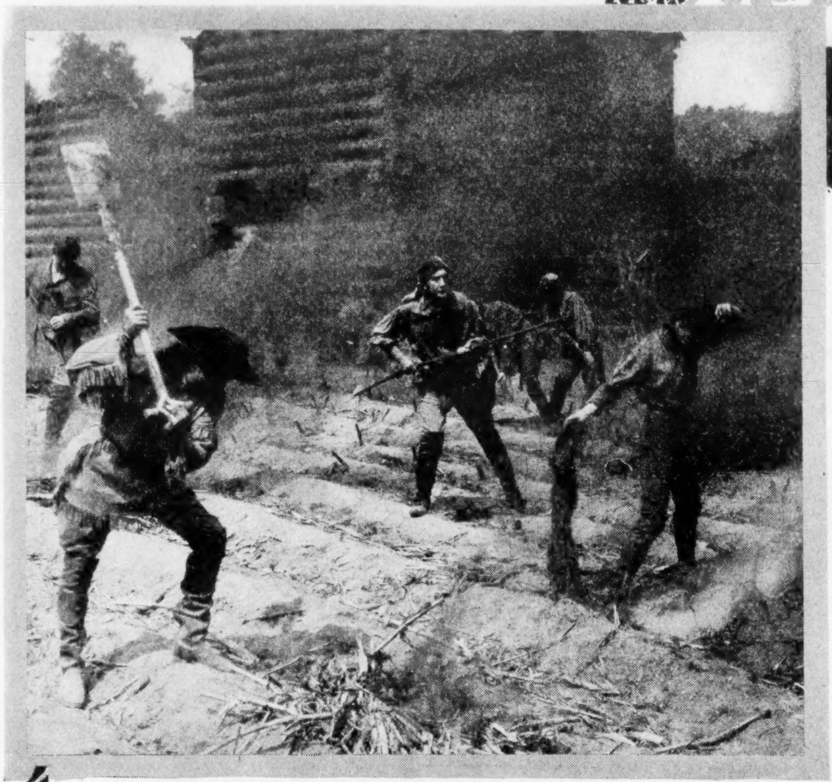
Galloway

8

U. & U.

8. After the Spanish-American War a colonel of Rough Riders preached the necessity of digging a Panama Canal. He got it!

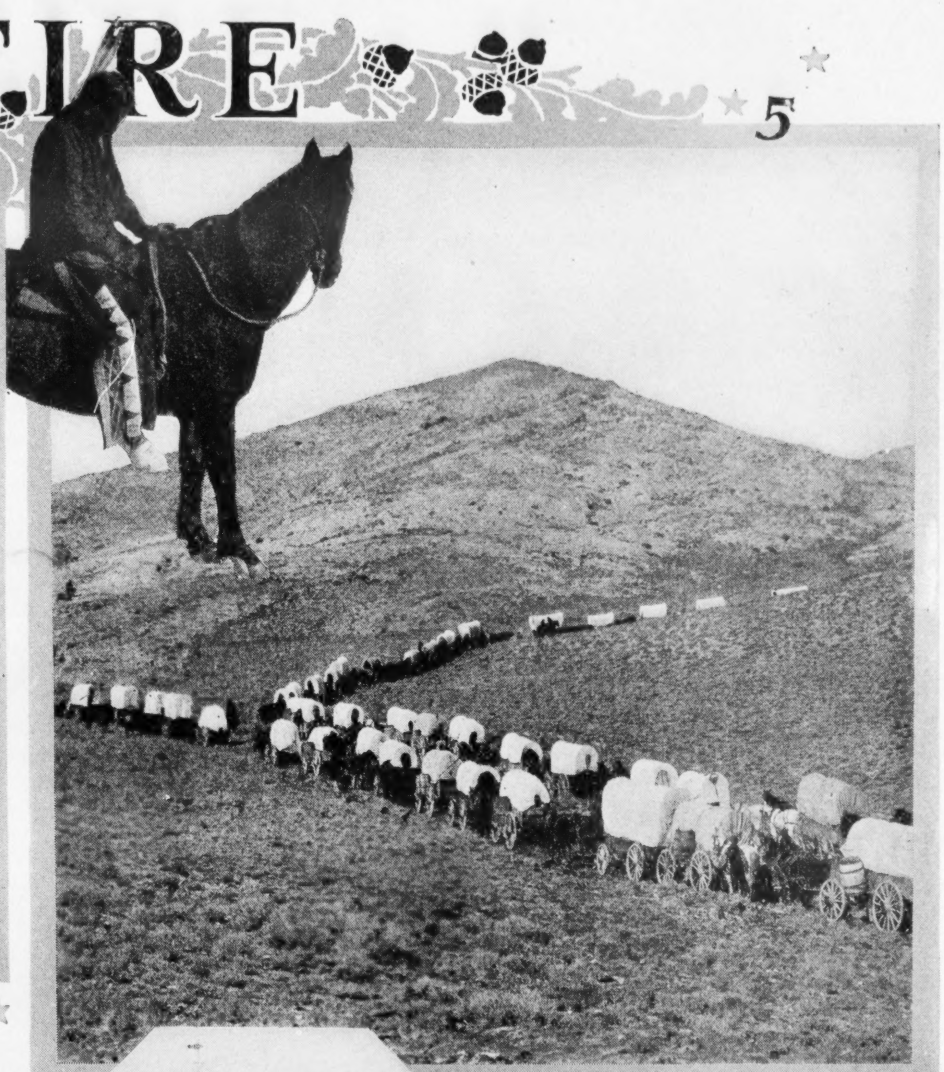
proved by FIRE



4

Pathé

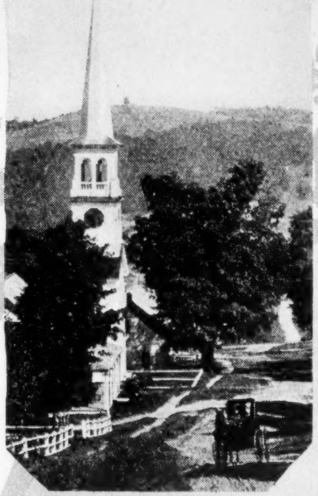
4. By fire, and truly in a literal sense, the pioneers led by Daniel Boone beyond the Alleghenies were tested often. The Indians used it as a weapon of attack on stockades and to destroy crops



5

Paramount

5. Across endless miles of plain and desert, beset by hostile Indians, the pioneers of the covered-wagon era "won the West"



Wide World

Paramount

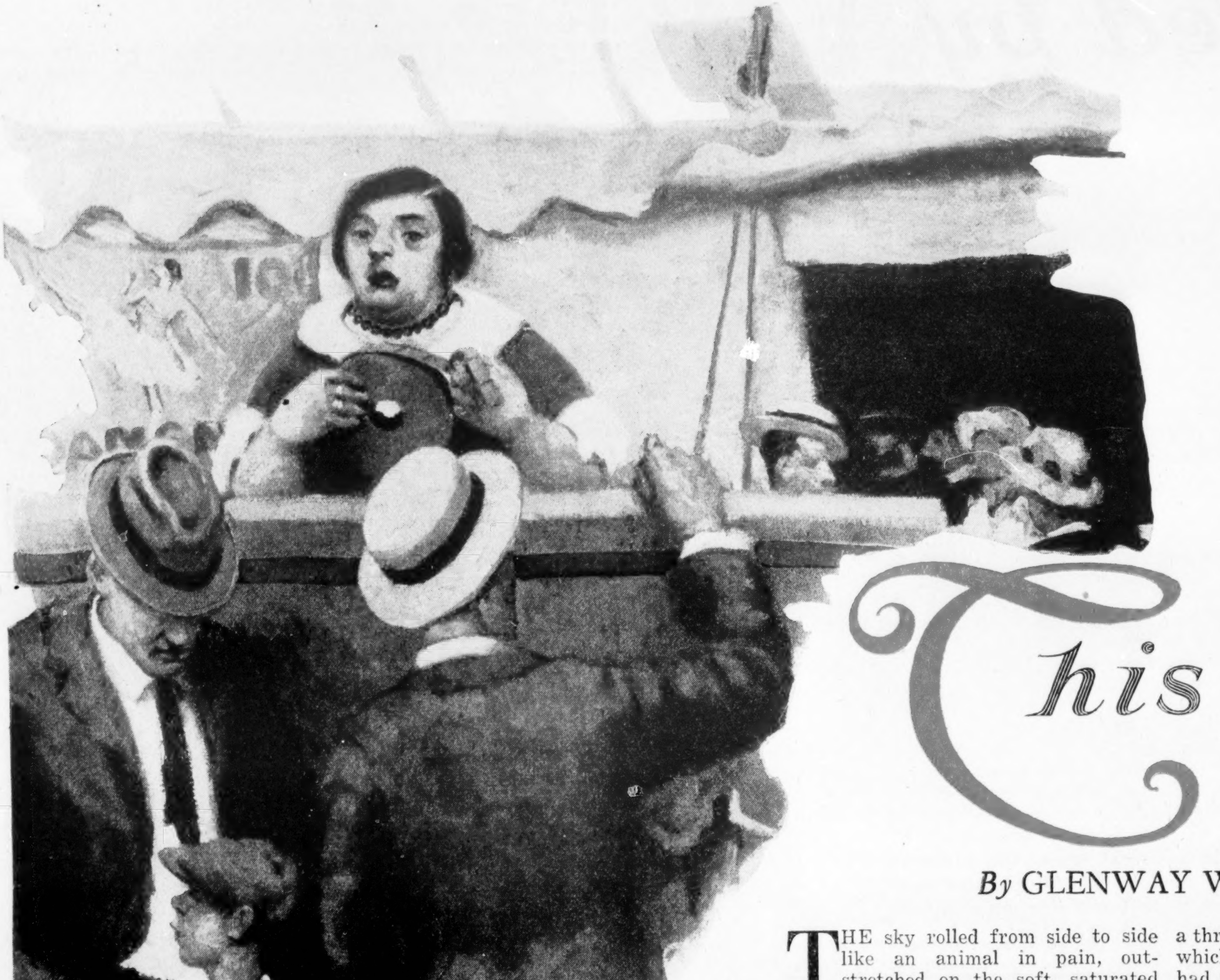
10

Signal Corps, A. E. F.

9

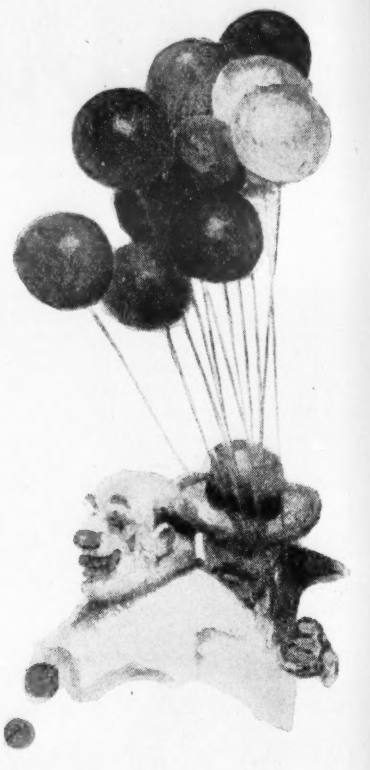
9. The "test of fire" was faced once more by America in the late World War. Here again the fiery peril was literal—phosphorous bombs and "liquid fire"

10. Peace and plenty now bless our farms and villages, great cities, commerce and industry; and a nation proved by fire celebrates her 149th birthday



Every distortion of her face, every aggrandizement of her body proclaimed her contentment. Soothed by movement and noise, she was satisfied

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN ALAN
MAXWELL



This way OUT

By GLENWAY WESCOTT

THE sky rolled from side to side like an animal in pain, outstretched on the soft, saturated trees. Now and again there was a groan of thunder, and lightning flickered with a glitter of enormous eyes rolling in their sockets.

I was driving back to my father's farm from the village. The downpour beat on the buggy top, splashing to the ground and spattering the rubber lap robe. I disliked the smell of the wet harness leather and the sweating horse, wishing to enjoy the sour fragrance of the vegetation half floating, half rooted in the fields. The lantern hanging from the dashboard hollowed out a space in the darkness into which the rain poured as bright as tin.

As I crossed a small bridge the lantern light fell for a moment on the dripping hat and red face of a man who was leaning against the cement rampart. It was a neighbor named George Stearns. Should I have stopped to give him a lift? He was less than half a mile from home; he would be drunk and troublesome; furthermore, I should have to wake his wife and daughter, while he alone would roll quietly into the haymow.

It was his custom to return from the village in this condition three or four nights in the week, always on foot, since his daughter, Amelia, would not let him take the horse. His drunkenness was proverbial, and everyone who used that road had seen him stumbling through the underbrush, collapsing backward into a ditch or drawn up patiently out of the way of hoofs and wheels. Weather meant nothing to him; he dug his way through the drifts, lay in the mud, lurched into cold creeks, but always got home. He was well liked by his neighbors, who took a certain pleasure in pardoning a manly weakness and praised his good nature whenever his bad habit was mentioned. One autumn, having swigged too frequently from a bottle behind a beam in the wagon shed, he dropped his pitchfork into the hopper of a threshing machine, spoiling the blades which cut the twine, but after the owner had cursed and threatened he was not even forced to pay for the damage.

As I passed the lamp rolled low, which Amelia always left in a window to guide her father, I remembered a story I had heard—how at the age of eight George had disappeared for a night and most of a day. His family had lowered a lantern into the well, and shouted in the woods around the sugarbush, thinking of wildcats and wolves, which still came out of the deep forests from time to time. At last, after a mournful meal, his father had gone into the basement with a pitcher to bring up cider, and found the boy drunk beside a barrel.

I THOUGHT then how one came to know people by the accumulation of glimpses: the sight of George, wet and drunk on the little bridge, a moment too fleeting even to speak to him; and after that his solitude and my solitude, in which my memory assembled other casual words and brief encounters. In that country I met my neighbors chiefly on the road. Thickets and piles of brushwood, the gravel, the puddles, the barbed-wire fences, the hitching posts and the piazzas filled the corners of every picture of their lives. A one-horse vehicle brought me near them, like the field glasses with which a naturalist detects a bird in a tree, though its plumage is the color of the tree. All my relations with George Stearns and his family, for example, were of this kind: the talk of one of them and myself in a buggy, or between one in a buggy and one standing beside the wheel or one on a porch; the look of one of them in a barnyard or a field. . . .

Thus about the nucleus of George's face in the rainstorm previous impressions gathered, later images and later conversations were to gather, rounding out a pointless history. Recollections of similar men's lives served as intuition into his life, so that as I turned in at my father's gate I could see him behind me in the darkness, blustering and hiccuping, slipping down in the flooded grass; I could hear his obstinate sighs in the wind as it pulled the clouds away.

His eighty-acre farm was a miserable piece of property. Gashed with gullies, the fields of red clay sloped acutely above the house and barn, which were almost hidden in the edge of a swamp. A lake lay like an immense ditch in the center of this swamp, and into it the rains carried the top soil from increasingly arid fields. George's father had understood the weakness of his farm and had kept the upper acres in sod crops, filled the gullies with stone, planted clover to nourish the soil, rotted the grain straw in the barnyard, and carted it with manure into the fields. But George preferred to forget these hard expedients, and the farm became, as it were, a portrait of himself. He planted only a little oats for the horse, a little corn for the cattle. The fences tottered and fell under loads of woodbine and wild grapes. In great pastures full of thistles two or three sharp-hipped cows gnawed the June grass that grew between the stones.

GEORGE hired out by the day to his more ambitious neighbors. He was satisfied with this way of life; to move from farm to farm without responsibility, to work without haste or worry, to spend his earnings and his leisure in a saloon. The lot of his wife and daughter was not so agreeable. They lived like a pair of domestic animals in a pen; coarse trees on three sides, the tantalizing road on the other; no variety of duty or scene, no entertainment, no plans, nothing to expect. Inevitably their poverty would pinch closer and closer, and they were bound to a man who was happy and didn't care.

At first Amelia seemed to bear it better than her mother. As a tall, wry-faced girl Mrs. Stearns, having been assured by her brothers that she need not expect to be courted for her looks, had married George to avoid becoming an old maid. George's mother had suggested that he might settle down when he married, and she had to take the risk. The little house, like a dry-goods box, had seemed in those days a respectable home, but other people's prosperity had built all around it, to its shame, incomparable mansions with turrets, lightning rods and picketing around the chimneys, hip-roofed barns with the name of the owner stenciled under crossed flags; and George's house had deteriorated with his land and himself. Mrs. Stearns fretted less at her husband's shortcomings than at the looks of the place.

"Everythin' 's goin' to pieces," I heard her complain one day. "It's the worst-lookin' place in the county. Look at that broke rig with the weeds growin' through the wheels. The tools all out gettin' rusted! I'll be switched if the mare don't look mangy!"

"Oh, stop it, Ma!" Amelia muttered. "I'm tired of that kind of talk."

"Nobody goes by on the road," her mother went on, "nothin' to see, nothin' to do. And me sick. Your pa gets the best of it; he gets out among folks. We women don't get no further'n you could throw a stone."

Amelia marched across from the sink, her round shoulders raised, shaking her dish towel angrily. "Who's to blame for this gosh-awful marsh? What's the good of whimperin'? Who's to blame, I ast you? Better go to bed, Ma, and rest."

When the girl went out to do her milking the sick woman shuffled off to bed. If it rained, she tossed back and forth on her bed, kept awake by the water which gushed in all the gullies, washing the best of their land down to the lake. The temporary rivers gurgled and grew thick, without foam, and ended as suddenly as they had begun. It seemed that soon there would be nothing but rocks between the fences.

Amelia was a short, flat-chested girl with muscular arms and extremely wide hips. Her chapped and freckled skin seemed to have been drawn tightly over the bones of her face—over the long nose, the cheek bones exactly in the center of her cheeks, the receding but stubborn chin—a face in which were combined poor health and great strength. Her eyelids fluttered so much that one could not remember the eyes, and her thin lips pouted habitually.

She did all the work, had always done it. As a child she went to school only during the winter months, and ceased altogether at fourteen, when the school inspector could not force her to go. She kept the house decently clean, baked, churned butter, made her own clothes, and nursed her increasingly bedridden mother. Then there were the chores: she gave the cattle frozen corn fodder to supplement the straw which they ate from the stack, milked them, and took the can to the cheese factory, and pumped from the stinking vat her share of whey for the pigs. I had seen her staggering down ditches which she had shoveled in the snowdrifts, her long arms almost pulled from their sockets by the slopping pails of swill, or stooping over the smoke from a kettle-shaped stove which melted the ice in the water trough. At butchering time she worked elbow to elbow with the men, scraping the bristles from the carcass soused in boiling water, and she alone cut up the pigs, rubbed and smoked the bacon, and ground the sausage. She watched over the old sows when they farrowed, sometimes far into the night, lest they eat their young. Her last duty was to turn down the lamp in the kitchen window, where her father could see it as he stumbled up the road.

In October I was driving to the village before dawn to meet a cousin at the station. An odor, iced and musky, came out of the woods. The dewy red leaves looked swollen, and the thickets very large with mist. My horse was willing, and I enjoyed the road—pointed like a rod into distant hollows and forests or lifted up to pierce the sky—feeling an absolute solitude. But when I came near the Stearns farm I saw someone waiting for me. It was Amelia, and she waved, and when I stopped she gripped the wheel with her red hands and stared at me, her face very sharp as if whittled away.

"Gerson, won't you stop and look at my pa? He's sick. I'm scared—scared to wake him up."

I FOLLOWED her—not into the house, to my surprise—but into the barn, where the light fell with a feeble quiver from the two peepholes and innumerable cracks.

Amelia pointed into the nearly empty haymow, where I saw first a pair of heavy boots, smeared with mud, the toes turned sharply outward, and beyond them George's face, enormous, crimson and disdainful, with hay in his hair and several stalks in his mustache. . . .

"I'm sorry, Amelia. He's dead."

"Oh, Lord. . . . I thought so."

"Is there anything I can do? Shall I tell anybody?"

"Well, you can stop and tell Mrs. Bemis. You're goin' to the village? Tell an undertaker to come, the cheapest one."

"Is that all?" I repeated, shocked by her perfunctory courage.

"Yeah, that's all." She sighed. "I got to wake up Mother and tell her."

Four months later she married a man named Nick Richter. Her mother expressed a peevish gratification: "Amelia couldn't stand it, bein' alone. I ain't much company no more." She grew weaker, and kept her newly married daughter at her bedside all that winter, exercising a tyranny with her eyes when she could not speak, and they buried her in April.

THERE was a large funeral, for during the six months by which she had survived her husband the community had decided that she was a martyr to his drunken shiftlessness. Amelia asked my father and me to bring two teams to take people from the house to the cemetery, and she herself rode in my father's carriage with her only living uncle, his wife and another relative. But after the service she separated herself from her family and climbed into the front seat beside me, looking very tired, her face tight and yellow, her mouth twitching as if with anger.

"I couldn't stand those sneaky women another minute. My Aunt Cynthy and Mrs. Smart, the old hens! They think I don't show a proper feeling. They'll start again 's soon as we get home, but I might's well have a rest, I guess."

"Good idea," I said.

"Of course I'll miss her, and she was always good to me," she added timidly, as if to please me, and buried her pale nose in a handkerchief.

To change the subject I asked, "Are you and Nick going to stay at the farm?"

"I s'pose so."

"I thought you might try something else. The land isn't much good, is it?"

"No good at all. Worn out, sandy—stones and ditches. It's gettin' now so's it won't raise grass—never was manured any. And the fences are all down. God, I hate it!"

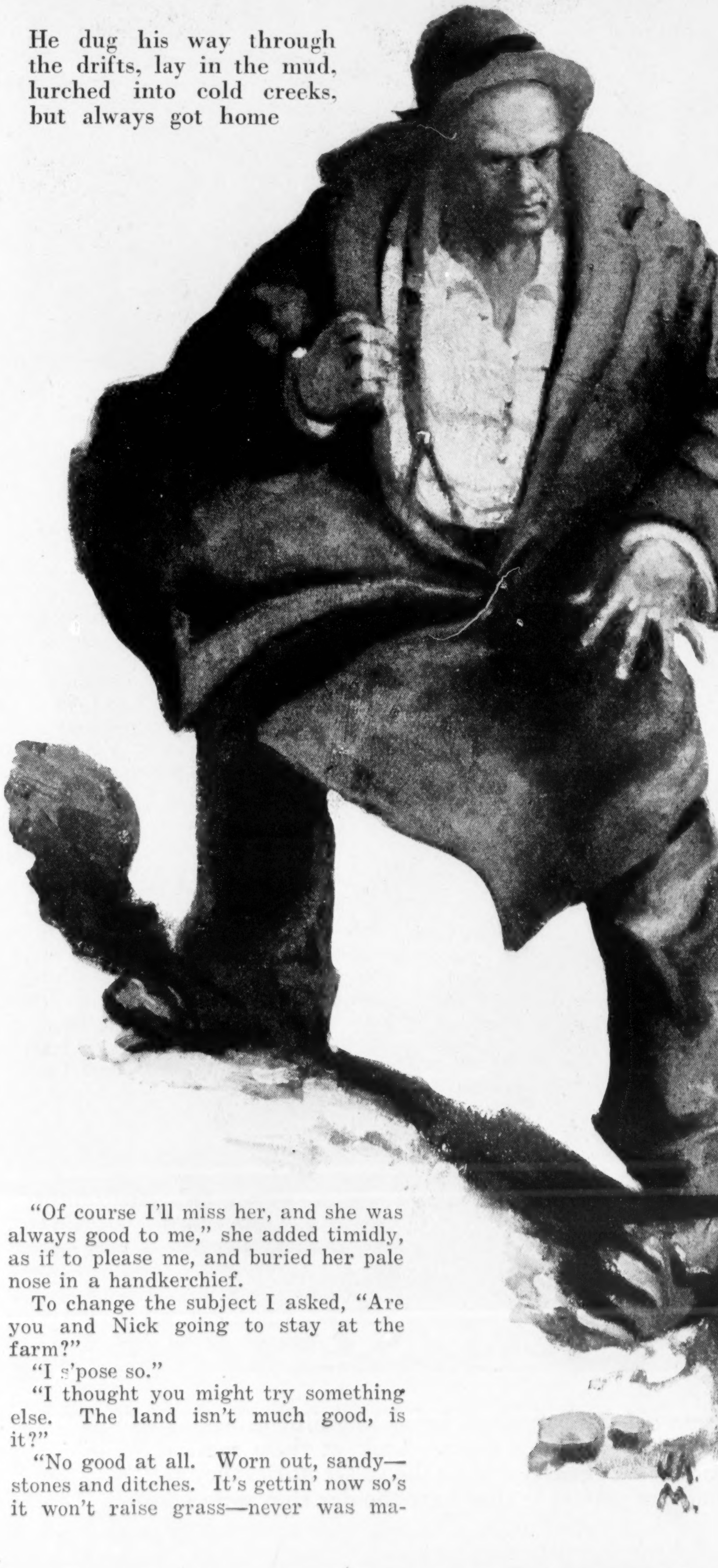
I asked why.

"Well, not just because it's poor farmin'. I don' know—the woods maybe: those rotten trees so close. It's no way to live; you see 'em all day and hear 'em all night. When I was a kid I used to be scared our house would slide into the lake. Was you ever down there? It just shows you what it's always been like. If you fell in, you'd have some chance—but if you was always in. . . ."

Her voice weakened to a loud whisper. "You need some excitement. I never went nowhere, never saw nothin'—had to work. I guess you wouldn't have the nerve to get out of a dead hole like that if you knew you got to come back. That's why I never went to dances. I guess you'd jump into the lake for good—when you got home, I mean."

I felt uncomfortable. "Why don't you sell the whole outfit and rent a house near town? Nick could make as much by the day as he does here."

She did not seem to listen. "And it's so awful still," (*Continued on page 38*)



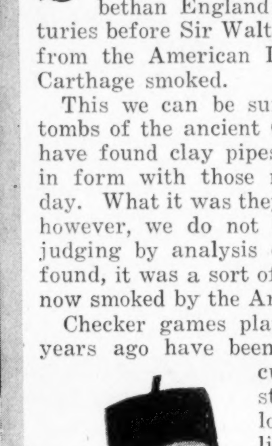
He dug his way through the drifts, lay in the mud, lurched into cold creeks, but always got home

WE haven't much

WHEN, in the good old school days, you studied ancient history and read about Hannibal and the other Carthaginian jingoes, you got the impression that ancient Carthage was nothing but a battle ground. But the big city (Pompeii was but a little town in comparison) has been slandered. Count de Prorok has been digging into its ruins. He hasn't unearthed any radio sets or phonographs. But he has dug up a thousand and one homely objects which prove that folks who lived in Carthage were pretty "modern" after all. They even had road signs and "go-getters"!

By COUNT BYRON KHUN DE PROROK

Those old Carthaginians loved beautiful things and knew how to make them. Look at these mosaics. After being buried for more than 20 centuries they are almost as perfect as they were the day they were laid



Photographs from Wide World

Father Kelattre, whose 40 years of research paved the way for Count de Prorok's work in the ruins of Carthage

SIR WALTER RALEIGH popularized the strange habit of the "whiff," as it was called, in Elizabethan England; but fifteen centuries before Sir Walter got his tobacco from the American Indians people in Carthage smoked.

This we can be sure of, because in tombs of the ancient Carthaginians we have found clay pipes nearly identical in form with those manufactured to-day. What it was they smoked in them, however, we do not know. Probably, judging by analysis of what we have found, it was a sort of grass, such as is now smoked by the Arabs.

Checker games played thousands of years ago have been unearthed; and curious games on stone tablets which look quite a little like our crossword puzzles; and there are evidences that the ancients had an equivalent of modern hockey.

Domestic relics found include household implements corresponding to those in use to-day, bronze razors, a pair of spectacles, toys, dolls and doll houses. It is a touching sight to see children's milk bottles, made centuries before Christ, some of them painted drolly in the semblance of a face. These nursery fancies were designed to delight the children whose fathers were off fighting the great wars of Hannibal.

They Weren't Radio Fans, But—

THE Carthaginians had neither radio sets nor phonographs, but they did have pipe organs. We know this from a small clay model of one which has been unearthed. It has three rows of pipes which look precisely like those of a present-day church organ, and two sets of bellows.

What I had heard of the treasure-trove unearthed by Father Kelattre, dean of French archæologists, stirred my imagination. This extraordinary man—patriarchal in appearance, with his long white hair and beard, yet inspiringly vigorous of mind and indefatigable as a worker—has accomplished wonders. Stationed in Africa as a member of the White Fathers Mission, he was struck with the importance of the many ruins scattered about.

For forty years Father Kelattre, along with his religious duties and supplementing them, delved patiently into the past, learning how men lived in the early days of Christianity and centuries before. The only financial assistance he had for this work was 1,200 francs a year, allotted him by the French Government.

Fired by the example of this man, I organized an expedition on a scale that would bring results more quickly and over a broader area. Organizing a staff, I joined forces with him. For the deciphering of the ancient inscriptions we turned to the Abbé J. B. Chabot, a veteran authority. I can think of nothing so thrilling as the game of unearthing mysteries of long ago.

The ruins of Carthage alone cover an area of 24 square miles. The great Punic city had nearly a million inhabitants. It had paved streets and sidewalks and houses seven stories tall. Compared with it, Pompeii was a quiet little provincial town. The palaces and temples of Carthage were the envy of the ancient world. Its bankers issued paper money and were the chief traders of the Mediterranean.

It was inevitable that Rome and Carthage should come to a show-down

on CARTHAGE

for supremacy. "Delenda est Carthago" (Carthage must be wiped out) Cato warned his countrymen again and again, till at last, in 146 B. C., Rome's rival metropolis was indeed destroyed with vindictive thoroughness.

A century later a new Roman city grew up adjacent to the site of the ravaged one, and this became the second city of the empire of the Cæsars. In some sections the two overlapped; so that in digging down we come first to the remains of Roman civilization; then to that of the Phœnicians; still deeper we find traces of an Egyptian period.

I shall never forget the day when, with a party of young students, we first took pickaxes and shovels and dug into the ruins. Each object that came to light was exclaimed over! Even bits of mosaic, pottery, lamps, coins and broken glass were carefully put aside. Many an object we took home in cotton and prized as treasure five years ago would hardly be noticed by us to-day.

The day we discovered our first Punic tomb we were so keyed up that we worked all night with electric arc lamps. A great slab of rock nearly cut me in two, just as my hands were reaching for a beautiful vase of the seventh century B. C., placed near a Carthaginian skull.

We never let an Arab into a tomb first, because the smaller ornaments vanish at once into his mouth. This year we had American students supervising the work of each gang of twelve Arabs, and one of their chief occupations was guarding against light-fingered trickery. Once we located a tomb just before sunset. To-morrow we would explore it. But one of our Arab workmen decided he would steal a march on us. That night this human mole burrowed a passage eighteen feet long. In fact, he got within a foot of the dead. Only the sound of his knife and hammer heard through the rock next morning saved our tomb intact.

Women Old But New

AMONG the most interesting of our latest discoveries are the beautiful mosaic floors of Carthage, perfectly intact after centuries. It is wonderful to watch the designs of these eternal stone pictures appear, as yard by yard the earth is removed. Fishing scenes, hunting scenes, chariot races, home life, fishes, flowers, animals, appear in vivid red, blue, green, gold and white, shining like precious stones when washed by clear water. A fisherman will have his fishing hooks. In the tomb of an actor we find comic masks made five centuries before Christ.

Some of the minor discoveries give us close-ups of everyday life in the long ago. We unearthed a complete kitchen with all its pots and pans—and near the stove a hoard of 80 coins! We did not disturb this touching little link with the past; the kitchen has been preserved as we found it, transferred intact to the open-air museum we built among the ruins.

Milady too has left intimate mementos. The phrase "eternal feminine" comes to one's mind as one handles the vanity boxes still containing rouge and lipsticks of Carthaginian ladies of the fifth century B. C., the toilet table, the bronze mirror, ivory hairpins and the time-worn scissors.

Symbolic too are the beautiful iridescent tear bottles—"lachrymatories"—that we find in every tomb.

In order that no small objects may be lost or overlooked in the course of excavating we make a practice of carting away all the earth dug up, and passing it through sieves. We are planning to replace hand sifting with electric machines.

Arab cupidity, so often an annoyance to us, served archæology without quite meaning to in at least one instance. A strange and beautiful Punic inscription was offered for sale by one of these worthies. We had him shadowed, and so located the temple of Tanit, in which used to be held horrible sacrifices to the terrible Carthaginian deity Baal-Moloch. We found numerous urns containing the bones of small children. It is appalling to look at these pitiful collections of children's bones after having seen the toys and milk bottles found elsewhere.

Next: Under Sea and Over

OUR work was extended to other cities in North Africa. This little-known land is a veritable open-air museum—a park of ruins unequaled in the world. The ancient harbor where it is said 220 galleys could anchor at one time teems with promises of discoveries.

Since Punic days the lay of the land has changed, so to study the approaches to Carthage by sea we had aërial photographs taken. These pictures were made by the late Prince de Walbeck, who later lost his life in an accident. His pictures show that there are submarine constructions extending for great distances. Even a hundred yards from the water's edge the outline of walls is seen thirty feet below.

A Greek treasure galley of the first century B. C. was located by airplane. The Gulf of Tunis presumably still contains some of the five hundred or so galleys that went down in these waters during the Punic wars. By means of submarine apparatus we can study antiquity in the very bosom of the Mediterranean.

We have delved among the ruins of cities of North Africa once famous throughout the known world—cities lying inland from Carthage—some of them to-day only to be located by carven columns projecting in forlorn majesty up through desert sands. At El Djem, for example, there is a mighty Roman colosseum which once held as many spectators as the Yale Bowl.

To reach many of these dead cities one must travel over Roman roads. There are milestones, giving the names of places that have dropped out of memory. We read on these stone guideposts the sort of information which is to be found along automobile roads to-day.

At Bulla Ragei, a few score miles from Carthage, there is a city in which I recently saw uncovered a wonderful system of lead pipes, showing an advanced form of plumbing used in heating the rooms of several palaces.

If anyone still imagines that the ancients were backward and lacking in the go-getter spirit, let him look with me at a piece of advertising copy of the first century A. D. It is inscribed on a number of old lamps, some of them of remarkable workmanship. It reads: "Please buy our lamps—the cheapest in Carthage—only one cent." On the back is the name of the potter.

At top of page: a snapshot showing how the workers had to dig down fully 20 feet to reach one tomb. Excavating Carthage is a slow, costly process

"I can think of nothing so thrilling as the game of unearthing mysteries of long ago," says Count de Prorok. Here he is playing the "game"

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STRAIGHT THINKING FROM THE CHURCHES

MOST of the fever of the midsummer monkey madness which is epidemic over so large a part of the United States is due to a mistaken belief that evolution is irreligious.

This is sheer confusion. Charles Darwin, counted the inventor of the theory, lived and died a member of the Church of England. John T. Scopes, the young teacher of biology, around whom the Tennessee battle has been waged, comes of a Presbyterian family and is a professing Christian.

Now comes the Rev. John J. Wynne, editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia, with these calm words:

"We are not in favor of making laws against the teaching of evolution if it be taught properly. Evolution should be taught as a scientific hypothesis, with the facts which tend to support it and the facts which tend to discredit it impartially displayed. It should neither be preached as dogma nor attacked as heresy.

"Nor are we in favor of having evolution tried in the courts. It is a matter for scientists, rather than jurists, and scientists are very few in number and slow to speak."

There is sanity and straight thinking.

So too is this from Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, eminent Protestant clergyman, who says: "I see no reason why Christianity should find any objection to the theory of evolution. It is merely the most widely accepted scientific theory of the method by which God apparently has created our world."

Evolution is a theory, and neither more nor less. Men who have looked through microscopes at forms of life far too small to be seen by the unassisted eye have offered an explanation of what they have seen.

Their explanation may be right and it may be wrong. Darwin's version has been profoundly modified by men who know more of biology than it was possible to learn sixty years ago.

But only an engineer can design a bridge. Only a surgeon can safely remove an appendix. None but electrical experts can construct telephones, and skilled farmers are needed to grow good crops.

So scientists, and not random jurors or legislators, are qualified to pass on the soundness of the evolutionary theory of the origin of life.

It will be fortunate for the country if the leaders of other religious bodies are able to think as clearly as Father Wynne and Dr. Coffin.

Let's keep religion and science separate. Teach the arguments for evolution and against it. Trust the experts to pass on questions which cannot be answered without special knowledge. And above all let's not abandon the religious freedom which is at the foundation of American institutions.

For if one legislature can forbid the teaching of evolution, or of any other theory, another body of lawmakers can compel it. And when that day comes, when Americans may be told by the government what to believe and what not to believe, the spirit which has made this country the promised land will perish.

They Don't Know the Half of It

OUT of 1,144 girls at Indiana University, only one admitted that fate had picked her out to keep house. Of the 1,143 who said they expected to shed their light outside the home, 930 elected to teach and eighty to enter business. The rest were scattered among other professional careers. More than half of the university's membership came from the homes of clerks, laborers and others in the employed class, and more came from farm homes than from the homes of business or professional men. The student body is, therefore, fairly representative of American life.

It is easy to take these figures and show that American home life is on the rocks and being pounded to pieces. But within ten years 1,000 of the 1,144 girls will be happy housekeepers, wives, mothers, clubwomen. They all probably will be alarmed about the future of the American home as revealed in the aversion to housekeeping expressed by girl students of 1935 at Indiana University.

They Can't Give Money Away!

AMERICANS who are trying to reform the country's morals, habits, education, politics or other institutions, or to sell a good thing to many people at a fair price, ought to be heartened, when the job seems long and slow, by considering this fact:

A year ago the Veterans' Bureau drafted every postmaster, recruiting officer and veterans' welfare organization in the United States in a campaign to give away two billion dollars insurance to four million men. After a year's work it had the job half done.

To-day it is still trying to give away a billion dollars to two million former service men and women. Veterans' Bureau officials say that the main trouble is reaching the men and women with the news.

A Re-made South

A FEW months ago a mob in North Carolina heinously mutilated a man suspected of a crime of which he was subsequently found innocent. The lynch law leaders were identified, arrested and brought to trial. Several are now in prison, one under a thirty-year sentence.

In passing judgment on the men who took the law into their own hands the presiding judge said:

"Men must be taught they can trust the courts and that any man can come into the courts and redress his wrongs in a lawful manner. The old idea that there is such a thing as the unwritten law is all false. There is no such thing.

"What is called the unwritten law is but the excuse of cowards to justify their own lawlessness, and the only way to break up mob law is to punish the offenders."

This is sense. The only way to protect the public is to punish the violator and deter others. Mob rule has no place in this or any other civilized nation.

Batting 1,000 in English

THE census report showed that Asotin County, Washington, had seven illiterate persons; a negligible fraction of one per cent. But they didn't neglect them for all that; the people who could read got together and encouraged and taught the ignorant, so that to-day they bat and field a full 1,000 per cent in their use of the English language.

They can't begin to touch that record even in Boston, or in Washington, the Capital City.

Here is Americanization of the right sort.

A Mother's Faith in Her Son's Success

NEARLY every day of your life you talk into a telephone, or over wires, or by means of switchboards made by the Western Electric Company.

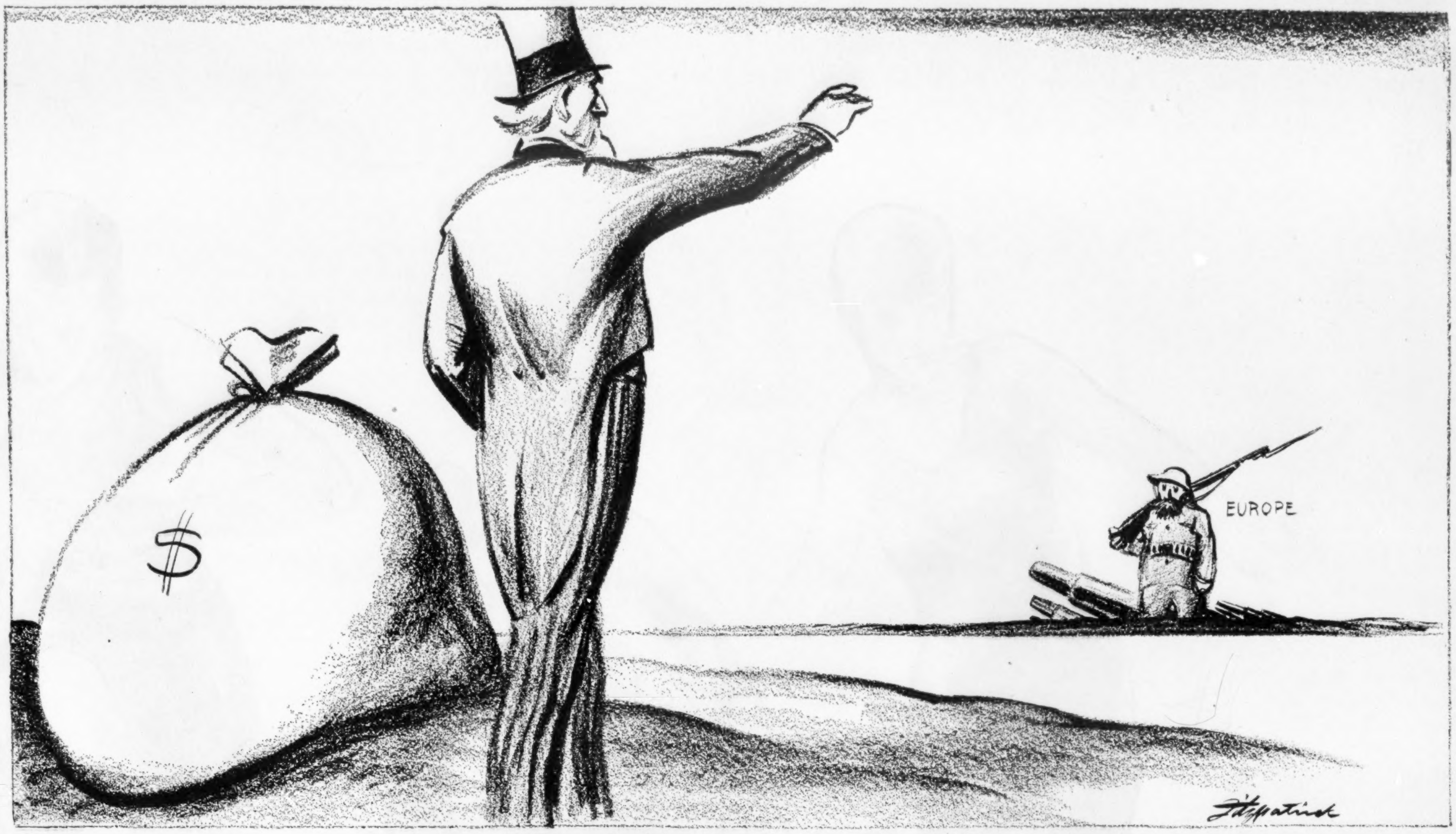
It's a big concern with plants and warehouses everywhere, over sixty thousand men and women on the payroll, sales of a million or more every business day, and the big chief draws a larger salary than we pay Calvin Coolidge.

That's Big Business, serving our bigger country.

It all grew out of a faded paper now kept among other historic relics in the museum at headquarters: "The original bond and mortgage for $400 which on March 20, 1869, Mrs. Fanny A. Barton gave on her house in order to help her 26-year-old son, Enos, purchase of George W. Shawk a half interest in the little electrical manufacturing business which later became the firm of Gray and Barton, and still later the Western Electric Company."

That's the official description. Young Barton and his comrades made the business, built up one of the great enterprises of our time, but his mother's faith in him, and her sporting courage, gave him his chance.

Such mothers of 1925 are even now having their own quiet say as to our leaders of the years from 1950 on.



Uncle Sam: Millions for Plows but Not One Cent for Firecrackers

YOU CAN'T KEEP A MAN IN THE DITCH WITHOUT STAYING IN WITH HIM

By Julius Rosenwald

BECAUSE I am interested chiefly in white people I take an interest in the Negro. There are twelve million Negroes in America. They are here to stay. That's a tenth of our population. It's a question whether we want them to be vicious or decent. I prefer to have my children and grandchildren live where there is no ignorant, uncouth and vicious underprivileged class. If we would keep the Negro down we must stay down with him. It was this thought that first interested me in the Negro.

Booker Washington said: "You can't keep a man in the ditch without staying in with him and you can't get out of the ditch without him climbing out too."

Soon after I had read "An American Citizen," a biography of William H. Baldwin, the friend of Tuskegee, written by John Graham Brooks, I met Booker Washington. He asked me to become one of the Tuskegee Institute trustees. In that way I became interested in education for Negroes. In one of my talks with Dr. Washington he pictured to me the miserable condition of Negro secondary schools in the South and asked me to finance an experiment in extension work that would cost about $25,000. I did it. The experiment was a success. There was $2,000 left over. Dr. Washington asked me if I would let him use it to help build a number of experimental country schoolhouses. His idea was to interest both the white people and colored people in the building of modest but substantial and comfortable schools in given rural communities, donating one fourth of the cost when one fourth had been raised by the Negroes themselves and the balance by the white people. The plan worked so well and aroused so much interest that before the first of these schools was built there were applications for funds for more. The idea spread and kept spreading with the result that we have over 2,800 schoolhouses for Negroes in the fourteen southern states. They represent an investment of nearly twelve million dollars. About 55 per cent has been contributed by southern white people and out of public funds; and about 22 per cent has been raised by colored people. The Julius Rosenwald Fund, as it is now called, has contributed 18 per cent and supervised the construction.

The results have been so gratifying that there is a feeling of satisfaction and a desire to increase rather than limit the work. Wherever these schools are built there is an immediate and noticeable improvement in the life and thought of the colored people served. We find the Negro taking more pride in his home and premises and more pride in his children. That little schoolhouse with its trim windows, its spotless coat of paint and its tidy furnishings sets a mark for him and he tries to live up to it.

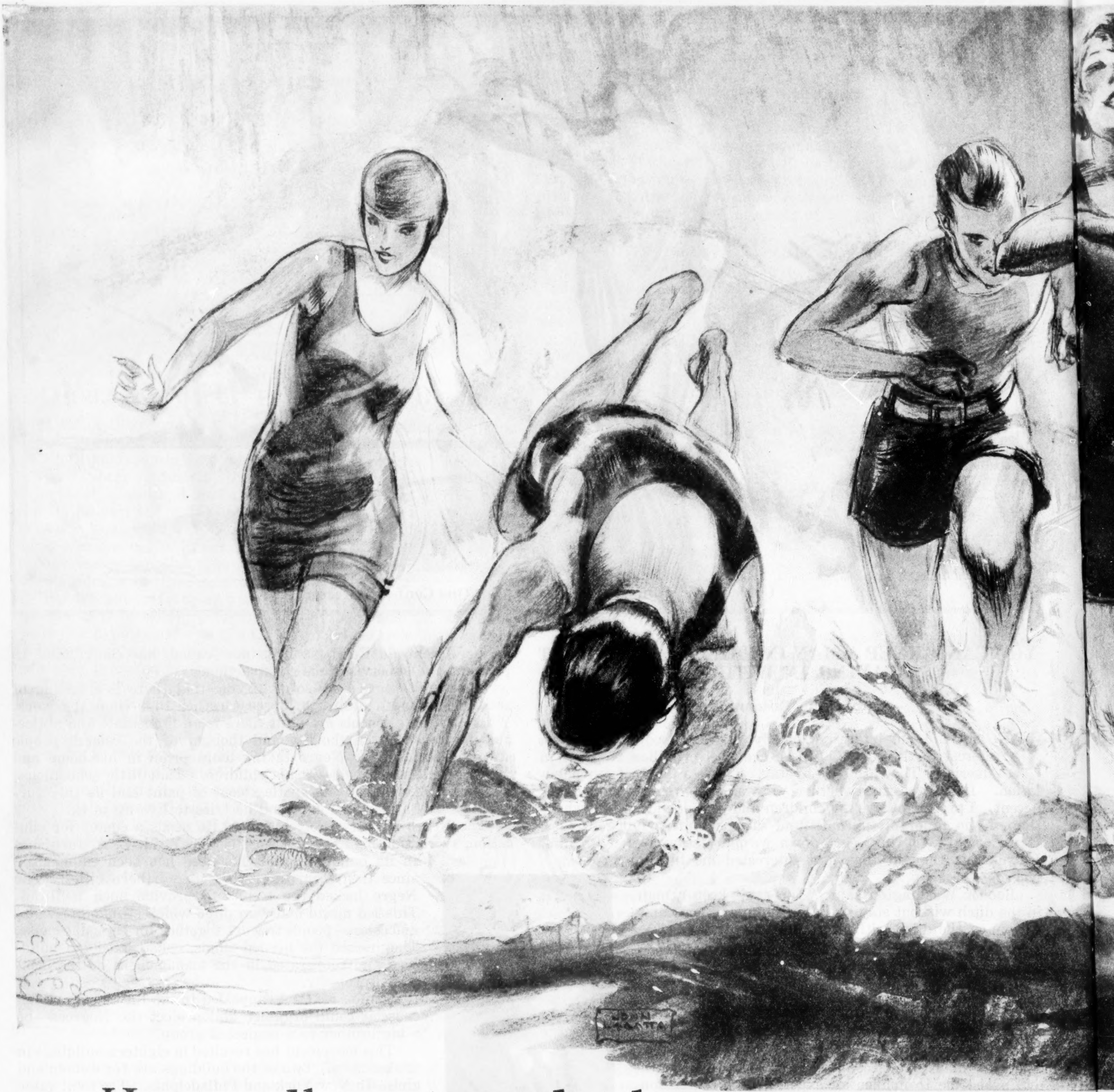
The Negro has city problems too. He needs a center for education, recreation, and service, such as the Y. M. C. A. furnishes in its buildings, and this need has been emphasized since the recent migrations to northern cities. The Negro lacked the means to provide such facilities. This led me to make an offer which stimulated white and colored people to work together for the same cause. They raised the needed funds, constructed the buildings and coöperated in the management of the completed property.

The Y. M. C. A. appealed to me for this work because it could organize and protect the Negroes—be a big brother to a neglected group.

This movement has resulted in eighteen buildings in fifteen cities. Two of the buildings are for women and girls—in New York and Philadelphia. The total value of the property is more than three million dollars. Of that amount, colored people gave nearly four hundred thousand dollars. White friends, in various cities, gave more than a million and a half.

The acquisition of money is largely a matter of luck; a man inherits money or he stumbles upon some money-making opportunity. In my own case, I luckily, at the right moment, fell into a business that had great money-making possibilities. The fact that I have been commercially successful is not due so much to my ability as to great good luck. There are, no doubt, men right here in this business (Sears, Roebuck & Co.) to-day working for modest wages who would have made a greater success of it than I have, had they had my opportunity. Having made money, my problem now is how to use it so as to give and get happiness out of it.

I am glad of the privilege of trying to help the Negro climb out of the ditch.



How well can you look in a swimming suit?

You'll never know until you wear one of these new suits made by Spalding!

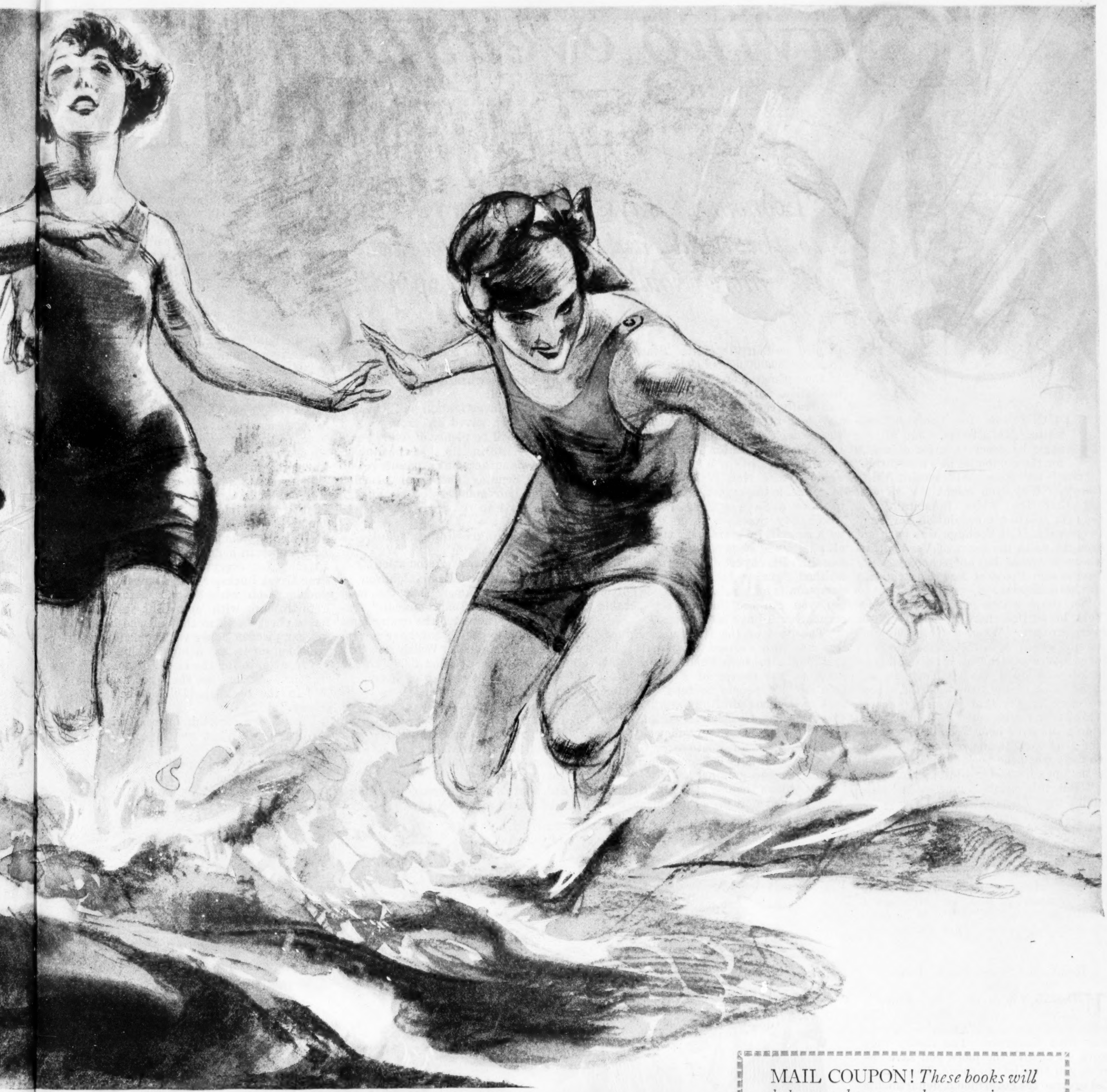
A.G. SPALDING & BROS. TRADE SPALDING MARK EST. A.D. 1876

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

GOOD-BYE to all that awkwardness—that painful feeling that your suit is not all it should be!

That's gone forever! For Spalding has made new swimming suits so professional, so clean-cut, so trim and comfortable that you feel like an Olympic champion the minute you put one on!

These suits won't teach you to swim, but they will certainly make you *feel* like swimming. There won't be any sagging, any binding, any chafing seams or rough edges, any clammy, oozing fabric to chill



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you. When you come out of the water your suit will feel warm and almost dry.

Go to one of the Spalding Stores (in larger cities) or to one of the many other stores which sell Spalding swimming attire. Examine these suits carefully. Stretch the fabric to twice its normal width, and see how it springs instantly back into shape. Note how the suits are cut. Look at the bow-shaped seam across the hips of women's suits—the seam responsible for the new slenderizing effect. Pick your favorite among the colors.

Then ask yourself whether you are willing to go through another season without one of these suits—at prices so reasonable!

N. B.—The time to get one of these suits for the Fourth is *now!*

Spalding offers these notable features—A special worsted yarn of remarkable life and gloss . . . Elastic spring-needle stitch produced by Spalding machines—assuring continued snugness with greatest flexibility . . . Unusually large armholes . . . Indestructible rubber button . . . Non-rip buttonhole . . . Re-enforced crotch, wonderfully durable and truly comfortable in design . . . New slenderizing bow-shaped seam across the hips of women's suits . . . Fabric which absorbs very little water, and dries quickly.

MAIL COUPON! *These books will help you become a better swimmer*

A. G. Spalding & Bros.,
105 Nassau Street, New York City

This is my order for the following:

"The Science of Swimming," by Frank J. Sullivan, Swimming Instructor, Princeton University. 25 cents. ☐

"Swimming for Women," by L. de B. Handley, Coach of New York Women's Swimming Association. 25 cents. ☐

(Please check your selection in the squares, and enclose 25 cents in stamps for each book ordered.)

Name..

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City.................................State.....................

C. 7-4-25

Saving everything but MONEY

"Economy," says Uncle Henry, "goes to the head, an' the more you save the more you have left to spend"

"I DIDN'T vote for Coolidge," admitted Mr. Stubbs, "but all the same he deserves a lot of credit for the economies he's institutin'."

"Stuff an' nonsense!" scoffed Uncle Henry. "Why, you might jes' as well say that the white inhabitants of Georgia merit commendation for bein' Democrats. Cal Coolidge was born an' brought up in the heart of Vermont, or where it would be, an' economy is as inseparable a part of New England life as the chilblains.

"In those states north of the New York bread line there's a Thrift Week every minute. When a New England parent wants to inflict some particularly severe punishment on his child, he makes him open his savin's bank an' spend some of the money. That's how we come to get that oft-used phrase, 'This hurts me as much as it does you.' Didn't you ever hear about that Maine man who went to the races back in the old days when the bookmakers stood out in the open instead of hidin' in corners?

"'Put this on the favorite,' he said, holdin' up a fifty-cent piece.

"'Get out!' sneered the bookmaker. 'We don't take half-dollar bets here.'

"'All right then,' yelled the Maine man. 'Any part of it.'

"At that, 'Lonzo, I'm with the President in his economy campaign. No question about us bein' an extravagant people, an' somethin' ought to be done about it; but economy's got a dangerous side.

Read the Same Book Twice

"UNLESS you're used to economy, 'Lonzo, it goes to the head like wine, an' I'm afraid it's goin' to be that way with Congress. The theory they work on is that the more you save the more you have left to spend. The minute Cal ordered the government departments to steam clean blotters instead of throwin' 'em away, what happened? Why, Congress raised their own salaries $2,500 apiece, a tidy little total of $1,327,500 annually. It's goin' to take more than a savin' in blotters to make up that amount.

"The last time I was in Washington the place fairly hummed with thrift. Over in the Department of Agriculture Secretary Jardine was about to issue an order to farmers not to buy any more porcelain nest eggs, substitutin' a direct appeal to the patriotism of the hens.

"Not to be outdone by any mere dirt farmer from Kansas, Secretary Hoover was peggin' away on a scheme for savin' bird seed. Accordin' to the information compiled from 5,000,000 questionnaires that he sent out, the annual consumption of bird seed in the United States runs to about 50,000,000 packets. Accordin' to the estimates of his Bureau of Vital Statistics, only four seeds out of ten are really consumed, the rest fallin' to the floor through the carelessness of the owner or the bird. Herb's preparin' to meet the situation in two ways:

"First, he's havin' a card printed that reads 'Waste Not, Want Not.' That's to go inside the cages. Then he expects to have a Save a Seed Week durin' which Boy Scouts will go over floors with magnifyin' glasses an' tweezers an' all adults will be given a course in seed handlin'. His expert accountants haven't finished figurin', but even if the consumption is only raised six seeds out of ten, you can see that a very notable economy will have been effected.

"The head of the Bureau of Education has also evolved a splendid plan that ought to save hundreds of thousands in the course of a year. He's goin' to ask people to read the same book twice instead of buyin' a new one. The Attorney General is workin' on a scheme to use the same subpœna three an' four times, an' Postmaster General New is full of an idea for reducin' the size of postage stamps.

"But what's the use of it all? Neither the President nor any other member of the government has the slightest control over Congress, an' I shudder to think what'll happen when those boys get together this fall.

"One good investigation will wipe out all that's been saved an' from what I hear there will be plenty of 'em. Senator La Follette insists that the Rubber Trust is manufacturin' a patent mushroom, an' Senator Smoot wants to find out if the hair mattress people are behind the move to recognize Russia.

Limit Congressional Beans

"THE Consumers' Association has asked Senator Hiram Johnson to inquire into the rumor that the wool manufacturers run moth breedin' stations an' then there are the oyster beds of the Atlantic coast that have got to be investigated. Senator Walsh says he's goin' to subpœna at least 3,000 clams, an' it's goin' to cost a lot of money to make 'em talk. However, there's one good thing about it—they can't leave the country.

"Nor must you forget the Rivers an' Harbors Bill. Both Arizona and Kansas have been promised a navigable stream for years.

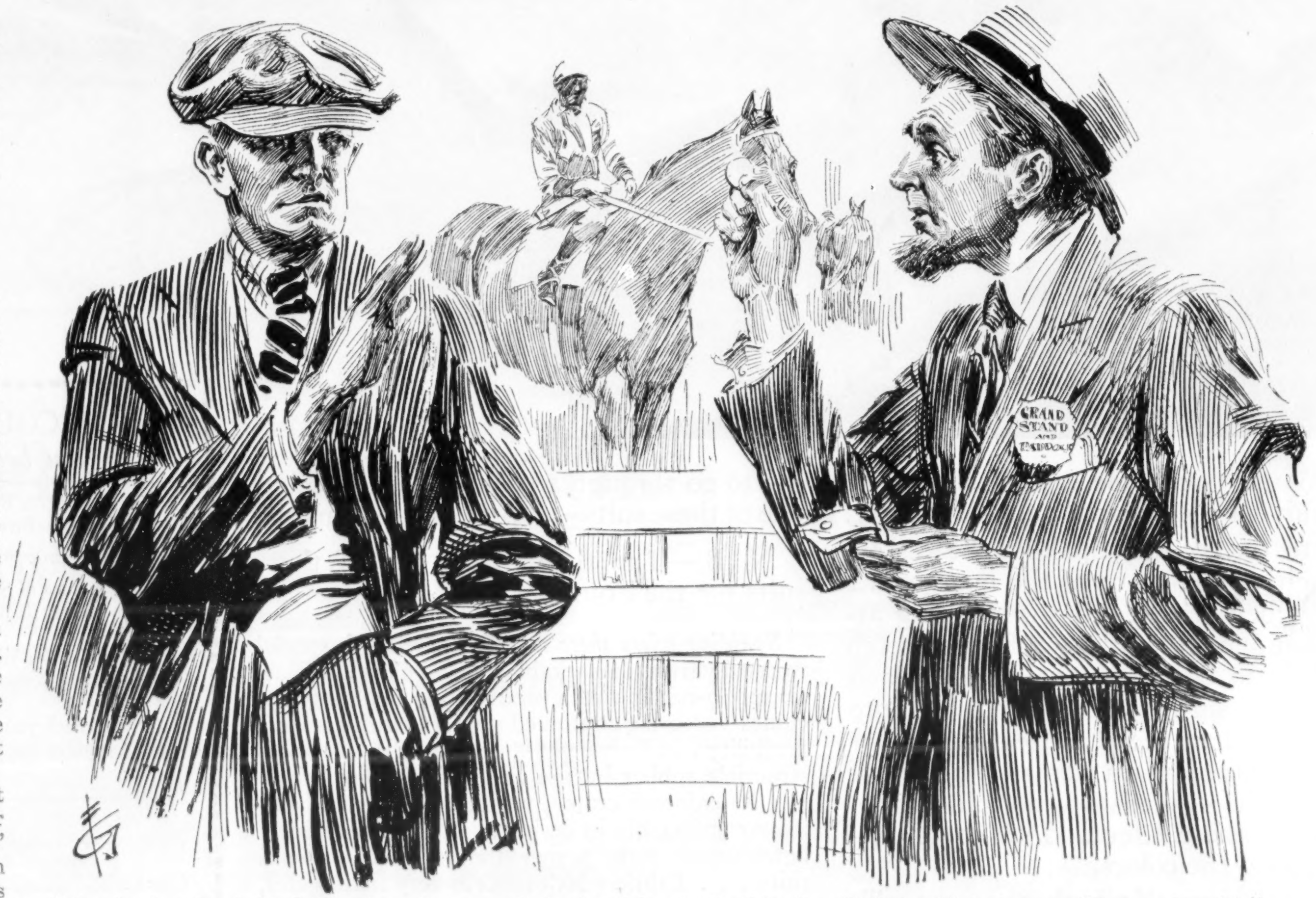
"An' there's our preparedness that must be looked after. No question that warlike an' rapacious powers such as Lapland, Siam an' Norway are castin' envious eyes on our riches, an' here we are with nothin' but our radio programs an' senate debates with which to repel an invader. Cal can issue an order doin' away with lily cups, makin' all government employees go down to the Potomac when they want a drink, but even that splendid savin' won't make up the millions that're goin' to be spent on ships an' guns.

"If you ask me, 'Lonzo, I'll say there isn't much use talkin' about economy as long as we let Congress put a hand into the Treasury whenever so inclined. It isn't so much that the average member wants to waste money, but rather that he doesn't know the value of it. When they get to dealin' with millions an' billions they lose all touch with reality, an' look on it as a sort of poker game that's bein' played with beans or matches.

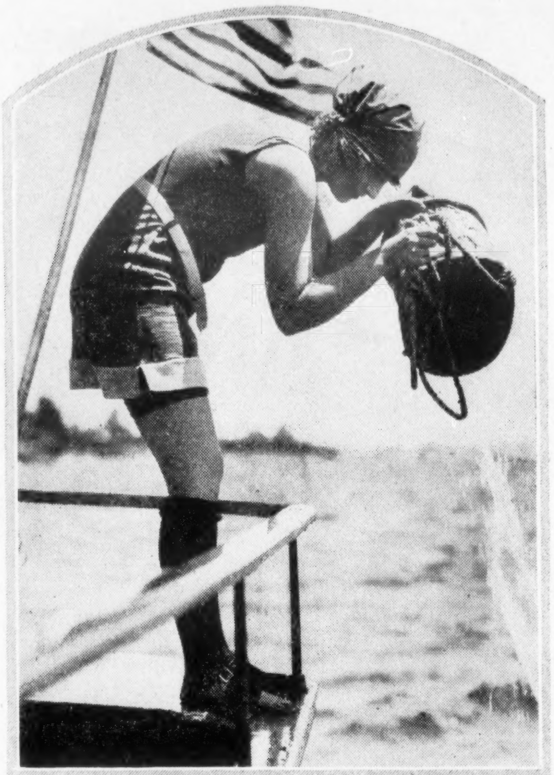
"Take a woman, for instance. Put real money in her hand—make her pay in cash for everything she buys—an' even Greek hucksters an' Armenian rug peddlers sob with despair before she gets through with 'em. But jes' give her a check book, so that all she hands out is a piece of paper with some figures scribbled on it, an' a man can't get in his front gate for the crush of delivery wagons. As long as she's got a check left in the book she thinks she's got money."

"Taxes are somethin' fierce," sighed Mr. Stubbs. "What are we goin' to do about it?"

"Put Congress on an allowance," said Uncle Henry, "an' advertise in the papers that we won't be responsible for their debts."



"We don't take half-dollar bets," sneered the bookie. "All right," yelled the Maine man. "Any part of it"



"SUFFERING FROM habitual constipation and weak from a recent operation, it was impossible for me to continue my social duties and club work. So despondent did I become that I dropped out of everything. I felt fagged in the morning and was nervous and irritable. I knew I was a bore to everyone, self included. Finally our family physician prescribed yeast. In three days I noticed an improvement, while in three months' time with stomach trouble removed, habitual constipation conquered, vitality restored, I felt like a new person. I have now resumed all social and club activities—singing the praises of Fleischmann's Yeast."

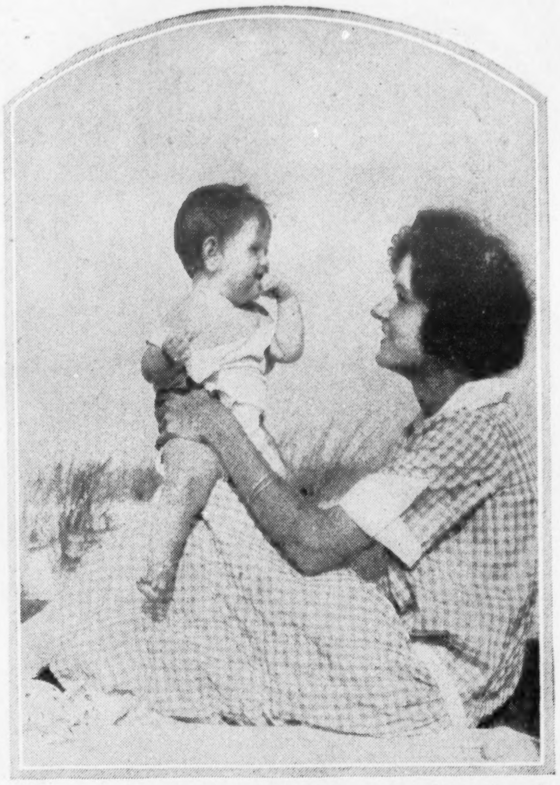
MRS. D. H. WEBB, Anderson, S. C.

What Everybody Knows

The danger of clogged intestines

The evils of digestive troubles and disfiguring skin eruptions

The tragedy of lowered vitality



"AFTER I GAVE BIRTH to my child, I felt very much 'run down.' I lost weight, was very anemic; food would nauseate me, had constant trouble with my stomach, and what troubled me most—I suffered from terrible sties. I tried all kinds of remedies. I finally went to an eye specialist. He prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast—three cakes a day. I am mighty grateful to Dr. S. After two months there wasn't a trace left of the sties. My complexion improved wonderfully. I no longer sit down at the table with an aversion for food. In spite of all the ups and downs in life, I manage to keep and look young with the help of Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. SARAH STEINHARDT, New York City.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on **Yeast for Health.** Health Research Dept. E-18, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

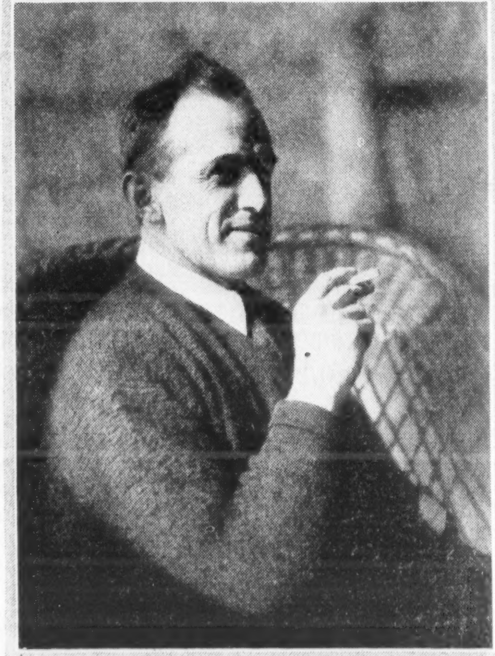
"OUR EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL would lose four or five weeks of school work, besides being incapacitated while she was in school from attacks of stomach trouble. We tried many remedies with only temporary relief. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I began with half a cake mixed with peanut butter on bread, and then as I found that the yeast was going to succeed, I served it in many different ways. My child has never had another attack of stomach trouble since I gave her yeast."

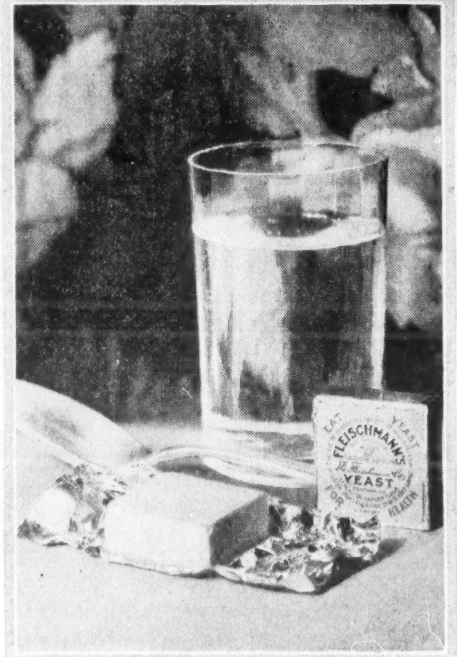
MRS. G. A. VIELE, Costa Mesa, Cal.

(RIGHT)

"INVALIDED from Royal Navy with chronic constipation. Went to India. . . . Advised to try Canada. Was just able to get into army, but after 2½ years in trenches, returned to Canada totally unfit and pensioned. In 1919 I gave Fleischmann's Yeast a fair trial, thank God. Six months afterward I passed for life insurance and my pension stopped. I am now absolutely fit and never need a laxative; and this is after over 20 years of suffering."

HERBERT J. PARROTT, Calgary, Alta.





"I AM IN the real estate business; built up a hustling organization; kept the force always keyed up, watchful of every opportunity. The high pressure undoubtedly did its work; the reaction set in, and I found myself slowing up. I needed something to restore the old vitality—the old punch.

"At last I hit upon Fleischmann's Yeast. Truly the result was marvelous: the midafternoon fag disappeared; I was again keen and alert; my color took on a clear and healthful glow, an out-of-doors look; and I was again the leader of my organization—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

JAMES F. BROWN, Allentown, Pa.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.

Eat 2 or 3 cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

Thrills in the JUNGLE

To-day's most interesting traveler-writer tells about Guiana monkeys that "have missed being human by some very little accident"

By WILLIAM BEEBE

A VOLCANO in eruption and a jungle monkey—nothing can ever quite prepare our minds for the first sight of these. Neither the crude woodcut of Vesuvius in our old school geography nor the latest colored moving picture of Kilauea adumbrates the awe of the silent, ascending line of smoke or the nocturnal glow of fires, old as earth itself is old.

Your canoe slips through the reflection of overhanging jungle, and you suddenly spy a little face peering out from the fronds—a face, wistful, serious, grave as with the weight of planetary responsibilities, and so human that you feel that somewhere in its past it too could tell of an Eden tragedy. If not an apple, it must at least have nibbled a berry of some little vine of self-consciousness. How unlike the immobile features of the deer and rodents and jungle cats is this sober, anxious little ego! And how vividly our orchard-climbing days return when we see a family of bandarlog swarming up a liana! These miniatures of ourselves seem to climb as easily against gravitation as we loll downhill with it.

The Guiana jungle is a strange and wonderful place when we think of it from the viewpoint of its monkey tenants. Their floors are swaying vines and bending branches, their roofs green waving fans and banners. Their nearer neighbors are humming birds and leaf-winged butterflies, gaudy toucans and screeching parrots. Far up through skylights they catch glimpses of vultures, soaring a mile above earth, and yet with eyes so keen that an accidental headlong fall to earth of any little monkey would bring a score of hungry ghouls. Through the skylight, too, hurtles swift death—harpy eagles whose grip is the end.

The jungle sends up enormous trees, one hundred, two hundred feet, among the branches of some of which fifteen hundred generations of monkeys have gamboled. If these stood like oaks in a meadow, isolated and alone, the four-handed ones would perish or have to take to the ground. But lignum-vitæ rather than arbor-vitæ should be the simian's password, for the vines which bind together the whole tropical forest are the way of life of the monkey. By means of the untold fathoms of ratlines and suspension bridges, tight ropes and ladders, these jungle people can range for thousands of miles without ever coming to earth, living in the realm of orchids and birds' nests, of sloths and tree lizards.

I Feel Ancestral Impulses

THEIR very name has come to be a byword, although, like their physical bodies in past ages, it is bound to us etymologically by mona and madonna. We laugh at their comic little faces and ways and, if we are incurably fanatic or quite egocentric, or fearful of what comes after death, we indignantly deny all past kinship of a common ancestor.

On the other hand, if we love the truth and have a sense of humor, we recognize that these little jungle folk have missed being human by some very little accident, being, but for the grace of some side-tracking, ourselves. And while we swagger upright and think of our brains with complacency, are we sure that all the advantage is on our side?

As with us, the whole of the lives of these monkeys is one long struggle against gravitation. They are born and weaned, they play and fight, they eat and sleep, in midair far from the ground, and only when death comes do the tiny fingers relax and headlong they slip through fronds and leaves to the earth itself. This same eternal pull of earth holds us completely in thrall at birth, then we roll over, struggle to hands and knees and creep reptile-like for a space. At last we rise upon unsteady soles, and from three to seventy we walk or run, swinging our arms to balance us, frequently tumbling to earth again, exhausted after a few hours, and sinking upon chair or bed to gather strength against another day of upright struggle.

The joys of climbing, of balance, of swaying limbs, of headlong leaps from self-earned lofty vistas, pass with boyhood for most of us. They are renewed for me sometimes when I mount the ratlines of a ship plunging through heavy seas, or in the first rush of a nose dive from high in air.

The capuchin, the bourgeois organ-grinder's friend, in past years now and then climbed our gutter pipe and at the reminding jerk on his cord, pitifully doffed his little cap and took our pennies. Here in his house we tame him and bind him to us with affection, so that with full liberty he chooses his sleeping box and our laps. He is silent and gentle and serious like the coolies who work on the coastal rice plantations.

This is, of course, merely generalization, comparable to the immortal description, "The French are a gay and polite people, fond of dancing and light wines."

Some capuchins are silent; we have known some whose garrulity tried our patience and our hearing.

We have acquired some knowledge of monkey talk, especially from our capuchin pets. It does not seem an extensive tongue, but the same sound can, as with us, be given many different meanings by inflection, pantomime, or even facial expression.

When one of our small Cebus friends is confronted by some terrifying sight, such as a monstrous iguana, he springs away precipitately, wide-open mouth expelling on a sharp breath a guttural hissing grunt.

Engaged with us in a game of tag around the laboratory, he sometimes finds himself cornered; then he emits the same sound, but no one could now take it for an expression of fear. It is much prolonged, without the abrupt tone of real terror, and his white teeth gleam in his open mouth in an unmistakable grin as he capitulates and flings himself confidently into our outstretched hands.

One wistful little chap who was once a member of the laboratory family would sustain his part in serious discussion for minutes at a time. To open the conversation, one had only to approach him closely, look him in the eye, and smack the lips gently and repeatedly. To this he never failed to respond in kind, but much more rapidly than human lips could move, wrinkling his brows mightily the while with the effort of concentration, and varying his remarks by an emphatic shake of the head and a curious throaty chuckle.

Most capuchins have in their repertoires some almost birdlike tones of clear twitters and chirrups, and, when they are particularly anxious to be noticed, a sweet call, Coo-coo-coo, whose blandishment it is difficult to resist. This same phrase, loud and prolonged, is the call of the clan when widely separated. It carries over half a mile.

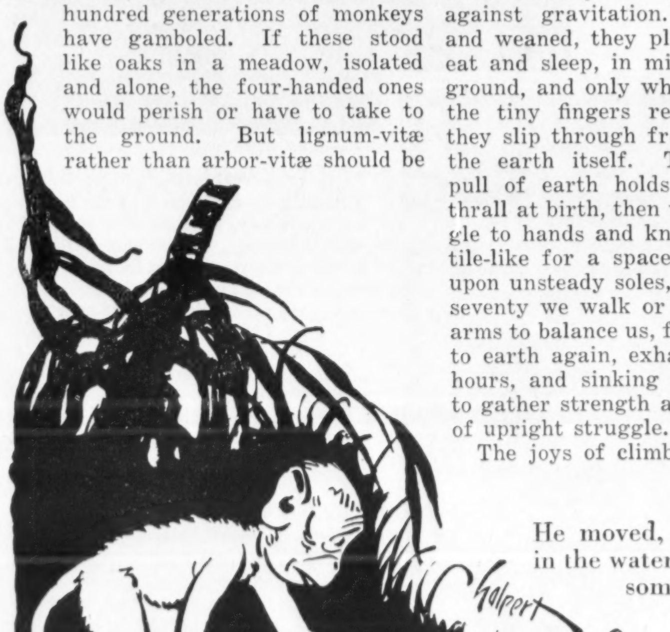
The Beesa monkey, like the native Indian, is a silent mystery. Neither likes close confinement, and no emotion is shown by its placid, inscrutable face.

Beesas are strange-looking beasts. The fur is black, very long and coarse, the tail appearing as large around as the whole body. The face is purplish-brown, surrounded, in the adult, with a great ruff of yellowish white. The young Beesa is more frowsy and less judicial in appearance.

The Monkey of Monkeys

THE monkey of monkeys of this jungle is the big red howler. He lives in families, and when the great male raises his head and in the light of early dawn sends forth his mighty voice its reverberations are distinctly audible three miles away. His tail is long and full-muscled, and the bare skin beneath its tip has lines and cushions which tell of things forever lost to us. The color of the long silky hair is that of the gold nuggets in the streams which trickle through the jungle far below, and the emotions of our tame young howler are those of a very young child—he is curious, timid, resentful, excitable, greedy, affectionate, serious; as fond of lifting his voice in anger or joy as a Negro at a revival, and as volatile as a twenty-four-hour thermometer chart in a desert. Jungle monkeys and an active volcano—see them before you die or you will have missed two splendid thrills in life.

A little monkey climbed down a swaying vine, hand over hand, until his face was close to a quiet pool of sweet water. The day before at evening he had done the same thing. His mother and his ancestors for generations had done likewise. And always they chattered at the monkey they saw in the water, and finally in anger snatched at him, and their little fingers troubled the water and the monkey vanished. Then they drank eagerly, turned quickly and clambered up to rest. To-day the little monkey began to chatter, then stopped. He moved, and the monkey in the water moved. He brushed away some hairs from his face and the water monkey— Then something happened. He stopped chattering and peered again and again at the face in the water. He put his little paw over his eyes and slowly took it away. Then he forgot his (*Continued on page 43*)



He moved, and the monkey in the water moved. . . . Then something happened. He stopped chattering

This picture, 2½ x 4¼ inches, made with the 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II.

Sharp pictures are easy with this sharp-shooting camera.

No. 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II

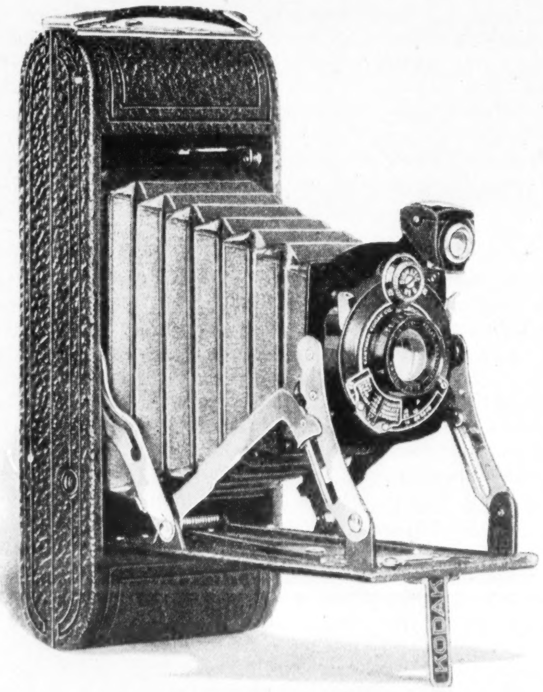
With Diomatic Shutter and Kodak Anastigmat Lens *f.*7.7

GOOD, sharp pictures—that's the kind you want and that's the kind you get with this 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II. The Kodak Anastigmat lens *f.*7.7 gives you keen detail in the negative, which means snappy prints and enlargements—the kind you like to look at. The No. 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II, is a sharp-shooter.

You want your pictures properly exposed, too, and this camera makes that easy. Right below the lens is a sliding scale that picks out the stop or speed that fits the light. The dial tells the exposure to give. Furthermore, the four snap-shot speeds on the Diomatic shutter are accurately timed. They are marked 1/10, 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100—and that's what they are.

Camera—pocket size.

Autographic, of course—but only Eastman cameras can be.



As you open the camera the lens snaps into position

Price, $26 at your dealer's

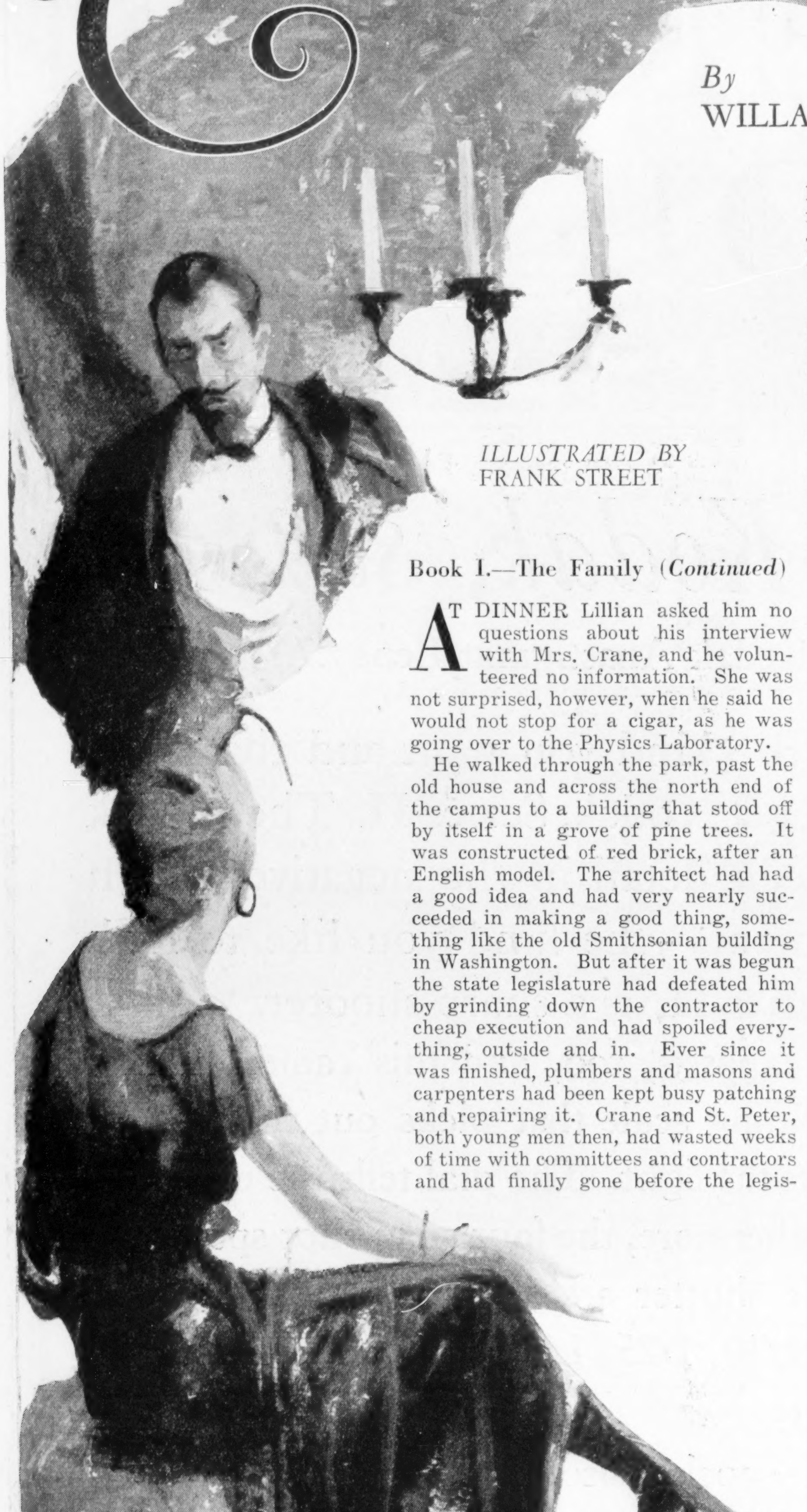
If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

The PROFESSOR'S HOUSE

By
WILLA CATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK STREET



He cut in sharply. "I mean that I paid my own way as I hope always to do"

Book I.—The Family (*Continued*)

AT DINNER Lillian asked him no questions about his interview with Mrs. Crane, and he volunteered no information. She was not surprised, however, when he said he would not stop for a cigar, as he was going over to the Physics Laboratory.

He walked through the park, past the old house and across the north end of the campus to a building that stood off by itself in a grove of pine trees. It was constructed of red brick, after an English model. The architect had had a good idea and had very nearly succeeded in making a good thing, something like the old Smithsonian building in Washington. But after it was begun the state legislature had defeated him by grinding down the contractor to cheap execution and had spoiled everything, outside and in. Ever since it was finished, plumbers and masons and carpenters had been kept busy patching and repairing it. Crane and St. Peter, both young men then, had wasted weeks of time with committees and contractors and had finally gone before the legislature in person to plead for the integrity of that building. But nothing came of all their work. It was one of many lost causes.

St. Peter entered the building and went upstairs to a small room at the end of a chain of laboratories. After knocking he heard the familiar shuffle of Crane's carpet slippers, and the door opened.

Crane was wearing a gray cotton coat, shrunk to a rag by washing, though he wasn't working with fluids or batteries to-night, but at a roll-top desk littered with papers. The room was like any study behind a lecture-room: dusty books, dusty files, but no apparatus, except a spirit lamp and a little saucepan in which the physicist heated water for his cocoa at regular intervals. He was working by the glare of an unshaded electric bulb of high power—the man seemed to have no feeling for comfort of any kind. He asked his visitor to sit down and to excuse him for a moment while he copied some entries into a notebook.

ST. PETER watched him scribbling with his fountain pen. The hands that were so deft in delicate manipulations were white and soft-looking; the fingers long and loosely hung, stained with chemicals and blunted at the tips like a violinist's. His head was square, the lower part of his face covered by a reddish, matted beard. His pale eyes and fawn-colored eyebrows were outbalanced by his mouth, his most conspicuous feature. One always remembered about Crane that unexpected, startling red mouth in a setting of kinky beard. The lips had no modeling; they were as thick at the corners as in the middle, and he spoke through them rather than with them. He seemed painfully conscious of them.

St. Peter saw no use in beating about the bush. As soon as Crane put down his pen he remarked that Mrs. Crane had been to see him that afternoon. His colleague flushed, took up a large celluloid paper knife, and began shutting and unshutting his hands about the blade.

"I want to know exactly how you feel about all this and what the facts are," St. Peter began. "We've never discussed it before, and there may be things I know nothing about. Did Tom ever say that he meant you to have a share in his profits, if there were any?"

"No, not exactly. Not exactly that." Dr. Crane moved his shoulders about in his tight coat and looked embarrassed and unhappy. "More than once he said, in a general way, that he hoped it would go, on my account as well as on his own, and that we would use the income for further experiments."

"Did he talk much about the possible commercial value of the gas while he was trying to make it?"

"Not much. No, very seldom. Perhaps not more than half a dozen times in the three years he was working in my laboratory. But whenever he did he spoke as if there would be something in it for both of us if our gas became remunerative."

"Just how much was it 'our gas,' Crane?"

"Strictly speaking, of course, it wasn't. The idea was Outland's. He benefited by my criticism, and I often helped him with his experiments. He never acquired a nice laboratory technique. He would fail repeatedly in some perfectly sound experiment because of careless procedure."

"Do you think he would have arrived at his results without your help?"

Dr. Crane was clenching the paper knife with both hands. "That I cannot say. He was impatient. He might have got discouraged and turned to something else. He would have been much slower in getting his results, at any rate. His conception was right, but very delicate manipulation was necessary, and he was a careless experimenter."

St. Peter felt that this was becoming nothing less than cross-examination. He tried to change the tone of it.

"I want to see you get recognition and compensation for whatever part you had in his experiments, if there's any way to get it. But you've been neglectful, Crane. You haven't taken the proper steps. Why in the world didn't you have some understanding with Tom when he was getting his patent? You knew all about it."

"It didn't occur to me then. We'd finished the experiments, and I put them out of my mind. I was trying to concentrate on my own work. His results weren't as interesting scientifically as I'd expected them to be."

"While his manuscripts and formulæ were lying here those two years, did you ever make the gas or give any study to its behavior?"

"No, of course not. It's off my own line, and didn't interest me."

"Then, it's only since this vacuum has begun to make money that it does interest you?"

Dr. Crane twisted his shoulders. "Yes. It's the money."

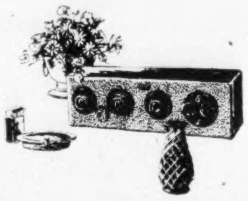
"Heaven knows I'd like to see you get some of it. But why did you put it off so long? Why didn't you make some claim when you delivered the papers to his executor, since you hadn't done so before? Why didn't you bring the matter up to me then and let me make a claim against the estate for you?"

DR. CRANE could endure his chair no longer. He began to walk softly about in his slippers, looking at nothing, but, as he talked, picking up objects here and there, drawing tools, his cocoa cup, a china cream pitcher, turning them round and carefully putting them down again, just as he often absently handled pieces of apparatus when lecturing.

"I know," he said, "appearances are against me. But you must understand my negligence. You know how little opportunity a man has to carry on his own line of investigation here. You know how much time I give to any of my students who are doing honest work. Outland was, of course, the most brilliant pupil I ever had, and I gave him time and thought without stint. Gladly, of course. If he were reaping the rewards of his discovery himself, I'd have nothing to say—though I've not the least doubt he would compensate me liberally. But it does not seem right that a stranger should profit and not those who helped him.

"You, of course, do profit—indirectly if not directly. (*Continued on page 32*)

ATWATER KENT RADIO



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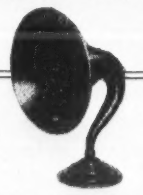

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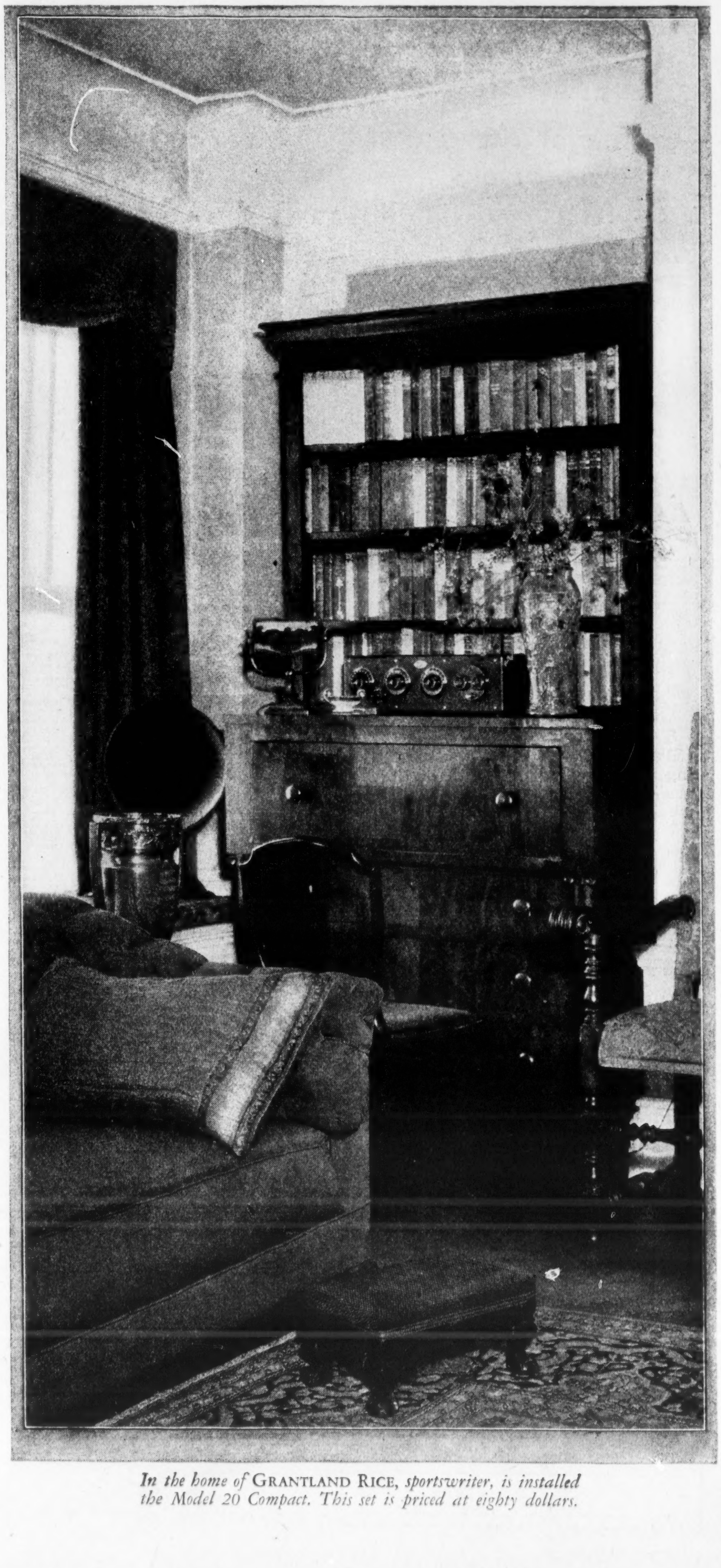

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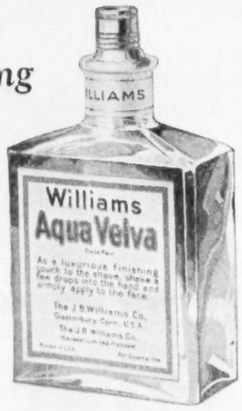
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Colliers 7-4-25

The Professor's House

Continued from page 30

You cannot shut your eyes to the fact that his money, coming into your family, has strengthened your credit and your general security. That's as it should be. But your claim was less definite than mine. I spent time and strength I could ill afford to spare on the very series of experiments that led to this result. Marsellus gets the benefit of my work as well as of Outland's. I have certainly been ill-used—and, as you say, it's difficult to get recompense when I ask for it so late. It's not to my discredit, certainly, that I didn't take measures to protect my interests. I never thought of my student's work in terms of money. There were others who did, and I was not considered," he concluded bitterly.

"Why don't you put in a claim to Marsellus for your time and expert advice? I think he'd honor it. He is going to live here. He probably doesn't wish to be more unpopular than a suddenly prosperous man is bound to be, and you have many friends. I believe I can convince him that it would be poor policy to disregard any reasonable demand."

"I had thought of that. But my wife's brother advises a different course."

"Ah, yes. Mrs. Crane said something of that sort. Well, Crane, if you're going to law about it, I hope you'll consult a sound lawyer, and you know as well as I that Homer Bright is not one."

Dr. Crane colored and bridled. "I'm sure you are disinterested, St. Peter, but, frankly, I think your judgment has been warped by events. You don't realize how clear the matter is to unprejudiced minds. Though I'm such an unpractical man, I have evidence to rest my claims upon."

"The more the better, if you are going to depend on such a windbag as Bright. If you go to law, I'd like to see you win your case."

St. Peter said good night, went down the stairs and out through the dark pine trees. Evidence, Crane said; probably letters Tom had written him during the winter he was working at Johns Hopkins. Well, there was nothing to be done unless he could get old Dr. Hutchins to persuade Crane to employ an intelligent lawyer. Homer Bright's rhetoric might influence a jury in a rape or bigamy case, but it would antagonize a judge in an equity court.

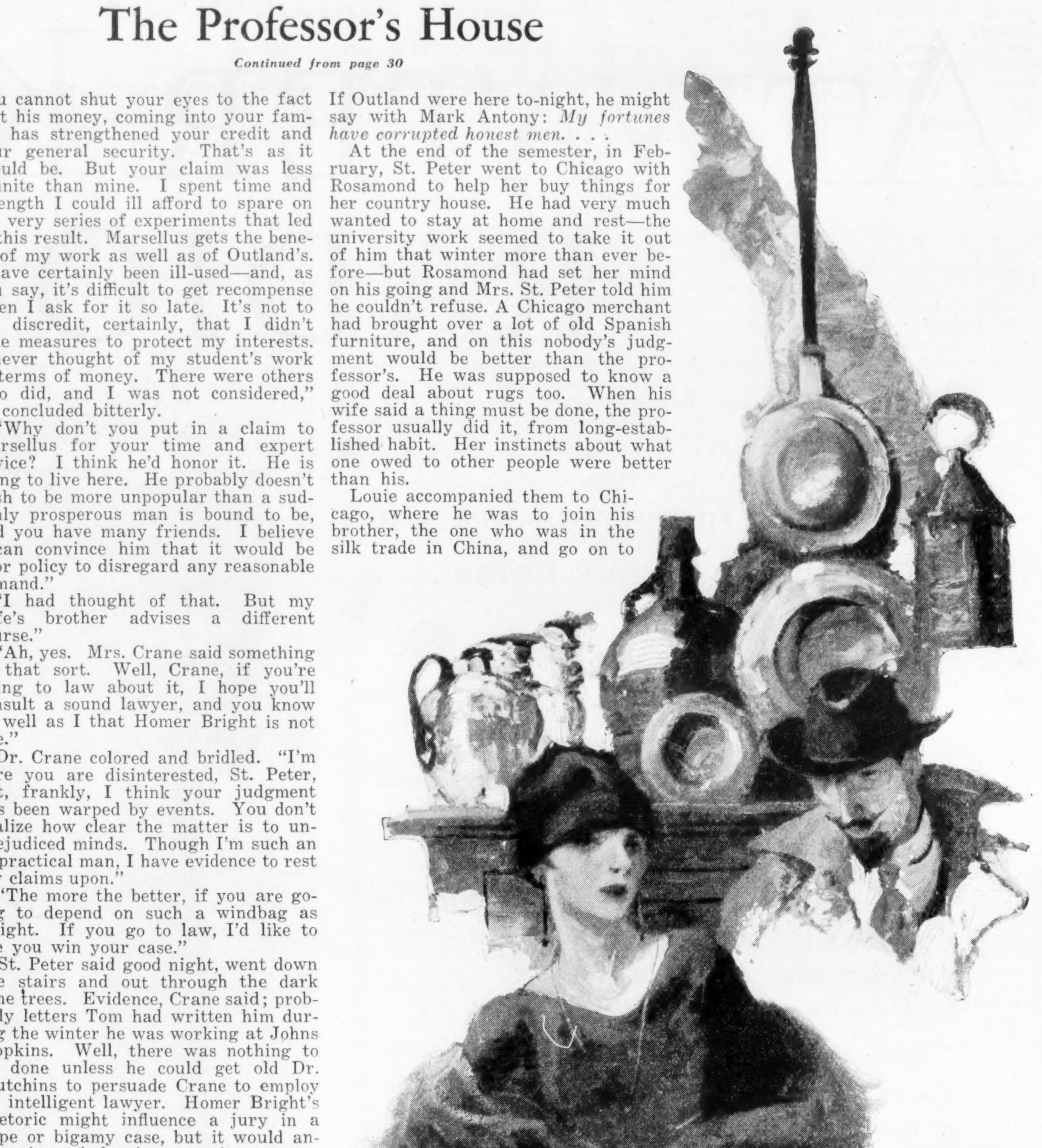
The professor took a turn in the park before going home. The interview had depressed him, and he was afraid he might be wakeful. He had never seen his colleague in such an unbecoming light before. Crane was narrow, but he was straight; a man you could count on in the shifty game of college politics. He had never been out to get anything for himself. St. Peter would have said that nothing about the vulgar success of Outland's idea could possibly matter to Crane, except as it gratified his pride as a teacher and friend. The park was deserted. The arc lights were turned off. The leafless trees stood quite motionless in the light of the clear stars.

THE world was sad to St. Peter as he looked about him; the lake shore country flat and heavy, Hamilton small and tight and airless. The university, his new house, everything around him, seemed insupportable, as the boat on which he is imprisoned seems to a seasick man. Yes, it was possible that the little world, on its voyage among all the stars, might become like that—a boat on which one could travel no longer, from which one could no longer look up and confront those bright rings of revolution.

He brought himself back with a jerk. Ah, yes, Crane; that was the trouble. If Outland were here to-night, he might say with Mark Antony: *My fortunes have corrupted honest men. . . .*

At the end of the semester, in February, St. Peter went to Chicago with Rosamond to help her buy things for her country house. He had very much wanted to stay at home and rest—the university work seemed to take it out of him that winter more than ever before—but Rosamond had set her mind on his going and Mrs. St. Peter told him he couldn't refuse. A Chicago merchant had brought over a lot of old Spanish furniture, and on this nobody's judgment would be better than the professor's. He was supposed to know a good deal about rugs too. When his wife said a thing must be done, the professor usually did it, from long-established habit. Her instincts about what one owed to other people were better than his.

Louie accompanied them to Chicago, where he was to join his brother, the one who was in the silk trade in China, and go on to



"She had a faultless purchasing manner. She was like Napoleon looting the Italian palaces"

New York with him for a family reunion. St. Peter was amused, and pleased, to see that Louie sincerely hated to leave them—with very little encouragement he would have sent his brother on alone and remained in Chicago with his wife and father-in-law. They all lunched together, after which the professor and Rosamond took the Marsellus brothers to the La Salle Street station. When Louie had again and again kissed his hand to them from the rear platform of the Twentieth Century observation car, and been rolled away in the very act of shouting something to his wife, St. Peter, who had so often complained that there was too much Louie in his life, now felt a sudden drop, a distinct sense of loss.

He took Rosamond's arm, and they turned away from the shining rails. "We must be diligent, Rosie. He expects wonders of us."

SCOTT McGREGOR got on the Blue Bird Express one afternoon, returning from a business trip for his paper. On entering the smoking car he came upon his father-in-law lying back in a leather chair, his clothes covered with dust, his eyes closed, a dead cigar hanging between the relaxed fingers of his dark, muscular hand. It gave Scott a start; he thought the professor didn't look well.

"Hello, Doctor! What are you doing here? Oh, yes! The shopping expedition. Where's Rosamond?"

"In Chicago. At the Blackstone."

"Outlasted you, did she?"

"That's it." The professor smiled apologetically, as if he were ashamed to admit it.

Scott sat down beside him and tried to interest him in one subject after another, without success. It occurred to him that he had never before seen the professor when he seemed absolutely flattened out and listless. That was a bad sign; he was glad they were only half an hour from Hamilton. "The old chap needs rest," he reflected. "Rosamond's run him to death in Chicago. He oughtn't to be used as a courier, anyhow! I'm going to tell Kitty that we must look out for her father a little. The Marselluses have no mercy, and Lillian has always taken it for granted that he is as strong as three men."

That evening Mrs. St. Peter was standing by the French windows in the drawing-room, watching somewhat anxiously for her husband. The Chicago train was usually punctual, and surely he would have taken a cab from the station, for it was a raw February night with a bitter wind blowing off the lake. St. Peter arrived on foot, however. As he came through the gate she could see by his walk and the set of his shoulders that he was very tired. She hurried to open the front door, and asked him why he hadn't come up in a taxi.

"Didn't think of it, really. I'm a creature of habit, and that's one of the things I never used to do."

"And in your lightest overcoat! I thought you only wore this one because you were going to buy a fur coat in Chicago."

"Well, I didn't," he said rather shortly. "Let's omit the verb 'to buy' in all forms for a time. Keep dinner back a little, will you, Lillian? I want to take a warm bath and dress. I did get rather chilled coming up."

Mrs. St. Peter went swiftly to make him a cocktail. She sensed an unusual weariness in him, and felt, as it were, the bitter taste on his tongue.

After they had finished dinner Lillian talked of his trip again.

"I know you're tired, but tell me one thing: did you find the painted Spanish bedroom set?"

"Oh, dear, yes! Several of them."

"And were they pretty?"

"Very. At least I think I'd have found them so if I'd come upon them without so many other things. Too much is certainly worse than too little—of anything. It turned out to be rather an orgy of acquisition."

"Rosamond lost her head?"

"Oh, no! Perfectly cool. I should say she had a faultless purchasing manner. Wonder where a girl who grew up in that old house of ours ever got it. She was like Napoleon looting the Italian palaces."

"Don't be harsh. You had a nice little vacation, at any rate."

"A very expensive one, for a poor professor. And not much rest."

A look of sharp anxiety came into Mrs. St. Peter's face. "You mean," she breathed in a hushed voice, "that she let you—"

He cut in sharply. "I mean that I paid my way, as I hope always to be able to do. Any suggestion to the contrary might have been very graceful, but it would have been rejected. I am quite ready to permit myself a little extravagance to be of service to the women of my family. Any other arrangement is humiliating."

"Then that was why you didn't get your fur coat."

"That may have been one reason. I was not much in the humor for it."

THE month of March was the dreariest and bleakest of the year in Hamilton, and Louie strove to brighten it by opening a discussion of plans for the summer. He had been hinting for some time that he had a very attractive project up his sleeve, and though he had not succeeded in keeping it from Mrs. St. Peter, he said nothing to the professor until one night when they were dining at the Marselluses'. All through dinner Louie kept reminding them of the specialties of this and that Paris restaurant, so that St. Peter was not altogether unprepared.

As they left the dining-room Louie burst out with it. He and Rosamond were to take Dr. and Mrs. St. Peter to France for the summer. Louie had decided upon the dates, the boat, the itinerary; he was intoxicated with the pleasure of planning.

"Understand," he said, "it is to be our excursion, from Hamilton back to Hamilton. We'll travel in the most ample comfort, but not in magnificence. We'll go down to Biarritz for a little fashionable life, and stop at Marseilles to see your foster brother, Charles Thierault. The rest of the summer we'll lead a scholarly life in Paris. I have my own reasons for wishing you to go along, Professor. The pleasure of your company would be quite enough, but I have already other reasons. I want to see the intellectual side of Paris and to meet some of the savants and men of letters

(Continued on page 34)

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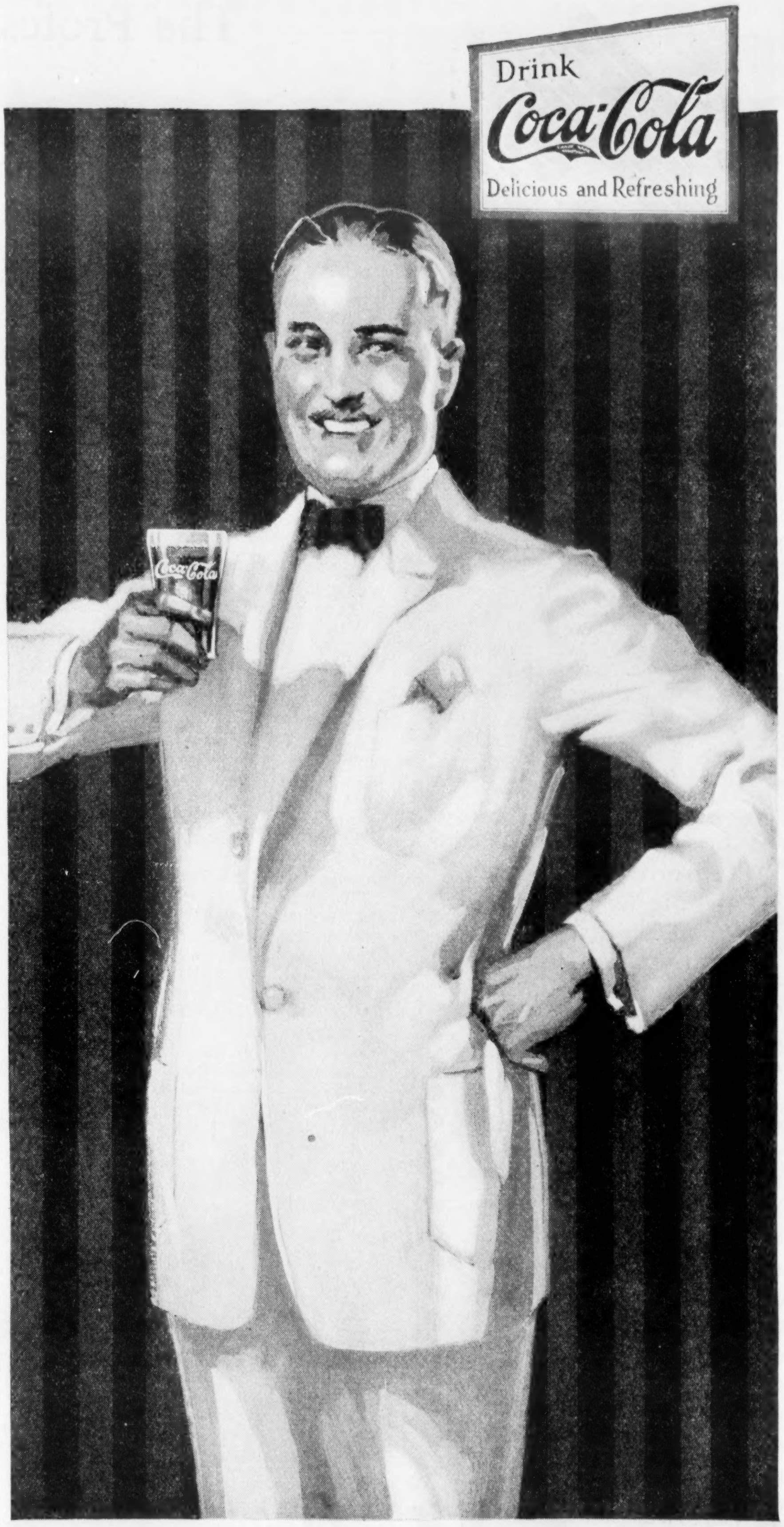

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The Professor's House

Continued from page 33

you know. What a shame Gaston Paris is not living! We could very nicely make up a little party at Lapérouse for him. But there are others."

Mrs. St. Peter developed the argument. "Yes, Louie, you and Godfrey can lunch with the scholars while Rosamond and I are shopping."

Marsellus looked alarmed. "Not at all, Dearest. It's to be understood that I always shop with you. I adore the shops in Paris. Besides, we shall want you with us when we lunch with celebrities. When was a savant and a Frenchman not eager for the company of two charming ladies at *déjeuner?* And you may have too much of the society of your *sposi;* very nice for you to have variety. You must keep a little engagement book: *Lundi, déjeuner,* M. Emile Faguet; *Mercredi, dîner,* M. Anatole France; and so on."

St. Peter chuckled. "I'm afraid you exaggerate the circumference of my social circle, Louie. I haven't the pleasure of knowing Anatole France."

"No matter; we can have M. Paul Bourget for Wednesday."

"You can help us, too, about finding things for the house, Papa," said Rosamond. "We expect to pick up a good many things. The Thieraults ought to know good shops down in the south, where prices have not gone up."

"Charles Thierault is still interested in a shipping line that runs to Mexico, isn't he? He could send our purchases from Marseilles to the City of Mexico for us. They would go in without duty, and Louie thinks he can get them across the border as household goods."

"Well, Louis, it's a tempting idea, and I'll think it over. I'll see whether I can arrange my work." St. Peter knew at that moment that he would never be one of this light-hearted expedition, and he hated himself for the ungracious drawing back that he felt in the region of his diaphragm.

That night after he was in bed St. Peter tried in vain to justify himself in his inevitable refusal. He liked Paris and he liked Louie. But one couldn't do one's own things in another person's way; selfish or not, that was the truth. Besides, he would not be needed. He could trust Louie to take every care of Lillian, and nobody could please her more than her son-in-law.

Since Rosamond's marriage to Marsellus both she and her mother had changed bewilderingly in some respects—changed and hardened. But Louie, who had done the damage, had not damaged himself. It was to him that one appealed—for Augusta, for Professor Crane, for the bruised feelings of people less fortunate. It was less on Louie's account than on any other that he would refuse this princely invitation.

He could get out of it without hurting anybody, though he believed that Louis would be sorry. He could simply insist that he must work and that he couldn't work away from his old study. There were some advantages about being a writer of histories.

ONE Saturday morning in April, when the professor was at work in the old house, he heard energetic footsteps running up the uncarpeted stairway. Louie's voice called, "*Cher Papa,* shall I disturb you too much?"

St. Peter rose and opened to him. Louie was wearing his golf stockings and a heavy purple jacket with a fur collar.

"No, I'm not going golfing. I changed my mind, but didn't have time to change my clothes. I want you to take a run out along the lake shore with us. Rosie is going to lunch with some friends at the country club. We'll have a drive with her, and then drop her there. It's a glorious day." Louie's keen, interested eye ran about the shabby little room. He chuckled. "The old bear, he just likes his old den, doesn't he? I can readily understand. Your children were born here. Not your daughters—your sons, your splendid Spanish-adventurer sons! I'm proud to be related to them, even by marriage. And your blanket, surely that's a Spanish touch!" Louie pounced upon the purple blanket, threw it across his chest, and, moving aside the wire lady, studied himself in Augusta's glass. "And a very proper dressing gown it would make for Louie, wouldn't it?"

"It was Outland's—a precious possession. His lost chum brought it up from Mexico."

"Was it Outland's, indeed?" Louie stroked it and regarded it in the glass with increased admiration. "I can never forgive destiny, that I hadn't the chance to know that splendid fellow."

The professor's eyebrows rose in puzzled interrogation. "It might have been awkward—about Rosie, you know."

"I never think of him as a rival," said Louie, throwing back the blanket with a wide gesture. "I think of him as a brother, an adored and gifted brother."

Half an hour later they were spinning along through the country, just coming green, Rosamond and her father on the back seat, Louie facing them. It struck the professor that Louie had something on his mind; his restless, bright eyes watched his wife narrowly, as if to seize an opportune moment.

"You know, Doctor," he said presently, "we've decided to give up our house before we go abroad, and cut off the rent. We'll move the books and pictures up to Outland (and our wedding presents, of course), and the silver we'll put in the bank. There won't be much of our present furniture that we'll need. I wonder if you could use any of it? And it has just occurred to me, Rosie"—here he leaned forward and tapped her knee—"that we might ask Scott and Kathleen to come round and select anything they like. No use bothering to sell it; we'd get so little."

ROSAMOND looked at him in astonishment. It was very evident they had not discussed anything of this sort before. "Don't be foolish," she said quietly, "They wouldn't want your things."

"But why not?" he persisted playfully. "They are very nice things. Not right for Outland, but perfectly right for a little house. We chose them with care, and we don't want them going into some dirty second-hand shop."

"They won't have to. We can store them in the attic at Outland, heaven knows, it's big enough! You don't have to do anything with them just now."

"It seems a pity, when somebody might be getting the good of them. I know Scott could do very well with that chiffonier of mine. He admired it greatly, I remember, and said he'd never had one with proper drawers for shirts."

Rosamond's lips curled.

"Don't look like that, Rosie! It's naughty. Stop it!" Louie reached forward and shook her gently by the elbows. "And how can you be sure the McGregors wouldn't like our things, when you've never asked them? What positive ideas she does get!"

"They wouldn't want them because they are ours, yours and mine, if you will have it," she said coldly, drawing away from him.

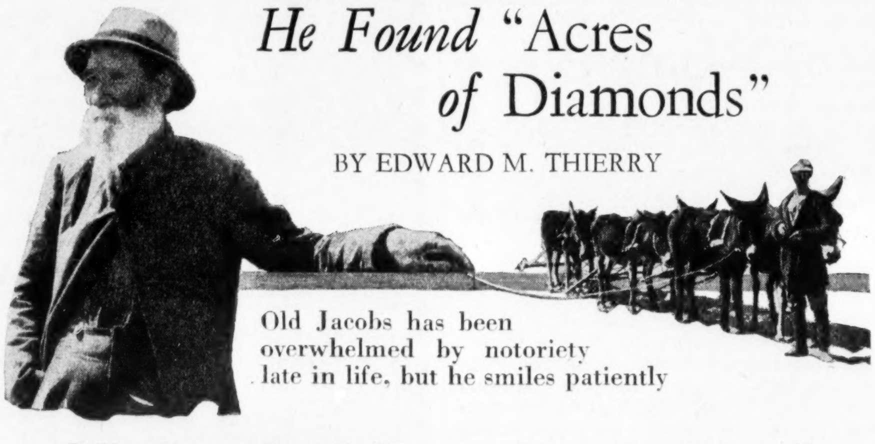
Louie sank back into his seat and gave it up. "Why do you think such naughty things? I don't believe it, you know! You are so touchy. Scott and Kitty may be a little standoffish, but it might very possibly make them feel better if you went at them nicely about this." He rallied and began to coax again. "She's got it into her head that the McGregors have a grudge, Doctor. There's nothing to it."

Rosamond had grown quite pale. Her upper lip, that was so like her mother's when she was affable, so much harder when she was not, came down like a steel curtain. "I happen to know, Louie, that Scott blackballed you for the Arts and Letters. You can call that a grudge or not, as you please."

Marsellus was visibly shaken. He looked sad. "Well, if he did, it wasn't very nice of him, certainly. But are you sure, Rosie? Rumors do go about, and people like to stir up family differences."

He Found "Acres of Diamonds"

BY EDWARD M. THIERRY



Old Jacobs has been overwhelmed by notoriety late in life, but he smiles patiently

ON a dusty road outside Kimberley, South Africa, I met an old man in an ox wagon, drawn by six mules and led by a native African boy in nondescript garments. The old man was Erasmus Stephanus Jacobs. He made Kimberley famous by finding the first diamond in South Africa in 1866.

There has long been controversy about the identity of the discoverer of the first diamond in the world's richest diamond area. Reference books credit a "Bushman boy," but a few years ago it was conclusively proved that old Erasmus Jacobs was the real discoverer; and he told me the story:

"Our people," he said, "were living on a farm at DeKalk, near Hopetown, eighty-seven miles southwest of Kimberley. One day in '66—I was fourteen then—my father sent me to cut branches from a tree in a *kloof* near by. Under the tree I saw something shining. I thought it pretty, so I took it home.

"I used the bright stone to play *klip klip*—marbles. One day Schalk van Niekerk, a neighbor farmer, stopped at our house and saw the stone. He knew what a diamond looked like.

"Van Niekerk asked my mother if he could buy my pretty stone. She gave it to him. We were all surprised when he told us my pretty stone had been sold for 500 pounds sterling (about $7,500), and our share was one third."

Van Niekerk had given the stone to John O'Reilly, a trader, who passed a few days later, promising him a third if it proved to be a genuine diamond. O'Reilly gave it to Mr. Boyes in Colesberg, who forwarded it to Dr. W. G. Atherstone of Grahamstown, who pronounced it a real diamond. He sent it to Cape Town and the governor, Sir Philip Wodehouse, bought it for £500. It weighed 21¼ karats.

The second diamond was also found near Hopetown. A Hottentot named Booi found a stone four times as large as the Jacobs diamond. Van Niekerk bought it too. It was sold for $56,000. The Earl of Dudley later acquired it for $125,000. It is known as the "Star of South Africa."

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CHAMPION
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"It isn't people, and it's not rumor. I know it positively. Kathleen's best friend told me."

Louis lay back and shook with laughter. "Oh, the ladies, the ladies! What they do to each other, Professor!"

St. Peter was very uncomfortable. "I don't think I'd accept such evidence, Rosamond. I don't believe it of Scott, and I think Louie has the right idea. People are like children, and Scott's poor and proud. I think Louie's chiffonier would go to his heart if Louie offered it to him. I'm afraid you wouldn't do it very graciously."

"Professor, I'll go to McGregor's office and put it up to him. If he scorns it, so much the worse for him. He'll lose a very handy piece of furniture."

Rosamond's paleness changed to red. Fortunately they were spinning over the gravel loops that led through shaven turf to the country club. "You can do as you like with your own things, Louie. But I don't want any of mine in the McGregors' bungalow. I know Scott's brand of humor too well and the kind of jokes that would be made about them."

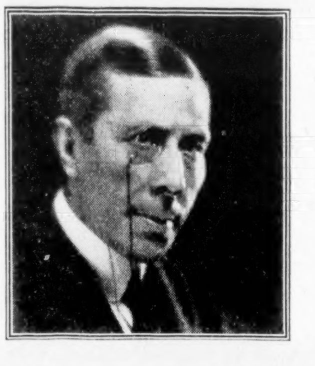
The car stopped. Louie sprang out and gave his arm to his wife. He walked up the steps to the door with her, and his back expressed such patient, protecting kindness that the professor bit his lower lip with indignation. Louie came back looking quite gray and tired, and sank into the seat beside the professor with a sadder-and-wiser smile.

"Louie"—St. Peter spoke with deep feeling—"do you happen to have read a novel of Henry James, 'The American'? There's a rather nice scene in it, in which a young Frenchman, hurt in a duel, apologizes for the behavior of his family. I'd like to do something of the sort. I apologize to you for Rosamond, and for Scott, if he has done such a mean thing."

Louie's downcast face brightened at once. He squeezed the professor's arm warmly. "Oh, *that's* all right, sir! As for Scott, I can understand. He was the first son of the family, and he was the whole thing. Then I came along, a stranger, and carried off Rosie, and this patent began to pay so well—it's enough to make any man jealous, and he a Scotchman! But I think Scott will come around in the end; people usually do, if you treat them well, and I mean to. I like the fellow. As for Rosamond, you mustn't give that a thought. I love her when she's naughty. She's a bit unreasonable sometimes, but I'm always hoping for a period of utter or fantastic unreasonableness, which will be the beginning of a great happiness for us all."

"Louis, you are magnanimous and magnificent!" murmured his vanquished father-in-law.

(*To be continued next week*)



"Just DYING *to go on the* STAGE*"*

She was. Moreover, she wanted the kind of part where she had to say "My God!" She didn't get it, but she did start a famous player on a train of amusing recollection that will hold your interest from beginning to end. In next week's Collier's

By GEORGE ARLISS

Women, Women, Women!

Continued from page 14

replied "My precious husband." It amused him to run the whole scale of phrases, and collect the echoes in their chronological order. Then he would laugh and throw them into the wastebasket.

Miss White, the stenographer, came in. Hugh glanced, as usual, at her neat shoes and shapely ankles. He liked Miss White and felt under deep obligation to her. Why shouldn't he share his good news? They were friends now. Moreover, she was no child. Five years in that highly efficient office had made her a very good business man. Better than some of the executives, Hugh thought. He turned around to face her desk and noticed that she was holding her handkerchief to her eyes. Why, she was crying. And trembling. Even her fingers twitched. Too bad. Miss White had beautiful blue eyes.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Mr. Carlton, I'm in an awful jam. Can you let me have twenty dollars until pay day? I hate to ask, but that man out there is threatening to take it up with the chief."

HUGH offered a twenty-dollar bill. She took it and hurried out before he could ask a question. Returning, she tumbled into her chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

"It's a nervous chill, I think."

"Perhaps I'd better take you home. It's after four o'clock, anyway."

In the taxicab Hugh said: "Do you mean to tell me that you haven't twenty dollars in cash?" Miss White nodded affirmatively.

"Do you know what you need?"

"Certainly I know what I need," was the prompt reply. "I need one hundred and eighty dollars to get rid of the rest of that debt."

"No. You need a spanking."

"Perhaps. But it was a wonderful bargain."

"Not if you couldn't pay for it."

"But I thought I would be able to pay for it."

"What is it?"

"A piano."

"Huh. And I thought you were one of the best business men I had ever met. Miss White, don't you know that it would be worth while to live on bread and water until you have at least one hundred dollars in the bank?"

"I guess so."

"I know so. People don't need a million dollars to protect them in emergencies. One hundred dollars will cover most cases."

"I guess I don't manage very well."

Arriving at Miss White's apartment, Hugh accepted her invitation to share tea and toast.

"I'd like to lend you enough to discharge that debt," he said. "You'll feel better. I'm thinking of the office in saying this, Miss White, even if I am very fond of you."

"Let's don't talk about it now."

"Excuse me. I'm not very diplomatic."

She poured tea. After a long silence, she asked: "You're married, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I've been married. I think Tom got a divorce. Anyway, papers were served on me. I didn't pay much attention because I'll never marry again."

"Well, my situation is not very different, except that there is no divorce and probably never will be."

Another long silence, then Miss

(*Continued on page 36*)

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WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

Women, Women, Women!

Continued from page 35

White said: "I wonder if you have noticed that I am in love with you."

"I knew we were pretty good friends."

"Do you prefer living alone?"

"No, I don't like it."

"I hope I'm not shocking you, Mr. Carlton. Somehow, the coy maiden that I used to be simply isn't any more. And bluntness seems to be the only virtue I still respect."

"Well, you aren't shocking me, Miss White. On the contrary, you rather overwhelm me because I think you are beautiful and altogether lovely. It's been a great pleasure to work with you."

"You're thinking of the office now. I can get another place."

"But I don't want you to do that."

"You side-step very gracefully for one who is not a diplomat. Well, that's the advantage of my bluntness, for, you see, we remain good friends. I wish we—I need you. You're strong and sensible."

"Not where a woman I love is concerned."

"No?"

"No. I'm a jellyfish."

"That is hard to believe. Tom was strong, but he was a brute. All I ever asked him for was a piano, and he wouldn't let me have it."

"Maybe he was afraid he couldn't pay for it."

"That's what he always said."

"Well, Miss White, the gods of coincidence have had a gay time this afternoon, and since I know more of the story than you do I'll share it."

"That sounds interesting."

"HERE'S the story: I think you are beautiful and lovely. The wonder is that I didn't show my feelings long ago. But the occasion of our becoming better acquainted arises out of the call of a collector for an installment house, and that is the one thing necessary to touch off my pet insanity. Because of what happened to-day you are identified in my mind with Mrs. Carlton. I would be in a frenzy of terror from the moment we became intimate—and probably without cause."

"That is amusing. But I can understand it."

"Now may I lend you the hundred and eighty dollars?"

"Yes."

"And we are still good friends?"

"The very best in the world."

"Good night."

"I'll see you in the morning. I'm feeling very much better."

All the way home Hugh cursed his luck. "I'm more than half love with that girl," he complained to himself. "I'd like to live with her. But now I can't imagine her coming home without a bundle under both arms, tears in her eyes, and a collector in full chase. No, it's no good. Nevertheless I like her. And more than anything else I want to get even."

IT WAS on the following Sunday morning, while strolling along Fifth Avenue, that Hugh met Myrtle. As he tipped his hat and bowed he could not recall her name, but was sure he recognized the face. She also recognized him—then asked his name. It transpired that Myrtle was the young woman he had accidentally jostled on the fateful day of arrival in New York City. They had lunch together. While toying with an olive Hugh said: "Just by way of being frank and answering a question that quite logically comes into a woman's mind whether she asks it or not, I am married but do not live with my wife."

"I am a widow," Myrtle replied. "I live in Brooklyn, and I hope you will visit me at my home."

"Imagine you a widow," Hugh exclaimed. "I don't believe you are twenty-five."

"I'm not, Mr. Inquisitive, but I *am* a widow."

Hugh accepted her invitation and called. Thereafter, by an unspoken agreement, they spent every Sunday together during two pleasant months.

One morning while they were out driving—in Myrtle's car—she said: "Why do you live in that funny little hotel?"

"It's quiet. My rooms are nice. And it's cheap."

"That's what I'm objecting to. It's cheap."

"Well, please don't."

"Why not?'

"Because I'm on the very point of telling you that I love you, and your remarks interrupt."

"Then I'll be very, very quiet and pretend that I'm surprised."

Hugh laughed. As a matter of fact, he had intended to do just what he said—after debating the subject for a month. He felt sure Myrtle was fond of him—but it didn't seem entirely fair. She was free, owned a beautiful home, had her own car, and, above all, youth and beauty. No, it wasn't fair. But, on the other hand, what is fair between a man and a woman? At least they could talk it over. He would understand less dimly, perhaps, after she had expressed some general opinions.

"As you were about to say—" Myrtle nudged him with her elbow and dangled a red carnation under his nose.

"I love you," Hugh completed her sentence.

"Will you be my wife?" prompted Myrtle, her face alight with mischief.

"That's the rub," he commented, then looked gloomily out the window.

"I know," she said, sympathetically. "Well, we didn't start this world, so we've got to make the best of it."

He kissed her hand.

"And so they lived happily ever after," Myrtle added. She was in a mood for merriment. Never, he thought, had she been so charming. At noon they laughed together over luncheon; in the afternoon they lampooned each other for poor strokes at golf; in the evening they dined together at a hotel, danced until eleven, and parted at what Hugh persisted in calling his home. Time had indeed been fleet of foot that Sunday. There was no fear in the heart of either that they would ever bore each other.

ON THE following day Hugh received a summons by telephone and hurried to Myrtle's home as soon as he left the office. She met him in the large drawing-room carrying a jumble of newspapers under her arm.

"Do you think this can possibly be true?" she exclaimed, without even the formality of a greeting. Her finger indicated a headline in which appeared the words: "Passes dividend."

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it," he said. "Why the excitement?"

"If it is, I'm in awful trouble."

"Well, I doubt that, but let's hear the story," Hugh placed his arm around her waist.

"I owe a lot of money to the department stores, not one, but several of them, and I've been putting them off until this dividend was paid."

"That doesn't sound very serious," he interrupted. "Why, you could borrow five hundred dollars on that car."

"Five hundred dollars!" Myrtle exclaimed. "What on earth are you thinking of? That fur coat I wore yesterday cost fifteen hundred. And it's the cheapest I have."

"Well, you could borrow more than five hundred dollars on the car."

"It isn't paid for."

"My dear, if the worst comes to the worst, you can mortgage the house."

"It is already mortgaged."

Hugh's face clouded so she explained: "I had to, darling, to get some decent furniture."

"But haven't you some other stocks or bonds or something of that sort?"

"The lawyer won't let me have any more on those."

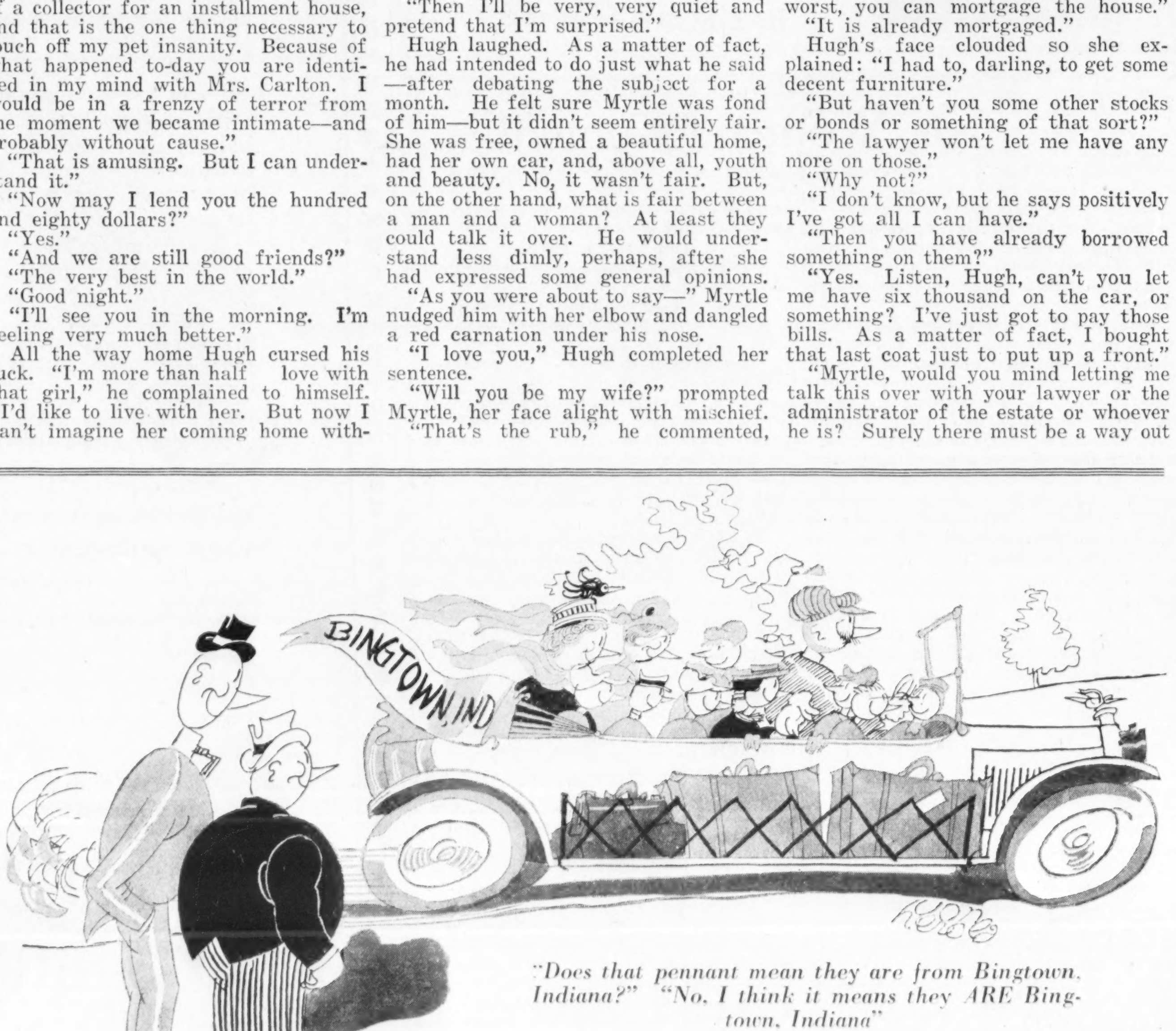
"Why not?"

"I don't know, but he says positively I've got all I can have."

"Then you have already borrowed something on them?"

"Yes. Listen, Hugh, can't you let me have six thousand on the car, or something? I've just got to pay those bills. As a matter of fact, I bought that last coat just to put up a front."

"Myrtle, would you mind letting me talk this over with your lawyer or the administrator of the estate or whoever he is? Surely there must be a way out



"Does that pennant mean they are from Bingtown, Indiana?" "No, I think it means they ARE Bingtown, Indiana"

without involving you more deeply."

"But I wouldn't be involved any worse if you would let me have just six thousand. That isn't much."

"I haven't six thousand. I haven't one thousand."

"But you could borrow it on your salary. Lots of men in big jobs do."

"Myrtle, I'm awfully sorry about this because I can foresee what it is going to make you think of me, but I wouldn't borrow money on my salary to—to—well, I think I'd sell some blood or skin first. It's a matter of honor with me that I don't ever hope to make any woman understand because it isn't a matter that touches their honor at all. Your predicament is of your own manufacture, and there is no way out but for you to lay the whole matter before the administrator or lawyer. He can help you—and he will help you to the best of his ability, I'm sure. My services and advice are at your command to-morrow or at any other time, but five minutes from now you will hate me for a cheap four-flusher. So good-by."

Hugh walked out while she stood staring at him too amazed even to know whether she was angry or not. Imagine anyone thinking six thousand dollars was—well, people were queer. And men most of all. Bull-headed, every one of them. If only women could run the world how much pleasanter it would be! And then Myrtle washed away her troubles in hysterical tears.

ON ARRIVING at his hotel Hugh found "the chief," as he was affectionately called by his lieutenants, sitting in the lobby.

"Been looking for you, Carlton," said the chief. "Thought you'd be in soon, and so you are. You've got to go south to-morrow. Thought I'd find you early. No wife to chase you all over town. You've got to go to Atlanta first, then on to Texas. I'm so damn mad I'm about to bust a blood vessel. They've assembled that strict middling cotton in Dallas."

"But I thought that was where you wanted it assembled," Hugh interrupted.

"It is, and everything's in good shape. Let's get something cool to drink. I'm in a rotten temper. I'll murder that girl yet."

"What girl?"

"My daughter. She turned in her car to-day—only run it two thousand miles. Doesn't like it. Found something classier. Easier to strip the gears, I guess. Well, after you get through in Dallas I want you to run over to New Orleans and see those steamship people. I think everything can be arranged easily in an interview. Do you know what she got for the used car? Good Lord! Women, women, women! And my wife! Saint Peter will have a nervous breakdown when he tries to judge Martha. But I started to say that all the papers are on my desk. You can get them in the morning. Let's get something cool to drink. No, never mind. I'll walk a ways. Good night, boy. See you bright and early."

Hugh walked to the clerk's desk and asked for his key.

"It's out."

"Out?"

"Yes, Mrs. Carlton has it. She came in this afternoon."

"Yes, yes. Why, of course. Well, well, to be sure."

After the first shock Hugh found himself strangely and utterly calm. There was not the slightest confusion in his mind. "I'm going back to take another look at my wife," he said to himself, "and if I still like her as I once did, I'm going to keep her. I may have to break her neck occasionally, but I'm the sort of a man who wants a wife, and I might as well admit it. Miss White . . . Myrtle. . . . And I got mad at Ruth for buying a saucepan. Huh. One lives and learns."

Ruth rose as he entered, blushed, then smiled timidly. Hugh did precisely what he had intended to do—stood and looked at her appraisingly.

"Are you glad to see me?" She tried to say it bravely, but the last word was not audible. Still he looked at her.

"I'll be good, Hugh. I've had—I've had—a lesson."

"That's all you need to say, Ruth. I've had a few myself."

"Are we going to—live together—again?" The sentence came in sections.

"Yes."

Ruth marveled at his calmness. He looked the same—but he was different somehow. More mature.

At breakfast the following morning she said: "Hugh, darling, I don't like this hotel. It's so shabby. And surely you wouldn't want to go on living right here in the city. Wouldn't it be much nicer to have a little cottage somewhere farther out?"

"And commute!" Hugh registered indescribable horror.

"But can't we afford a car? It would be good for you to drive in the open air every day."

They pondered this in silence for ten seconds, then their eyes met.

"God help me!" Ruth exclaimed. "I'm at it again." She scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry.

But it was a beautiful morning, and everything seemed all right. Everything! Rain was falling through a murky fog, clouds were hanging low, and the dining-room seemed warm and cozy, flooded with cheer and electric light. Hugh was happy. He seized all of the flowers in the bowl on their table and tossed them up in the air. Then they both laughed together.

TWELVE HUNDRED miles away, Jerry Callaghan, philosopher, and his friend Bill, ditto, backed a moving van up to the rear door of a pineboard cottage and splintered the stairs leading to a tiny back porch.

"Well, Bill, we moves 'em in and we moves 'em out," said Jerry.

"Yeh. What become of these two?"

"He run off with another girl, Smith's cook told me."

"Musta found the Queen o' Sheba."

"Naw, she was ugly."

Bill pondered this, as he naturally would, being a philosopher. Then he brought in a verdict: "Jerry, this marrying business starts out a kind of battle, and somebody's got to win. Now this here woman"—he pointed to the spot where Ruth had once stood—

"Yeh," Jerry interrupted, "that's what plates are made for. Let's get to work."

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

whose Father Brown stories were the finest detective tales since Sherlock Holmes, has written two new ones. The first, "The Curse of the Golden Cross," illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops, is

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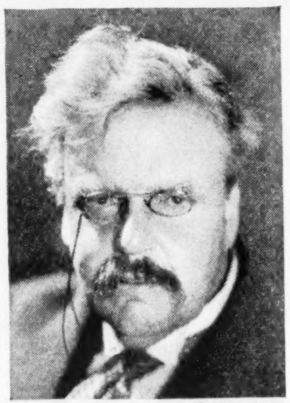

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"There is one near you"

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY
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This Way Out

Continued from page 19

she muttered. "It's so still you can hear the slime dripping in the well. I couldn't go off and leave that house—everything the way it's always been. It'd be like leaving one of them, Ma and Pa—like not burying them," she said.

NICK RICHTER had married to improve his position. His father, a blacksmith, having speculated in Texas oil, had been forced, just before he died, to sell his house, his shop and every hammer and horseshoe. Nick disliked his father's trade, and drifted in a radius of ten miles around the village, working by the day, week or month at odd jobs. He bought a horse and buggy when he could afford to, selling them if he lost his job, and looked for a wife at every Saturday and Sunday night dance for several years. But he danced with his jaw, his neck and his elbows, and the boisterous girls merely laughed at him, so these entertainments left him lonely and discouraged.

The lake in the swamp below the Stearns house contained pickerel and black bass, which George had been too law-abiding as well as too lazy to exterminate with nets. Since the owner was a bedridden widow in Milwaukee, he was its virtual proprietor, and rented his flat-bottomed rowboat two or three times a week. Nick drove up before the barn one Sunday morning, two bamboo poles wagging behind his buggy, and Amelia showed him where to tie his horse and brought the heavy oars.

He was soon recognized as her beau. George had always puttered about the sheds on Sunday, and Amelia, leaving her chores to him, claimed her first regular holiday. She and Nick went to picnics, and drove from village to village, stopping at the saloons for soda and beer, and sat very late on the back porch. Sometimes they went to the lake to fish or pretend to fish.

I saw them there one morning just before George died. Nick crouched in the bottom of the boat, half hidden, and Amelia, sitting on the broad back seat, held his head in her lap. Upon her face there was a vague, pale look of ecstasy, an ecstasy of possession without confidence and without hope.

There followed George's death, their hasty marriage, the mother's illness and death. By spring Nick must have recognized the sterility of the farm, for he put in only the patch of oats and the patch of corn, plowed up the garden for Amelia, and began to hire out to his neighbors as George had done. He was a good worker in his sour, muttering way, his shoulders bent forward like the wings of a large hawk, his gaunt wrists extended stiffly. Perhaps his marriage was a disappointment. Perhaps he had been contaminated by Amelia's discontent. Perhaps he was afraid of her.

Early in the next harvest I stopped one afternoon to ask Amelia if Nick could help my father any day that week.

My mare trotted in at Amelia's gate. A little way from the kitchen door some shirts and stockings and cotton sheets hung on a line.

"Hello!" I shouted. No answer. "Amelia!" An echo, small and soft, came back from the woods: "*Amee-lia!*" I jumped out of the buggy and went up the steps, certain that if she had gone to town she would have taken in the washing. The kitchen smelled of boot leather, manure, soft soap and cooking, and there was another odor which I identified as that of moth balls.

I stepped inside and called. The breakfast dishes lay in and around a dishpan of cold water, and the fire in the range was only a handful of pink coals. I felt the embarrassment of an empty house. Deciding that she had gone to the woods for blackberries, I drove away.

I intended to stop at Amelia's again, but as I came back from the village I detected in the air a faint bitterness of smoke—so faint at first that I thought it had drifted down from a forest fire in the north. When I came to the top of a hill I saw it hanging in a black mushroom over the swamp. I touched the mare with my whip and rattled into the valley, where the smoke was thick and steady and the color of wheat chaff, blowing slowly overhead.

It was the Stearns house. Through a hole in the roof a great draft lifted the flame as if in a chimney. The yard was full of men, whose faces in the ruddy light were strange and glistening. Sweat dripped on their blue shirts. They were fighting the fire eagerly and with some skill; already they had chopped away the flaming porch. Three men in turn worked the handle of the coughing, spurting pump, and bucket after bucket of water was passed from hand to hand and emptied.

I saw immediately that Amelia and Nick were not there. Some buggies and an automobile had stopped along the road, and several women looked on with interest, their summer dresses and parasols lending to the catastrophe an air of picnic.

The roof fell, splitting like paper, and after that the fire diminished. The floor sent up smoke and steam, but no more flame. The kitchen stove crashed through the charred boards into the cellar.

"But I don' know what these men are burstin' themselves for at this job," an old man said. "Looks to me like nobody's goin' to thank 'em for it. The mare and the cart 're gone."

"Oh," I shouted half-heartedly, "I guess they've gone to town. They'll be back, poor devils."

But I knew better. My eyes had rested on the clothes line; the washing which had hung there was gone. I remembered what Amelia had said the day her mother was buried: "I couldn't go off and leave that house—everything the way it's always been."

Had they been in the house? Had they heard me call? Had they been hiding there, in the other rooms or behind a door?

YEARS afterward, while I was stopping for a few days in a town in the western part of the state, a carnival set up its tents in a dance-hall park between the river and the tracks.

Five great wagons and a mud-caked flivver were drawn up along the river.

In the center, like a fat woman pirouetting, the merry-go-round revolved laboriously.

A crowd of untidy women and shouting boys filled the alley between the tents. The refreshment booth, a great umbrella of canvas inclosed by planks laid from barrel to barrel, did a brisk business. Next to it stood a "hit-the-nigger-baby" establishment—a hierarchy of dolls and a pile of baseballs with which to knock them down, and a display of bad cigars and felt pillow covers for prizes. Though it was Saturday afternoon, few men were there to patronize it, for those who had worked all morning in the heat naturally preferred to lie on couches indoors, with newspapers over their faces.

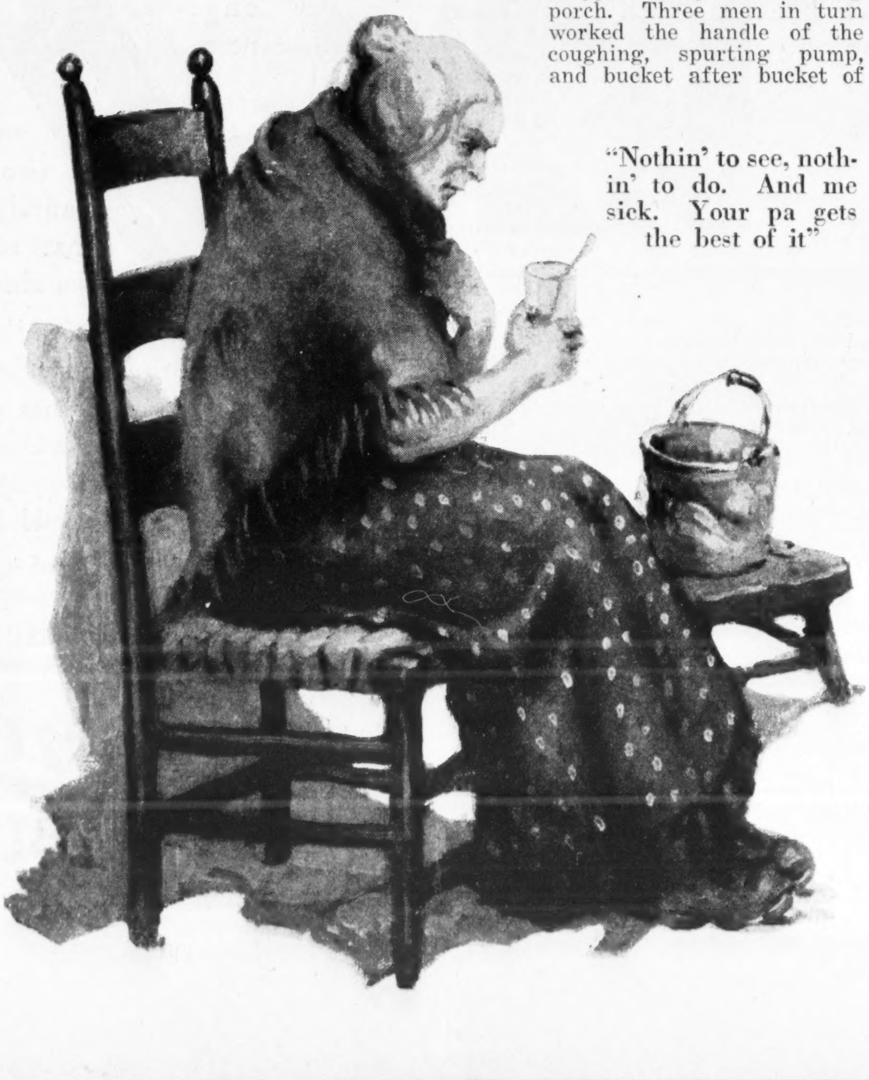
The showmen's cheeks drooped with disillusionment and fatigue. Business was not good; business was never good, or never good enough. It was a hard life: shouting, luring, browbeating, laughing and singing; eating the poorest food; counting the smallest coins; packing the tents, frayed finery, nigger dolls, fangless rattlesnakes and petrified Belgian babies; the boss and his wife going ahead in the flivver to rent the next park, the rest following slowly after the strong-smelling horses. They must have learned, the youngest carnival queen and the newest freak, that romance is for those who see, never for those who do, and underpaid as a profession.

The leaves of the maples, pockmarked and bleached by a common blight, loosened and glided through the windless air. The calliope played; the barkers grew hoarse; several babies cried. I went on to the next tent, labeled in great letters GAY PAREE, joining the crowd which gathered to see a free show before the performance.

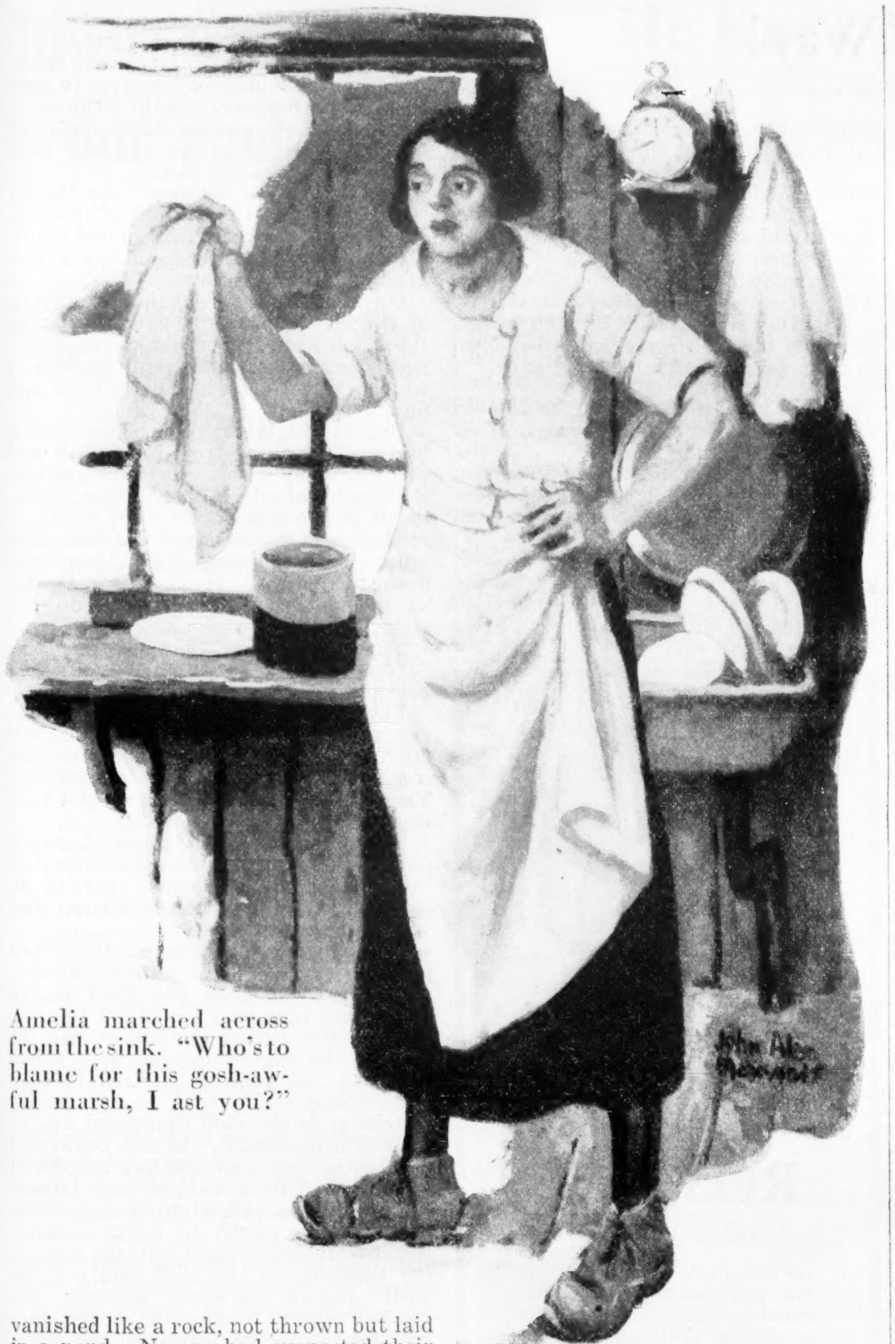
Three women and a Negro stood on a platform like a large bench. The Negro, who stood sleepily beside them, crouched now and began to pipe, drearily and loud, on a sort of flute. The women stiffened, their lips parted, the pupils of their eyes grew large and cold. Three arms were lifted, and all their bodies throbbed, paused, and throbbed again. Then each one curved her waist extremely, first to the right side, then to the left, and each seemed to spring upward and relax like a bow from which an arrow has been shot. Three shrill cries and a tapping of the Negro's foot marked the beat.

During the dance a woman came out of the tent behind the performers and sat down in the ticket box. It was Amelia!

I was shocked and amazed. Seven years had passed. And the pair had



"Nothin' to see, nothin' to do. And me sick. Your pa gets the best of it"



Amelia marched across from the sink. "Who's to blame for this gosh-awful marsh, I ast you?"

vanished like a rock, not thrown but laid in a pond. No one had suspected their intention, and after they went their neighbors wondered why rather than where they had gone. The police could have traced them, but why should they have been traced? The farm, which was heavily mortgaged, went to a real-estate agent who came out from time to time to stare at the ruin and to stamp over the miserable fields, not knowing what to do with them. Seven years ago. . . . Doubtless someone found out what had become of them, but I had been away from home for years and had never heard.

AMELIA had changed more than I, and at first I was afraid she would give me a mild welcome—to what? The tent was all she had. But in a few moments I began to doubt if she would have recognized her own father. She sat there above me like a figure in a jack-in-the-box, took out a roll of tickets like a pulley wheel, and counted the change in a box. Her small eyes drifted heedlessly from dull face to dull face; so many strangers, so many fools, so many tickets to be sold! She had forgotten me, forgotten, above all, what I remembered.

She was grotesquely fat. Her narrow lips had been pressed together by rectangular cheeks, there were deep crevices at her wrists, and the sharp chin was lost in a succession of double chins gathered into a tight necklace of amber beads as large as cherries. It was evident, by the way she sat in that booth like a pulpit, that all this meant progress and prosperity. Every distortion of her face, every aggrandizement of her body proclaimed her contentment. Soothed by movement and noise, gorged by excitement, the girl who had resembled years ago a wistful rat was satisfied.

I looked about for Nick, and his appearance between the flaps, coat tails first, as he argued with someone inside the tent, silenced the music and arrested the dancing. He came forward and began to harangue the onlookers and there was the suggestion of a curse in the tone of his voice. Amelia did not look at him, but nevertheless she seemed, in her fulfillment, to mock his angry hands, the furtive hope of his eyes, his mastiff jaw that would never dare to snap.

"You have here, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, smiling wanly, "the flower of Oriental art. It is no singing and dancing for children. There are things about it they would not appreciate. All these famous performers have appeared in Paris. The French do not relish tame entertainments. They like it hot; they like it strong. You have seen their free pre-liminary dance. It is only a sample of what they can do. The admission is ten cents. I advise you strongly to come in. The show starts in five minutes."

The women and the Negro sauntered down the steps behind the flap. But I knew all there could be to see behind that flap, an entrance as casual as the entrance into life itself. The exit was the all-important affair, once you were in. It would be lettered large and commandingly on the canvas wall: THIS WAY OUT. . . . Nick disappeared. Amelia began to tear off tickets and make change, and presently she followed, never glancing at the stragglers or at me.

I did not see them again. I did not need to hear their story. For in the dusty grove were tents, the brass throats of the calliope opened again, and the whole town throbbed with music. Those silences in which she had heard "slime dripping in the well" were vanquished.

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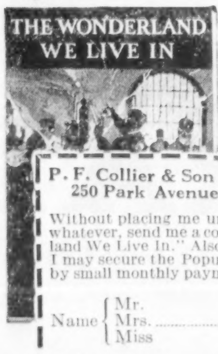

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Give Way!

Continued from page 7

that the best be met? Doesn't the college demand it? Doesn't your father, above all others, require it?"

"You say Father and the rest must coöperate. Have you ever coöperated? Or has anyone who thinks as you do? Communism! Why, you and your Senator Hardwick and all the rest are more autocratic and individualistic than Father ever thought of being." She paused to catch her breath, for she was speaking under deep emotion.

"Yet this morning I was utterly carried away by your fervor! And I've always been under your spell, just as your people out West will be."

"Shirley—"

"John, look back over the time you've been president of your class. Have you tried to lead, or have you tried to drive? And all the while I thought you were so splendid, so unselfish in your love for that poor trusting creature, the dear old fellow man!"

"Do you think," he said quietly, "that your interest in rowing gives you the right to say all this to me, Shirley?"

"That was a horrid remark, John. My right? You gave me the right when you asked me to marry you. You haven't forgotten that, have you?"

"I haven't forgotten."

"I was to help you, fight with you. I—" She sobbed, fought down her emotion. "Did you really mean that?"

"I meant it, Shirley."

"How could a mental slave do these things? That's what I would have to be. And I couldn't be that. I simply could not. I never was, even with Father. You wouldn't tolerate anything else." Her lips were quivering. "You knew how I wanted the crew to win, and yet you—" She fought to control her voice.

"Shirley—" He caught her hand and held it, staring into her face. At length she shook her head, smiling sadly, withdrawing her hand.

"You see, there's nothing to say—nothing. It was a brave dream, John. It seemed beautiful. It—"

He interrupted her with a sharp exclamation:

"Damn Tom Stuyvesant!"

"No!" She raised her hand, then started, as though remembering something she had wished to say. "John, let me tell you something about Stuyve. When you and he were candidates for president of the class Tom kept it hidden that it was he who gave to the university the new athletic field house—so that the election would not be influenced. And you know it would have been if he or anyone had told."

"Tom Stuyvesant gave that field house?" Dexter's head was moving as though dazedly.

"Yes; he gave it."

There was silence. At length his hand rose to his forehead, passing slowly across it to and fro.

"Shirley, are you going to marry Stuyve?"

She shook her head.

"Tom will never ask me to do that. Our—our—friendship has never been that sort."

There was a long pause, and it seemed freighted with portent.

"Shirley—" It seemed to her that he was shivering. "Shirley, I withdraw what I asked you this afternoon. It—it was—selfish. . . . It was worse than that. It—"

Abruptly, with a little convulsive exclamation, he turned from her, striding swiftly down the gangway.

Shirley remained as she had been standing, staring into the night. . . . The hum of a motor beneath brought her to the rail. It was the Trident's launch darting shoreward, a tall slouched figure standing in the cockpit.

JUST at the hour set for the morning row next day John Dexter swung from the main road into the yard of the crew quarters. His clothes were dust-covered, his bronzed face drawn.

Bronson, who had been pacing the veranda with ever-growing anger and apprehension, hastened down the steps to meet him.

"Dexter—" His voice caught. He cleared it raspingly. "You've been away all night. Do you think, sir—"

Dexter raised his hand, speaking in a level voice: "What I've done I had to do. This is no time for words, sir. Say anything you want later. But just now—where's Tom Stuyvesant?"

"He's down at the boathouse dressing. All the crew are. Look here, Dexter—"

But the stroke had lurched away, hurrying toward the steps that led down to the river.

AS HE reached the float the captain came out of the boathouse, bearing an oar, garbed for rowing.

"Dexter!" He stepped back. Then a frown settled upon his face, an expression of contempt. "John, let me tell you—"

"Stuyve, wait a minute; just a minute." He turned, beckoning to the coach. "I want you to hear this too." He waited for Bronson to come up.

ROSE-LEE

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

is a love story. Later will come two more such by James Oppenheim. There is a difference of opinion as to which is the best, but "Rose-Lee" has strong support!

In next week's

Collier's

"Coach—Stuyve—you're going in at stroke to-day; I'm going to row at No. 7."

"For the love of—" Words died upon the captain's lips; a flow of deep color darkened his face.

The coach stepped up to Dexter, seizing him roughly by the arm.

"Dexter—"

"Wait!" Dexter fixed his blazing eyes upon the coach and dominated him. "You want to win Saturday. I want to win. All right. I go in at No. 7. Stuyve at stroke. Try it. That's all." He swung upon the captain. "Do you get what I'm driving at? You can't be so thick that you don't."

Stuyvesant gazed at him a moment through narrowed lids.

"Do you know what it means, giving up the stroke position? That's an honorable berth in this old college, boy."

"I know just what I'm doing, Stuyve. I can't do what I want to do if I'm at stroke. I can at No. 7. Understand? I'll take your stroke, digest it and—"

"John!" The captain's face was drawn into lines of perplexity. Then suddenly he swung toward Bronson with that sharp little tilt of the chin.

"Coach, I agree with Dexter."

Bronson studied the two men a moment. Suddenly he nodded. . . .

Fifteen minutes later the varsity eight squared away from the float upon the bosom of a limpid stream. Directly astern the coaching launch floated, waiting for the shell to get clear and speeding from the middle of the river to meet them came the boat from the Trident.

Dexter could see the white figure of Shirley Whitehorn, the thickset form of her father at her side.

But he felt no emotion. As though still involved in the turmoil of thought, he plied his oar with mechanical effort, his eyes set and expressionless, his forehead cleft with furrows.

On went the crew out into the middle of the river, languidly paddling, while the coach leaned upon his megaphone—loath, as it seemed, to begin the test in which evidently he had little hope and no belief at all.

But at length, as Whitehorn took a half-smoked cigar from his mouth and threw it away with an irritable gesture, the coach raised his megaphone, pointing it at the coxswain.

"Let her go, Sandy. Quarter of a mile. Make a racing start, then come down to about—" He turned to Dexter as though in appeal. "What do you want, John?"

"Thirty-four," was the quiet reply.

"All right, down to thirty-four and hold it. Are you ready? Go!"

There came a crash of oars. Cascades of spray hid the hull of the shell from view. The voice of the coxswain rose in staccato outcry. Fifteen strokes. Then the eight slowly came down to a measured swing.

The coach was leaning 'way forward now, both hands gripping the gunwales, his eyes fixed, his breath coming in slow gasps. Whitehorn had risen and was leaning forward too.

Suddenly Bronson shivered. He rubbed his eyes as though to dismiss illusion, then set them upon the shell again. Thus they remained for a full minute. Out of the corner of his mouth he ordered the engine speeded up. When the boat had gone a hundred feet he cried "Stop." He sank to his knees, watching, as the shell thundered up.

Then as it swept by the man confirmed all that he had seen and had not dared to believe. This is what he saw: he saw the crew deliver their stroke and swing back for the catch to begin another stroke—all their weight working against the headway of the shell and yet the shell gliding forward between the strokes without a hang, the water singing and hissing along the polished sides. Rhythm! Symphony! Harmony! Beauty and surpassing speed!

"Weigh all!" the coach's voice went over the waters like a trumpet.

SWIFTLY Dexter's head turned back over his shoulder, his brow no longer furrowed, his eyes calm and smiling. From the captain's eyes came beads of tears, and he was not ashamed. In the face of every oarsman was the light of a great exaltation. They had no need of any word from the coach. They knew. They had shared in the magic of poetry. They were one. The coxswain was shouting, juggling his megaphone.

"Fellows—" The coach's voice broke. He turned to the Trident's launch as it shot alongside. "Did you see what's happened to this crew, Mr. Whitehorn?"

"See? Did I see!" Whitehorn's gruff voice ascended a rising scale. "Do you think my eyes have gone back on me?"

The shell was drifting back upon the tide and was now abreast of the two launches.

"Dexter"—Whitehorn rose, gesturing toward the No. 7—"Shirley told me what you've done to-day; I mean, why you did it. It's a big thing, my boy, and I want to say publicly that I know how big it is."

For a moment there was utter silence. Then Whitehorn leaned forward, fixing the oarsman with his piercing eyes, an unwonted thrill in his voice.

"Dexter, you've done something for yourself to-day. You've made yourself more valuable to this old world—or more dangerous. Which?"

"Why, sir—" Dexter raised his head. His eyes met Whitehorn's squarely. Then he turned to Shirley, staring at her while the soft June winds swept over their heads and the waters went rippling to the sea. Suddenly the girl averted her face. But she was flushing and smiling radiantly.

Must we revise our package slips?

Mr. Newman slips us something new

In the larger sizes of Edgeworth containers we have long been in the habit of enclosing a slip or card, bearing the following invitation:

> Thank you! As a user of Edgeworth tobacco, we are sure you appreciate its merits, which have won for it a Distinction among Extra High Grade products.
>
> May we not ask you to urge your friends who are not smokers of Edgeworth to give it a trial. You may use the other side of this card. Thank you.
>
> Larus & Bro. Co.

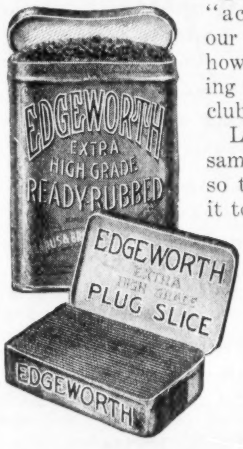
Mr. Newman returns a slip to us with this notation:

> Melrose, Mass.
>
> Larus & Bro. Co.,
> Richmond, Va.
>
> Gentlemen:
> My friends all use Edgeworth, showing that I select men of good judgment for my friends. I have smoked your tobacco for twenty-five years.
>
> Yours appreciatively,
> B. S. Newman.

We yield the floor to Mr. Newman. We suspect, however, that he is responsible to some extent for the fact that all his friends are members of the Edgeworth Club.

We size up Mr. Newman to be one of those chaps who like to share good things with others. And the fact that he has been smoking Edgeworth for twenty-five years is a pretty good sign that he has some very decided opinions about it.

The question is, shall we change the wording from "friends" to "acquaintances" on our container slips, or how shall we avoid being "called" by other club members?



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He Knew Washington

Continued from page 11

things which could have happened to him, because it drew him nearer to General Washington, who showed his concern for him in the most touching manner possible.

Indeed, those who have had the opportunity to see this eminent man during these trying days alone can realize the beauties of his great character, his complete unselfishness, and trust in God, which is as deep as a little child's. When he visited Monsieur de La Fayette the first time, I was standing near the door, and I shall never forget General Washington's majestic figure as he quietly entered the room and opened his arms to Monsieur de La Fayette without saying one word. It was a great, a memorable moment, this experienced warrior bending over the young man whom, one felt, he had taken to his heart; and Monsieur de La Fayette afterward told me that it was well worth being wounded and suffering to be afterward cheered up by the kindness of such a real hero.

I am quite well, and I implore you, my dear Mother, not to worry about me, and to console Hélène, to whom I am also writing. I commend myself to your kind affection, and beg of you to remember that I shall always remain

Your dutiful and affectionate son,
De Maussion.

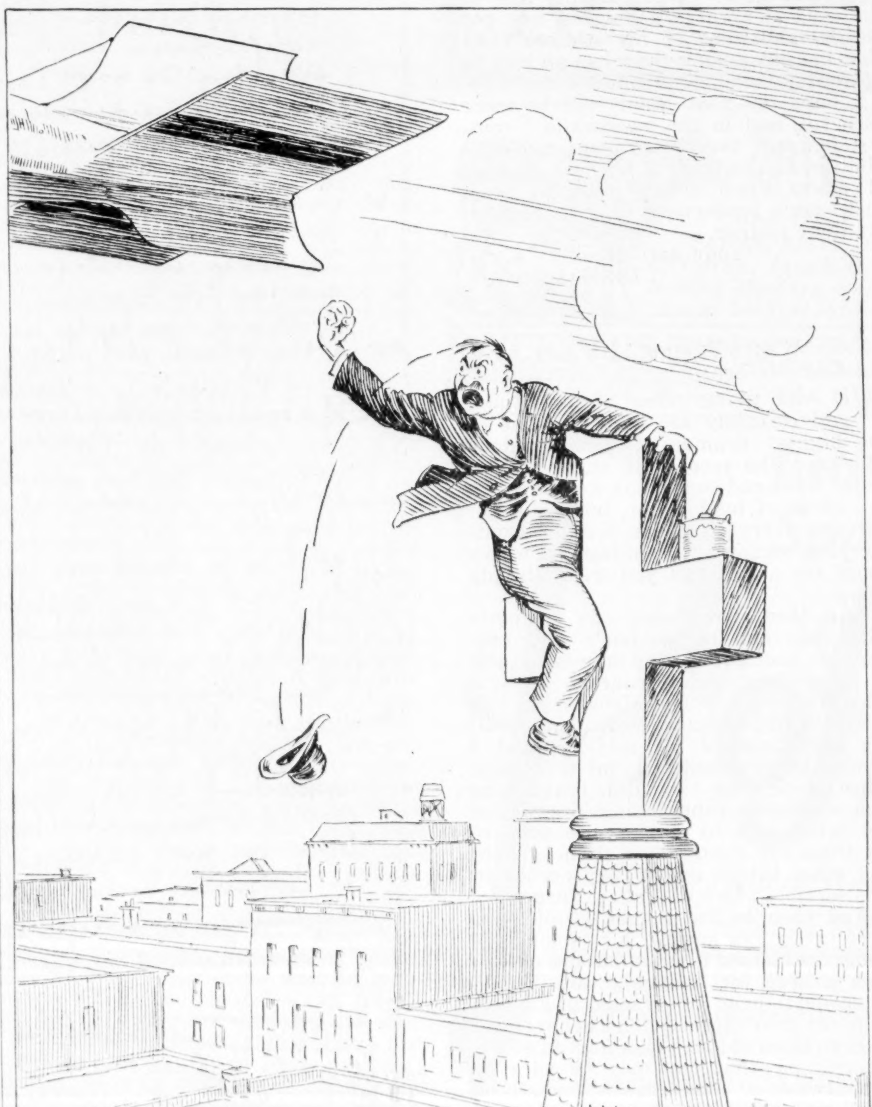
Valley Forge Camp,
10th January, 1778.

My dear Mother,

IN MOMENTS of deep depression I always turn to you and feel the want of your tenderness. I would have liked so much to give you good news, but unfortunately things don't look very bright for us at present, although there is one piece of good news I want first of all to give to you. This is that at last Congress has begun to appreciate the services of Monsieur de La Fayette, thanks—this must be said at once—thanks to the constant protection that General Washington has awarded to him, and it was with real joy we learned that Congress at last informed him that it was "highly agreeable to it that the Marquis de La Fayette should be appointed in command of a division in the Continental Army." And immediately he had received this communication General Washington put Monsieur de La Fayette in command of a division the leader of which, General Stephen, had not succeeded in winning his confidence. But this proof of the great regard in which Monsieur de La Fayette was held by General Washington, was, I regret to have to say, viewed with great disfavor by some people who are jealous of both these men, and would like nothing better than to see them fail in whatever they attempt to do.

So, for instance, rumors without number are being spread in regard to the choice of this place as a camp of retrenchment. But this is entirely a false accusation—the one which attributes to ignorance on the part of General Washington his choice of this place and the miseries the troops have had to put up with since they were led to it. It is true that the men are enduring great hardships in regard to lack of good food, warm clothes, shoes, blankets, and

(*Continued on page 42*)



Steeple Jack (to aviator): "Hey! Look out there, whose hat yer knockin' off!"

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RACINE

What would you do?

Fourth hand doubles your opening bid of 1-Heart. *What does this demand?*

♠ K-J-10-5 ♣ Q-J-9
♡ A-K-7-4-2 ◇ A

Your partner has doubled the opening bid of 1-Diamond, and then has doubled third hand's bid of 1-Heart. *What should you do?*

♠ 7-5-3 ♣ 10-9-5-2
♡ K-J-10-6 ◇ 8-4

Suppose you hold the following hand when your partner's opening bid of 1-Heart has been overcalled by 1-Spade. You are too short in hearts to safely raise his bid; you hold no spade stop to go no-trump; you cannot safely depend upon defeating 1-Spade; your side suits are too short to warrant bidding either of them; you may pass a game if you decline to declare. *What must you do?*

♠ 9-6-4-3 ♣ A-Q-J
♡ 8-5 ◇ A-K-7-2

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He Knew Washington

Continued from page 41

even straw, and it is very heartrending to have to look at them and see them suffer, but whose fault is it? Congress', that has turned a deaf ear to all the entreaties of General Washington to furnish him all he needs for his army, and not his, because no one could have done more than this great and good man for his soldiers. But there are intrigues without number going on against him, and evil-minded people are trying as hard as they can to sully his fair fame. But, as you always say, my dear Mother, adversity it is that brings out our best qualities, and during the dark hours we are living through General Washington is certainly the most patient of us all, and always finds a word of good cheer to say; and with it all he never blames anybody but tries to palliate other people's mistakes. Yet he must know that there is a whole conspiracy against him, a conspiracy that works in the dark, and which is as relentless as it is shameless. He must also know that there is English gold at the bottom of it, and that one of its aims is to separate him from those he trusts. But he remains silent through it all, and when one sees this wonderful courage, then, my dear Mother, one forgets one's own sufferings to admire his self-possession and admirable serenity. And I am glad to have to tell you that throughout it all Monsieur de La Fayette, in spite of the efforts made to detach him from the general, has remained true and faithful to him.

We all work, and work hard, drilling and reorganizing our soldiers. But it is weary work when the men are so run down by privations, cold and hunger. They lack everything, and we do also, yet what better proof can one find of the hold General Washington has got on the affections of his soldiers than that not one among them has an idea to escape or to abandon him?

I hope my next letter will be more cheerful, and in the meanwhile I commend myself to your prayers, my dear Mother, and to those of my dear Hélène, of whom I am always thinking with such deep tenderness, and I remain, my dear mother,

Your dutiful son,
DE MAUSSION.

WHITE PLAINS, 14th July, 1778.

My dear Mother:

WE ARE living indeed in great times and certainly are actors in one of the biggest dramas of which history will keep the record. I wrote to you under what sad conditions we had spent the whole of last winter, but I did not tell you everything, for fear of exciting your sorrow and making you worry about me more than you were already doing.

And then, how could one complain when one had before one's eyes constantly and every day the spectacle of the endurance and courage of General Washington, who alone never lost his faith in the future? He shared all the privations of his soldiers, and I firmly believe suffered in a certain sense more than they did, because he was constantly reproaching himself for not being able to do more to procure for them the food, warm clothes, shoes and other things which they needed in this terrible place of Valley Forge.

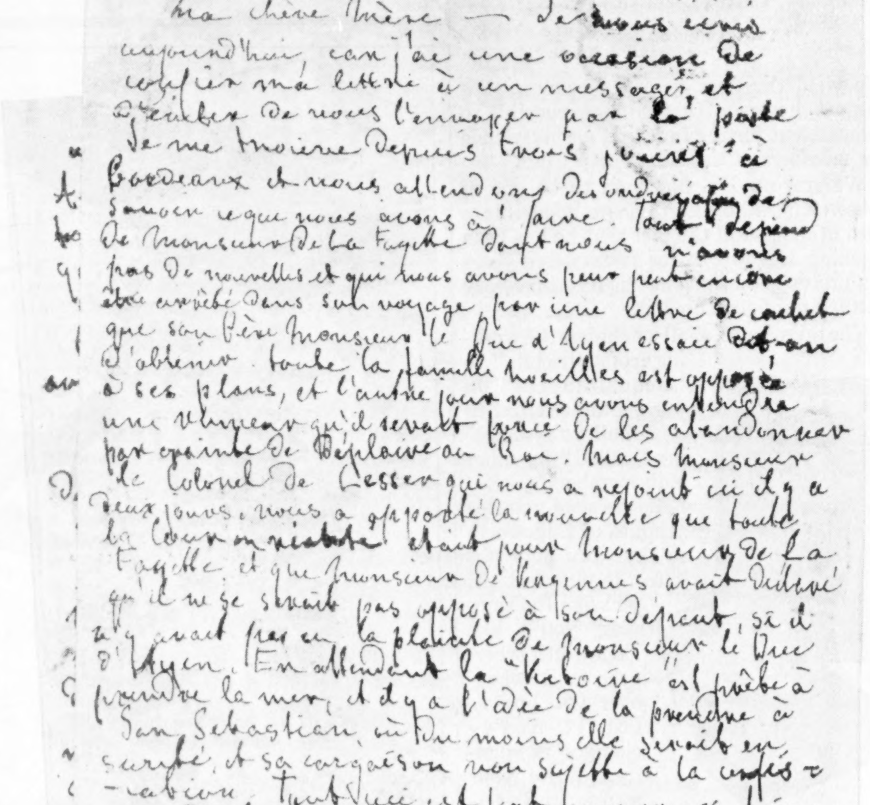
And then he knew that people who were intriguing against him among the Congress blamed him for having chosen such a spot for a camp. But should you come to hear him blamed in France, then, my dear Mother, don't believe that he ever deserved it. This man is so extraordinary that one may be sure he has always a good reason for all he does; and, besides, how could he foresee that he would not be supported by Congress and that the supplies for which he constantly kept asking would not be sent to him? Any other man in his place would have lost his temper, but he remained throughout the calm, superior being he always is. But, all the same, even he must have been glad when spring appeared at last, and who has not seen spring in this country cannot form an idea of its beauty, nor of the magnificence of nature's awakening after its long winter slumber, in this strange land.

And for us poor sufferers it brought another joy, the happy news that at last the treaty between France and America had been signed and ratified. We received the joyful message on the night of May 4th, and you should just have seen the enthusiasm with which it was greeted and the feeling of confidence which all of a sudden replaced the dark discouragement that had preceded it. It was then that General Washington began to reap the fruit of his past exertions, and he could truly say that out of those terribly dismal winter quarters his army had come stronger than it had been before, and even more devoted to him than before, because it understood that but for him this alliance with France could never have been achieved, and that with France fighting with it and by its side America could never be beaten.

We also, French officers and French soldiers, knew at last that we had done the right thing and that the feeling of enthusiasm which had sent us across the sea had really been Heaven-inspired. And you may picture to yourself, my dear Mother, the further joy which filled our hearts when, one week ago, we learned that our French fleet under Monsieur d'Estaing had reached Delaware Bay. Monsieur de La Fayette, when informed of it, exclaimed, "Now I can say my Nunc Dimittis!"

But before that we had other trials, and poor Monsieur de La Fayette in particular had bad days to live through. I must explain to you that the English general in command of the army quartered in Philadelphia received orders to abandon that town and concentrate his troops at New York. The name of that general is Clinton, and he had no sooner started his march than General Washington, who had all the time succeeded in being informed of his movements, determined to pursue him.

But before attempting any decisive step he sent an advance guard to ascertain the exact position of the enemy, and he put it under the command of Monsieur de La Fayette, to whom he gave very precise instructions, in which he recommended to him to use every possible precaution in order to guard against surprise, and to remember that if any accident happened to his detachment it would mean a severe blow for the whole of the army. Monsieur de La Fayette promised to obey and started. But it seems that a spy denounced him and that he allowed himself to be surrounded by the British forces. For one moment he thought himself lost, and General Washington, who had been following his movements through his field glasses, also became quite frightened. Monsieur de La Fayette, however, con-



Ma chère Mère — Je vous écris
aujourd'hui, car j'ai une occasion de
confier ma lettre à un messager, et
d'éviter de vous l'envoyer par la poste.
Je me trouve depuis trois jours à
Bordeaux et nous attendons des instructions afin de
savoir ce que nous avons à faire. Tout dépend
de Monsieur de La Fayette dont nous n'avons
pas de nouvelles et qui nous avons peur peut encore
être arrêté dans son voyage par une lettre de cachet
que son père Monsieur le Duc d'Ayen essaie [illegible]
d'obtenir. toute la famille Noailles est opposée
à ses plans, et l'autre jour nous avons entendu dire
une rumeur qu'il serait forcé de les abandonner
par crainte de déplaire au Roi. Mais Monsieur
le Colonel de Lesser qui nous a rejoint ici il y a
deux jours, nous a apporté la nouvelle que toute
la Cour [illegible] était pour Monsieur de La
Fayette et que Monsieur de Vergennes avait déclaré
qu'il ne se serait pas opposé à son départ, si il
n'y avait pas eu la plainte de Monsieur le Duc
d'Ayen. En attendant la "Victoire" est prête à
prendre la mer, et il y a l'idée de la prendre à
San Sebastian, où du moins elle serait en
sûreté, et sa cargaison non sujette à la confis-
cation. Tout ceci est fort ennuyeux et in-
commodant et nous ne sommes nullement
gais en ce moment. Mais deux de mes amis
ainsi que moi même sommes décidés que même
si Monsieur de La Fayette ne réussit pas à nous
rejoindre, nous nous embarquerons tout de
même sur un autre bateau que la Victoire

[illegible]
tendres saints Je sais que vous [illegible]
et qu'ils sont en sûreté sous votre protection
et en attendant je vous supplie de ne pas m'oublier
dans vos prières et me signe votre fils très
respectueux Gaston de Maussion

14 mai 1777 Bordeaux

A facsimile of a letter written by the man "who knew Washington" trived to extricate himself from his perilous position; but, although I would not say to anybody else but to you, my dear Mother, it was through his luck, not his knowledge of strategy or warfare, and this he recognized himself and very frankly avowed that if he had adhered strictly to the instructions which he had received from General Washington he would not have found himself in such a plight.

But now, will you believe it, my dear Mother, the general never said so much as one word of reproach to him, when he saw him afterward, and on the contrary extolled the skill he had displayed in extricating himself from his dangerous position. I heard that when some people who dislike Monsieur de La Fayette tried to disparage him to General Washington, and to make the latter say something against him, the only reply which they got was that if things had turned to our disadvantage he would have reproached himself for intrusting the fate of the detachment to a man so young as Monsieur de La Fayette, and with so little experience, but that as things had turned out he could only applaud himself for the wise choice he had made of our young marquis.

And now you would think that this is enough of unpleasant things, but I have something more to tell to you, and it will prove to you how little General Washington can rely even on his most trusted lieutenants and how, in fact, the whole responsibility of the campaign rests on his shoulders alone. An officer called Lee, who had joined us with a fair record of bravery, but who had insisted far too much, in the opinion of some competent people, to be given a command in preference to Monsieur de La Fayette, whom he disliked, proved to be nothing else but a traitor, most probably sold over to the English. As soon as he was invested with authority he started to play the British game, and absolutely refused to attack General Clinton; on the contrary, began to withdraw before him.

Monsieur de La Fayette, whose clear judgment saw at once what was the matter, asked him point-blank whether he was going to fight or not, and being told in reply that it was impossible to take a stand against English soldiers, took it upon himself to send a messenger posthaste to General Washington to inform him of what was taking place; and then, my dear Mother, I saw for the first time what fury means, because anything more appallingly terrible than the face of General Washington when he appeared upon the scene, and galloped toward Lee, I have never seen, nor has anyone else.

"You are a coward," he cried to Lee in a thundering voice, and then fired away a volley of oaths such as neither I nor any other human being ever heard before. But he stopped the retreat, and his fine, wrathful appearance aroused an indescribable enthusiasm. Mars himself, if he had dropped down from the heavens, could not have done more than this great man did on that eventful day, the remembrance of which will always live in history. And after that the English were compelled to withdraw, and now we hear that Lee is to be court-martialed, which he richly deserves. If ever a traitor existed, he is the man.

Since then, my dear Mother, nothing of much importance has taken place, so I will end this already too long letter, which, however, I hope you and Hélène will have the patience to read, and I remain, my dear Mother, always your dutiful and affectionate son,

De Maussion.

(*To be concluded next week*)

Thrills in the Jungle

Continued from page 28

thirst, raised his head and gazed fixedly before him, wrinkling his forehead and remaining very quiet. And the more distant his gaze, the less he seemed to observe, and the deeper became the wrinkles.

The night came quickly, and the tragedies of the darkness began. The little monkey had long ago forgotten his momentary abstraction and was curled in a slumbering ball high among the dense foliage of a jungle tree. . . . If there is such a thing as prophecy, if the first beginnings of great and momentous things make themselves felt abroad, then the cool night wind carried with it more than the scent of orchids and the calls of the night folk. It must have vibrated with the sense of the end of a great régime. The dominance of animals was tottering, the beginning of the end of earthly evolution. Something introspective had come to pass—a glimpse of the ego—a momentary flash of self-consciousness. The little face in the water was not really another monkey. And the end of this realization was to be man.

But one such revelation was of no avail, and whether the little monkey was finally caught by his arch-enemies—the serpents or leopards—or sometime slipped and fell into his pool, we shall never know. But his memory can never die, for he was the first Seer—his eyes were the first to look Beyond and Within.

THEN the new thing happened to great ape-like creatures. Day after day they would stop in their swift, hand-over-hand swinging through the treetops and gaze into space for a moment. These primitive *penseurs* were at a disadvantage, for when their less psychic brethren caught them off guard they promptly crept up and slew them. But, relentless and remorseless as the waters of the open sea, these waves of abstraction rolled on. And, like bits of drifting wreckage, came tossed and tumbled thoughts, dumb and inarticulate, groping and quite inadequate.

Against single-thinkers the thoughtless ones could easily prevail. And all the more easily because in the beginning it was, as it shall be in the end, the law of compensation allots brawn to one and mind to another, as dominant attributes. This abstraction was a thing apart and unlike all other changes which had come in the past. When one stumbled upon a new way of opening coconuts, or experienced witless facility in walking upright for a few steps, one naturally kept the knowledge to oneself. Why should any new-found ability be shared? But these disturbing, inexplicable trances often led to a greater interest in one's neighbor or one's mate.

Ah, one's mate! One had not thought of this before, except as a pleasing something to be kept near one. Blindly one had captured it somehow, and one felt that one would tear that fellow ape apart with teeth and sheer muscle if he came nearer one's mate and if. . . . But here some buzzing fly was sure to distract, or a troublesome itching of one's back which required one's whole attention, and then . . . well, there was always something else, or food or sleep.

Not only to the great bull apes came these lightning glimpses of self, but also to the females. But with a difference. The correlation was direct. The momentary loss due to introspection was all but negatived by the instantaneous return to the objective; a return which was like the ascent of the diver with his pearl—a swift recovery of consciousness leavened with the unfathomable mystery of intuition.

They understood and waited quietly. And for this waiting they shall have naught but praise, superlative praise. For it is not difficult to wait in ignorance. Thus the crystal waits for its perfect growth; the seed for the century-delayed warmth and water. But with understanding to have patience; to feel, however dumbly and blindly, the future of equality, of splendid unanimity of interest and respect and to play one's hopeless, inarticulate part and wait—this is very wonderful.

And this was the part of the female apes and the ape women. And the difference between these was too fine for any written words. But as nearly as may be it was the difference between

(*Continued on page 44*)

MAKING MONEY OUT OF RAINDROPS

Storms are no longer a hindrance to modern business, because to-day a forecast may be made by a simple device called the Stormoguide. With this handy accessory to home or office, which predicts the weather 12 to 24 hours in advance, industry is cashing in on the raindrops.

Here a department store consults the Stormoguide and advertises rubbers and umbrellas; there a contractor delays his excavating until a better day; here, again, a salesman shows the house and lot to-day, because to-morrow it will rain; and Public Service Corporations foretell the storms and traffic congestions that bring up their peak loads.

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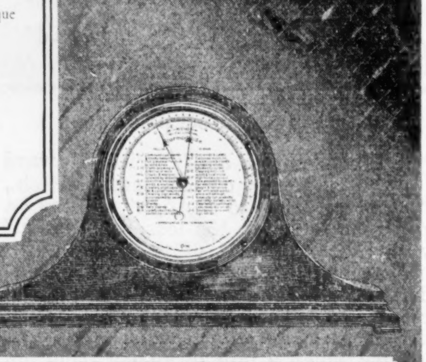

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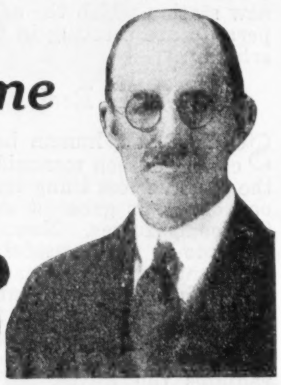

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Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Damp Communication

A BATTLESHIP with its masts shot away is practically helpless from a communication point of view. With this fact in mind, U. S. naval communication services are experimenting with jets of sea water as antennæ. Salt water is a good conductor, and while not so efficient as a wire, still the liquid aërial will undoubtedly prove valuable in emergencies.

station P-U-F-F
signor rollyeroni will now sing "your ears knows"
"I'd listen an hour for a llama!"

Smoky Reception

"A FEW nights ago," writes Edward Van Peenen of Kalamazoo, Mich., "I was listening to the fight returns on my single-circuit 'Hi-loss, one-lunger' with a fair amount of volume when a neighbor came over to listen also. Wondering how I managed to get such good results from such a small receiver, he lifted the cover of the cabinet to look it over, when a puff of smoke from his cigarette got between the plates of the condenser. Such volume emitted from the set that it was audible through the earphones all over the house. Trying it again the same thing happened so I am now trying to improvise a way of keeping the smoke between the plates, since I don't smoke and it would be inconvenient for my neighbor to come over every time I want to listen in."

Nothing to Cause Alarm

THOSE of my readers who enjoy possession of wonder sets which can bring in anything at any time under all conditions must not be alarmed if soon after this they hear a station in operation announcing in tones that cannot be identified with any known language. They will not be listening to a resident of Mars or Venus, but merely to the new station which the advocates of Esperanto are erecting in Geneva, Switzerland.

This is Real Wireless

SO FAR as human beings are concerned carbon monoxide gas is about the most useless thing imaginable. It is one of man's greatest enemies, due to its deadly fumes. Now, however, it is about to be put to useful purpose. Experiments are being made to employ it as an aërial for radio transmission from an airplane. The radio frequency currents are superimposed on the exhaust from the motor, thus the gas actually radiates the waves. If successful it will eliminate the need of a trailing wire, which up to the present has been the most efficient form of aircraft aërial.

All for 25c in Stamps

YOU will find it worth your while to send in an order for one of our radio maps. They show all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and gives a distance finder. Send 25c in stamps to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Climbing the Band Wagon

WHEN the Bureau of Standards started out a couple of years ago to transmit standard waves so that station operators could check up their wave meters the ultimate result was not foreseen. In the course of events it was found that certain broadcast stations remained within one per cent of accuracy in their radiated waves over long periods of time. The bureau published a list of these stations, and cited them as possible additional checks in calibrating wave meters. The publicity caused many others to exert efforts to get on this list, the consequence being that many erring brothers are now proceeding on the straight and narrow path through the ether. This is very desirable because it limits the possible interference caused when two broadcast station waves heterodyne upon each other.

Pity the Poor Cops

ROY H. FRICKEN of Detroit tells me that the police flivvers of his city have long been equipped with radio receivers on which the patrolling policemen receive bulletins from the police broadcasting station KOP. The perambulating cops used to sneak in a little concert every now and then whenever they thought the crook business was a little dull. The chief police radio engineer, however, has changed all this, concludes Mr. Fricken, because he has designed a "tinker-proof, one-wave set, which needs must listen to the one station—KOP. Too bad to interfere with the music, but fine for the citizens who appreciate a constantly alert police force."

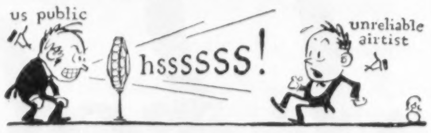
Send Us Your Ideas

WE'RE looking for short and interesting accounts of unusual radio experiences or new and practical suggestions which might be useful to other radio fans. We pay $10 for any good enough to print. Send them to Jack Binns, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Ladies, Please Get Busy

SOME of the best stuff on this page comes from young ladies. I'd like to have more because it is invariably non-technical and seems always to interest our readers.

There is no discrimination on account of sex in the compensation.



Write These Letters

I HAVE received a number of letters at various times complaining of the unreliability of the programs printed in the daily newspapers. The fault does not belong to the newspaper. Part of it rests with the broadcast station. Many broadcast stations send their programs in advance to the newspapers in such shape that it is impossible to edit them. A large number contain the most gushing reference to the artists, and the busy editor has no time to rewrite them.

The remaining portion of the blame rests upon the artists who fail to keep their appointments. Announcers are continuously urging you to write commendatory letters. Here's a good chance to comply with their requests. Every time a scheduled artist fails to appear write him a letter in care of the station he should have broadcast from, and tell him he owes it to the public to explain his delinquency. If enough of you do this we will get more regular and better regulated programs.

Thrills in the Jungle

Continued from page 43

waiting, and waiting with understanding.

And there were ape women when as yet there were no ape men for them to mate with. They followed the law and accepted any bull ape who broke through their subconscious restraint—that restraint and appraisement which worked for evolution a hundred thousand years ago and will to-morrow. So the bulls continued to come wooing like great brutal things of lust and brawn. And the ape women, with a last sidewise glance at their sisters, went with them.

And the bull apes, they too obeyed the law and performed the three functions of their life—they sought their food, escaped their enemies, and enjoyed their mates. But they also did a fourth thing equally important in the long run, which was hardly classifiable, because it was instinctive and its selfishness was obscured by heredity: they killed every weakling or crippled bull or disabled female. One great brawny female had to use tooth and muscle to save her baby. Thus for once the law failed. And the failure of the law was due to intuition. And this was the second result of the vision of the Seer.

The bulls had made but little use of their new-found self-realizations. But now the ape woman fought for her babe's life and won. Weak and small he certainly was, but he possessed wonderful quickness, and every pursuit and attempt on his life was unsuccessful.

And he grew up and became a failure as an ape. For he tired of catching flies, and scratching and sunning and sleeping did not seem to fill up all the hours of daylight. He played with stones and gathered them in heaps, and then fled. For at this point all the bull apes in sight, having forgotten yesterday's identical experience, rushed up, expecting that such labor must mean new-found food. Then he found hollow trees and beat upon them for hours with palm or stick. But he sought no mate, which was perhaps fortunate, for he would doubtless have returned maimed or else been slain outright by the outraged female.

Then one day came to pass the third wonderful thing: A great ape woman, who had left her fang marks on every bull who had tried to woo her, came shuffling along and joined the weakling. He fled only a short distance and then returned fearlessly. For deceit and treachery were still to be evolved, and when the mighty ape woman showed favor to him he knew that it was truth. He accepted her and continued to fear the world and to potter about with his stones and bright-colored blossoms, and his banging of hollow trees.

Then he commenced making club-like affairs and sat outside the burrows of small animals and smashed them when they appeared. And one day he smashed the head of a female ape, who, following the fourth law, had attempted to slay him, the unbearable weakling. Her mate was roused to such a pitch that his self-consciousness dominated and he hunted his victim down. And this was the end of the weakling, who yet had carried out his destiny.

When the great ape woman bore a child, it fulfilled the promise of the little monkey's first ecstasy. The prophecy of the night wind had come to pass. Here was balance of brawn and mind. Against his twin thoughts, his correlation, his weapons, his resources, opponents melted away. And this first ape man found ape women ready; waiting and understanding.

Do as They Did if You Would Be "Healthy, Wealthy and Wise"

WASHINGTON, Lincoln and Roosevelt were not the only eminent Americans who found it good fun and good sense to use their muscles as well as their minds.

Benjamin Franklin was a long-distance swimmer; he became a fresh-air fiend; he watched his diet carefully; and, in spite of doing more work than any other man of his time, he lived to be eighty-four.

Edgar Allan Poe once, on a wager, swam six miles against a swift tide. In his way he was an athlete as outstanding as those later Poes of Princeton. A classmate wrote of him: "He was a runner, a wonderful leaper, and a boxer; he would allow the strongest boy in the school to strike him in the chest."

Andrew Jackson was a terror in a rough-and-tumble fight. As a young lawyer he was trying a case against one of a gang of outlaws, when a fight started in the courtroom. Jackson dived for the man on trial, a general riot followed, and when the trouble cleared away Jackson was found with his man pinned to the floor. Old Hickory would have made a great end on any football team.

Walt Whitman was a tireless walker, and almost every day he went for a swim. Remembering his visits to what is now Coney Island, he wrote, "It was at that time a long, bare, unfrequented shore that I had all to myself, and where I loved, after bathing, to race up and down."

Daniel Webster delighted to be in the open. Here's a typical letter: "I send you eight or ten trout. I made a long day of it and took twenty-six trout by thorough fishing of the difficult places." Webster was a man of remarkable vitality, and after meeting him Carlyle commented with his usual dryness that he had often heard of American physical degeneracy but had never before seen such a magnificent specimen of it.

James Russell Lowell in a letter says: "I strike out three hundred strokes with a pair of twenty-four-pound dumb-bells every morning and evening."

There has been nothing thin-blooded or languid about most of our notable men. The American tradition is that able brains work best when sustained by an able body.

CLARENCE STONE.

Joseph Schildkraut as Benvenuto Cellini in *"The Firebrand."*

He dared to tell the whole world!

DO YOU know this man? He is one of the great artists, and one of the most artistic scoundrels of history.

Benvenuto Cellini exceeds in vivid picturesqueness even the riotous time in which he lived. His almost unbelievable effrontery to kings and princes, his love affairs, his fights with his rivals—all these he tells with an utter frankness, free from any hampering sense of shame, that takes your breath away. And back of it all you see, as you never saw before, the glitter and glare, the licentiousness and violence of the Middle Ages.

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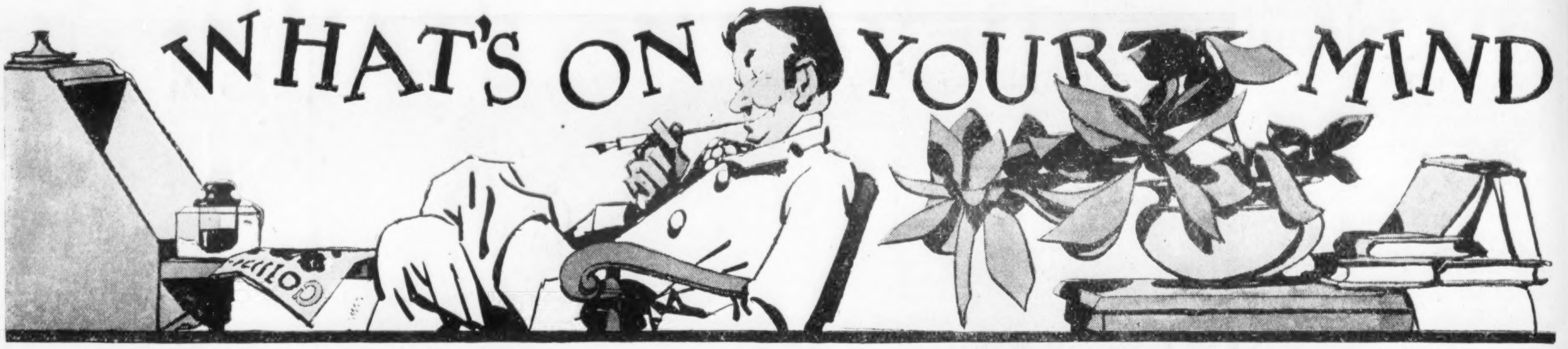
....

The publishers cannot undertake to send this book free to children. 3376 HCL-L.



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Tiger Rose

To the Editor of Collier's:

I CAN go one or more better than the writer signing herself "One of Them" in the May 23d issue of Collier's.

Never, since I opened my eyes in 1898, have I known what corsets feel like. But I wear everything else, including knicker pants, bobbed hair, a shaved neck, and a one-piece bathing suit; and I am a good girl. I earn my own living, and am able to save a little out of my little thirty-a-week job as a stenog, and have time for a "good time." I don't use cosmetics of any nature, style, or kind, nor never have. Yes, I go auto riding quite often with the boys, "good boys," and if it's handy take a little drink with them, and sometimes smoke a cigarette, but for all of that I am a "good girl" yet.

I go to church every Sunday, and think everyone ought to go to church, at the same time I don't believe in so much of this "blue law" stuff, nor this style of prohibition that is being tried.

In my girlhood years on the farm, up north, in the good old springtime, we children used to go out with Father in the barnyard and haul manure out on the fields for a week, then came early haying, grain harvest, late haying and then the corn husking. For a first-class "tomboy" I was it, but I was happy and have been happy ever since. I only weigh a hundred and ten pounds, but some of these boys think I weigh a ton when they get too funny, and for that reason I am a "good girl" yet, and intend to stay thus.

ANNA LAURA, Birmingham, Ala.

The Top Half Maybe

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why do all writers of to-day who write on farm economics avoid the mention of the basic cause of the present farm distress? How can the farmer make known his version of the situation when he finds he is unable to get a hearing through the press?

Our agricultural colleges have told us that "He who makes two blades to grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor." Now President Coolidge tells us that to relieve the present distress, we must plant less and produce less.

When we grew two blades we could not pay taxes and interest and have enough left to buy a shirt. When we grow less, what will happen?

Do you say "buy half a shirt"? Which half? H. B. ANGELL, Alma, Mich.

For Peace and Prosperity

To the Editor of Collier's:

I believe that Colonel House, in his article in Collier's for May 16th, has overlooked the real reason for British action in scrapping the Geneva protocol. Press reports stated clearly that under the terms of the proposition a nation would no longer have control of purely domestic affairs, instancing immigration. Such a condition would leave a wider scope for trouble than exists now.

To yield control of internal policies would be plain suicide, unless under a federation similar to the United States, a "Federation of the World" dreamed of and hoped for by all peace lovers. That cannot come until national trust replaces national hatred.

Let the English-speaking peoples coöperate as closely as practicable until something is devised which will prove a greater surety, something we can go into wholeheartedly. The American people are not to be scared into any arrangement through fear of isolation or loss of trade. F. L. MORGAN,
Whittier, Cal.

Ho! For a Long-Haired Princess

To the Editor of Collier's:

It seems to me about time for a representative of the "conservatives" to say something in favor of unbobbed hair, et cetera. I am a bachelor of 36 and, as far as the bobbed-hair species is concerned, will always remain so.

A civilization thousands of years old has, by choice, bred a race of women with a wealth of magnificent hair. And now they imitate the Hottentot!

I have an immediate feeling of friendliness toward any woman who has not followed this fancy. I am not unmodern; but, whether acting by feeling or by thoughtful analysis, I cast my vote against this mode and much it brings with it. P. R. B.,
Portland, Maine.

The Speedy Sixties

To the Editor of Collier's:

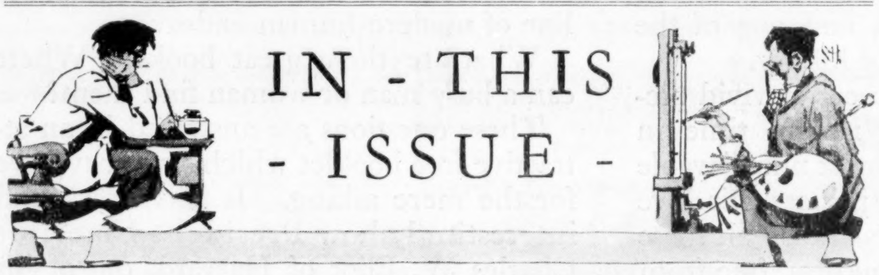
I'd like to shake hands with John Speedbug and say to him, "Them's my sentiments," absolutely.

I am a woman of sixty-four. I ride with two "Speedbug" sons. Each drives his own car. They are neither careless, reckless, nor thoughtless drivers.

Enjoy it? I should say I do! I enjoy seeing anybody do anything expertly. No one but an expert *can* drive fast in these days of hectic traffic.

Not he who drives fast—but "He who hesitates is lost."

MARGARET "SPEEDBUG,"
Pawtucket, R. I.



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The Bull Comes Back

To the Editor of Collier's:

In the issue of May 9, 1925, on the editorial page was an article headed "Tossing the Bull." You sure do—there are a few corrections:

Gaona is called "El Caliph de Leon," which is a nickname here or, rather, a title similar to "Jack" or "Babe."

"Pesos" may translate as dollars but they are only worth four bits and Gaona has a million pesos, or $500,000.

Gaona possibly has a bit more dignity than "Jack" Dempsey or "Babe" Ruth, but I doubt if ever the streets were lined with admiring throngs who strewed flowers and confetti in his path—I saw him on his way to the bull ring the day he celebrated his twentieth year as a bull fighter and being modern he rode in an automobile instead of an open carriage. People have been known to shake his hand and he has been carried around the bull ring on the shoulders of the crowd. Even as Jack and the Babe.

Gaona celebrated his twentieth year as a bull fighter the last Sunday in January of this year—another difference with your article—a mere four years.

The bright young men at Mr. Armour's might sneer at the number of bulls he has killed, but if they watched his method of killing they would hold their breath, forget to sneer and pray a little because "El Caliph de Leon" shows more nerve, more artistry, and more grace than Jack or the Babe could imagine.

I've seen Jack Dempsey and I've seen Babe Ruth and both can give you a thrill.

I've seen Gaona "Toss the Bull" and that has more thrill and kick than anything in the line of American sports—including last-minute touchdowns.

BURTON DIKE,
Coapa-Chis, Mexico.

Beating Around the Bush

To the Editor of Collier's:

I was much interested to learn from a letter of Mr. Gumm in the issue of May 23d the exact use for the cat-o'-nine-tails. No doubt the clothes were left on the sailors when the dust was beaten out?

Sea voyages are so very dusty, it amazes me that the cat industry is in such a parlous state. R. H. W.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

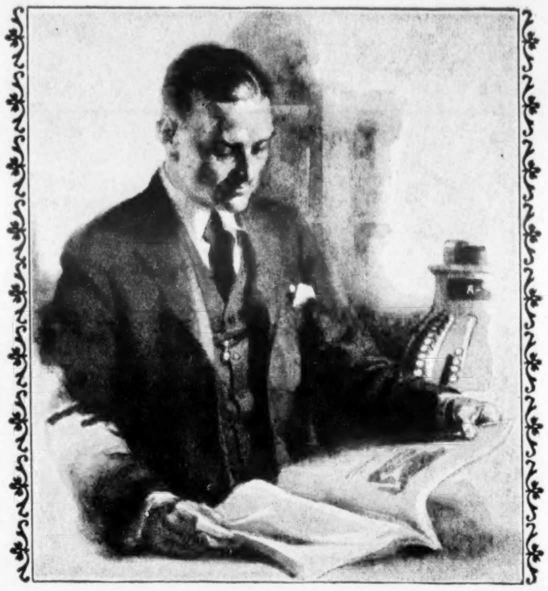
A Referendum on Bootleggery

To the Editor of Collier's:

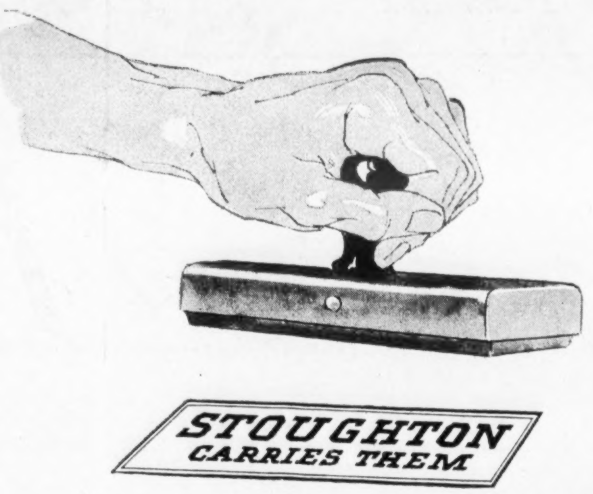
In the face of all the predictions and proofs of both Wets and Drys, I would suggest that no harm could be done by letting the people vote on prohibition. Then we would really see which side has the overwhelming majority they both talk about. The way I see the thing now, the Drys have their prohibition and the Wets have their liquor.

Prohibition would probably be a great thing if the people who vote dry would practice what they preach. But "IF" is a great word. I rather think that some of them believe the best way to dry the country up is to drink it dry.

G. G. JOHNSTON,
Monroe, Va.



Go through a copy of the Woman's Home Companion and note the number of advertisements featuring products YOU stock



"A great ad for *any* retail merchant"

says the D. G. Stoughton Co., of Hartford

A member of the firm of the D. G. Stoughton Co., which conducts four highly successful neighborhood drug stores in Hartford, Conn., was recently running through a copy of the Woman's Home Companion.

As he turned the advertising pages, he found that the Stoughton Stores stocked more than forty products advertised in the Companion.

"Say!" he finally exclaimed, "If every copy of this magazine that goes into the hundreds of homes in our neighborhoods could be stamped, *Stoughton carries them*, it would be a great ad for us, wouldn't it?"

A policy that builds business

This merchant was speaking from experience. He knows the value of carrying and *featuring* nationally advertised products. The Stoughton Stores have built a remarkable volume on this basis.

They carry ample stocks; they make it a point *to have what people ask for*.

They never attempt substitution of unknown brands for nationally advertised merchandise.

They buy nationally advertised merchandise in ample lots—because they know this merchandise moves quickly.

And they do not enter into cut-price competition with other stores.

It works in all lines

Successful merchants in *all* lines of business know that the Stoughton policy of featuring nationally advertised products is sound and profitable.

For instance, try this experiment yourself. Get a copy of the Woman's Home Companion and see how many advertisements there are of products *you* stock.

Then consider that these advertisements are being read every month by scores of women in your neighborhood.

If you could, as the Hartford merchant said, stamp each Companion advertisement with your name, you would bring a great deal of additional trade to your store. It would be "a great ad for you."

You can't do this, but you can do something almost as good. You can make Companion advertisements suggest *your* store to every woman in your neighborhood who reads them. You can make these advertisements bring *you* more customers, bigger volume, faster turnover, and more profits. It's not hard.

Manufacturers will help you

Manufacturers of the goods you carry will help you do this.

These manufacturers know that the Woman's Home Companion goes into 2,000,000 of the best homes in America. That its readers are the buyers for *above-average* families—people whose incomes are above the average, who own their homes, who have families to clothe and feed.

These people are the most valuable customers you can have. Just a *few more* of them, added to your regular trade, would make a big difference in your net profits.

That is why manufacturers advertise in the Woman's Home Companion—to bring these valuable customers into your store. But they go farther than that. They help you to cash in on this advertising by supplying you with window displays, counter trims, attractive packages, and other tie-up material.

Are you using this opportunity?

A great many of the most successful merchants in all lines of business are building bigger volume and more profits—*simply by taking advantage of the work manufacturers are doing for them.*

Here, in a word, is the whole story of how they do it. The same simple, easy method is open to you. The effort required is small—the rewards are large and *sure*.

FIRST: Carry the merchandise advertised in the Woman's Home Companion.

SECOND: *Feature* this merchandise—let people know that you carry these Companion-advertised products.

Why not start *now* to make your store known as the place where these products can be bought? Begin this week to use more and more of the display material manufacturers have sent you, and to build up a clientele of steady-buying, profitable Woman's Home Companion customers.

In the list of Companion-advertised products on this page check those you carry and start featuring them now. Also ask the salesmen and representatives of these lines for advertising and display suggestions. They will be glad to give them to you.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

2,000,000 circulation

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Tie to these products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion

UTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY
- Dodge Automobile
- Franklin Automobile

UILDING MATERIALS
- American Face Brick
- American Walnut
- Church Sani-White Toilet Seats
- Niagara Blue Ribbon Wall Paper
- Standard Plumbing Fixtures
- Truscon Home Building Products
- Upson Processed Board
- Wall Paper Manufacturers' Association

AMERAS & SUPPLIES
- Eastman Films
- Kodak

LOTHING & DRY GOODS
- Bon Ton Mysteria Rubber Reducing Corsets
- Bucilla Embroidery Cottons
- Carter s Knit Underwear
- Clark's O-N-T Spool Cotton
- Deltor Patterns
- Denton's Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments
- Forest Mills Underwear
- Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear
- Gordon Hosiery
- Gossard Corsets
- Holeproof Hosiery
- Kotex
- Meadow Lane Cloth
- Modart Corsets
- Munsingwear Hosiery and Underwear
- Pamico Cloth
- Pepperell Sheeting and Pillow Tubing
- Pequot Sheets, Sheeting, Pillow Cases and Tubing
- Pictorial Review Patterns
- P. N. Practical Front Corsets
- Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
- Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits
- Rubens Infant Shirts
- Scranton Laces
- Treo Elastic Girdle
- Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases
- Warner's Corsets
- Yeoman Cloth

CONFECTIONERY & SOFT DRINKS
- Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
- Coca Cola
- Wrigley's Chewing Gum

DRUGS & TOILET GOODS
- Absorbine Jr.
- Albright Tooth Brush
- Allen's Foot=Ease
- Ajax Combs
- Arden Venetian Toilet Preparations
- Armand Cold Cream Powder
- Blue-Jay Corn Plaster
- Boncilla Preparations
- Brownatone
- Cheramy's Cappi and April Showers Perfumes
- Chesebrough Vaseline Products
- Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
- Cutex Manicure Preparations
- Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream
- Del-A-Tone
- Deodo
- Eno's Fruit Salts
- Fairy Soap
- Forhan's For the Gums
- Frostilla Fragrant Lotion
- Glyco-Thymoline
- Glostora
- Goldman's, Mary T., Hair Color Restorer
- Hopper, Edna Wallace, Beauty Preparations
- Hygeia Nursing Bottle
- Ingram's Milkweed Cream
- Ipana Tooth Paste
- Ivory Soap
- Jergen's Lotion
- Johnson's Baby Powder
- Kleenex, The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover
- Kolynos Dental Cream
- Lablache Face Powder
- Lifebuoy
- Liquid Arvon
- Listerine
- Lysol Disinfectant
- May Breath Tablets
- Mennen Borated Talcum Powder
- Mum Preparations
- Neet
- Nonspi Deodorant
- Norida Vanitie Case
- Nujol
- Odorono Preparations
- Packer's Liquid Tar Soap Shampoo
- Palmolive Soap
- Pepsodent Dentifrice
- Pinaud's, Ed., Hair Tonic
- Pompeian Creams
- Pond's Creams
- Primrose House Preparations
- Princess Pat Preparations
- Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
- Resinol Soap
- Roger & Gallet Products
- Squibb's Products
- Vantine's Temple Incense
- Vauv
- Watkins' Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
- Wildroot Cocoa Oil Shampoo and Wildroot Hair Tonic
- Woodbury's Facial Preparations
- Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap
- Zip
- Zonite

FOODS AND FOOD BEVERAGES
- Armour's Star Products
- Beech-Nut Products
- Blue Label Tomato Ketchup
- B. & M. Fish Flakes
- Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
- Br'er Rabbit Molasses
- Campbell's Soups
- Certo
- Cream of Wheat
- Crisco
- Del Monte Products
- Diamond Crystal Salt
- Dromedary Dates
- Ferry's Purebred Seeds
- Fleischmann's Yeast
- French's Cream Salad Mustard
- French's D. S. F. Mustard
- Gold Medal Flour
- Grape Nuts
- Hawaiian Pineapple
- Heinz 57 Varieties
- Igleheart's Swans Down Cake Flour
- Jell-O
- Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- Libby's Products
- Maxwell House Coffee
- Mazola Salad and Cooking Oil
- Mellin's Food
- Minute Tapioca
- Morton's Salt
- None Such Mince Meat
- Nucoa
- Pillsbury Pancake Flour
- Post Toasties
- Postum
- Premier Salad Dressing
- Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extract
- Quaker Oats
- Quaker Puffed Rice
- Quaker Puffed Wheat
- Royal Baking Powder
- Snowdrift
- Sun-Maid Raisins
- Sunkist Oranges and Lemons
- Sunshine Biscuits
- Swift's Premium Brand Products
- Swift's Silverleaf Brand Pure Lard
- Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
- Washington, G., Prepared Coffee
- Wesson Oil
- Wheatena—The Whole Wheat Cereal

FURNITURE & FURNISHINGS
- Armstrong's Linoleum
- Bee-Vac Standard Electric Cleaner
- Berkey & Gay Furniture
- Bird's Neponset Rugs
- Bissell Carpet Sweeper
- Blabon Art Linoleum
- Chambers Fireless Gas Range
- Davenport Bed
- Dupont Tontine
- Everhot Electric Cooker
- G. E. Electrical Supplies
- Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle
- Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs
- Griswold Kitchen Ware
- Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
- Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper, The
- Hotpoint Electric Irons
- Imperial Tables
- Kiddie-Koop
- Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods
- Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting
- Kroehler Living Room Furniture
- Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
- Lloyd Loom Woven Baby Carriage and Furniture
- Lorain Oven Heat Regulator
- Marsden Kold-or-Hot Utility Glass
- Masland Argonne Rugs
- Mirro Aluminum Ware
- Mohawk Rugs
- Nairn Inlaid Linoleum
- Niagara Refrigerator
- Orinoka Draperies and Upholsteries
- Ozite Rug Cushion
- Premier Duplex Electric Vacuum Cleaner
- Standard Hood Seal
- Stevens Bed Spreads
- Universal Cutlery
- Whittall Rugs

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE
- Community Plate
- Heirloom Plate Silverware
- Holmes & Edwards Silver
- Sessions Clocks
- Seth Thomas Clocks
- Tudor Plate
- Wallace Silver

MUSICAL
- Brunswick Phonographs—Records—Radiolas
- Victrola—Victor Records

PAINTS & HARDWARE
- Acme Quality Paints
- Alabastine
- Kyanize Varnish Enamels
- Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes
- Valentine's Valspar Varnish

SHOES & SHOE FURNISHINGS
- 2-in-1 Shoe Polish
- Arch Preserver Shoe, The
- Bixby's Liquid Polish
- Cantilever Shoe
- Jung's, The Original Arch Braces
- Queen Quality Shoes

SOAPS & HOUSEKEEPERS' SUPPLIES
- A. P. W. Toilet Papers
- Bon Ami
- Chipso
- Colgate's Fab
- Fairbank's Gold Dust Washing Powder
- Fels-Naptha Soap
- Ivory Soap Flakes
- Johnson s Liquid Wax
- LaFrance for Washing
- Lux
- O-Cedar Polish
- Old Dutch Cleanser
- Old English Wax
- P&G, The White Naphtha Soap
- Rinso
- Rit Fast Dyes and Tints
- Sani Flush
- Sapolio

STATIONERY & BOOKS
- American Boy, The
- Dennison Paper Novelties
- Eaton's Highland Linen Stationery
- Le Page's Glue
- Wahl Co. Products—Eversharp and Wahl Pen
- Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

THE QUALITY RAZOR OF THE WORLD

YOUR razor must offer no excuse on three counts if it is to give the really perfect shave:

—comfort
—safety
—speed

The New Improved Gillette was designed to answer perfect on each of these points, and in actual use *it does.* With the sharp-edged Gillette Blades it fulfills every shaving requirement. Could any stronger statement be made to help you realize that here is the razor for use every remaining morning of your life?

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

Whether you have a beard "like wire" or as soft as silk, your GOOD shave will become a PERFECT shave if you read "Three Reasons"—a new shaving booklet just published. A postcard request and we'll gladly send you a copy with our compliments.

$5 to $75

Gillette
BOSTONIAN
GILLETTE BLADE
MADE IN U.S.A.
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
NO STROPPING
NO HONING
465
405
452

The Gillette Bostonian
In gold plate, $6.
In silver plate, $5.

The Gillette Company assumes full responsibility for the service of Gillette Razors when used with genuine Gillette Blades. But with imitations of genuine Gillette Blades it cannot take responsibility for the service of Gillette Razors.

The New Improved Gillette

SAFETY —Gillette— RAZOR